LUCKY BAG 1991

IMPACT

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THE CLASS OF 1991

Presents

The Lucky Bag

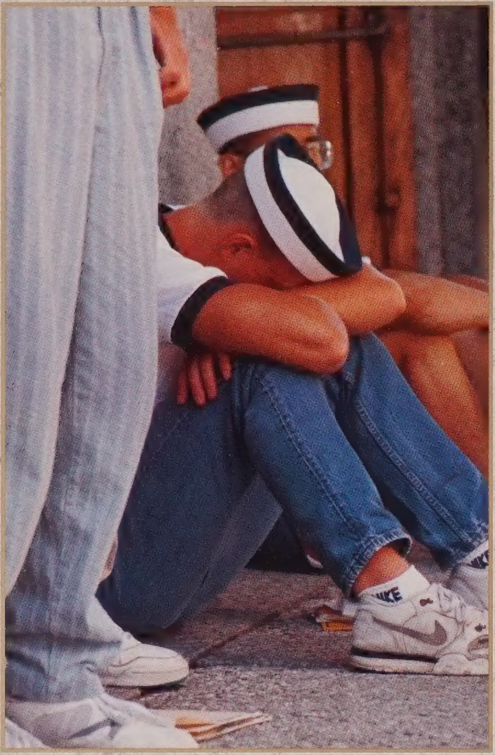
To

The United States Naval Academy

To The Class

ON board ship The Lucky Bag contains a miscellaneous accumulation, picked up by the Master-at-Arms at various times and places about the ship. So this Lucky Bag contains but the odds and ends gathered together by the editors from many and diverse sources about the Academy. As in the former, when the bag is opened and the contents given to the crew, some drawing prizes and others blanks; so in the latter we can hardly hope to please you all, but do hope that the majority have drawn prizes. The editors have exhausted their joint vocabulary of the terms of greatness in their endeavor to make you appear "heroes all" and sincerely hope that the result has been satisfactory.

The 1906 Lucky Bag



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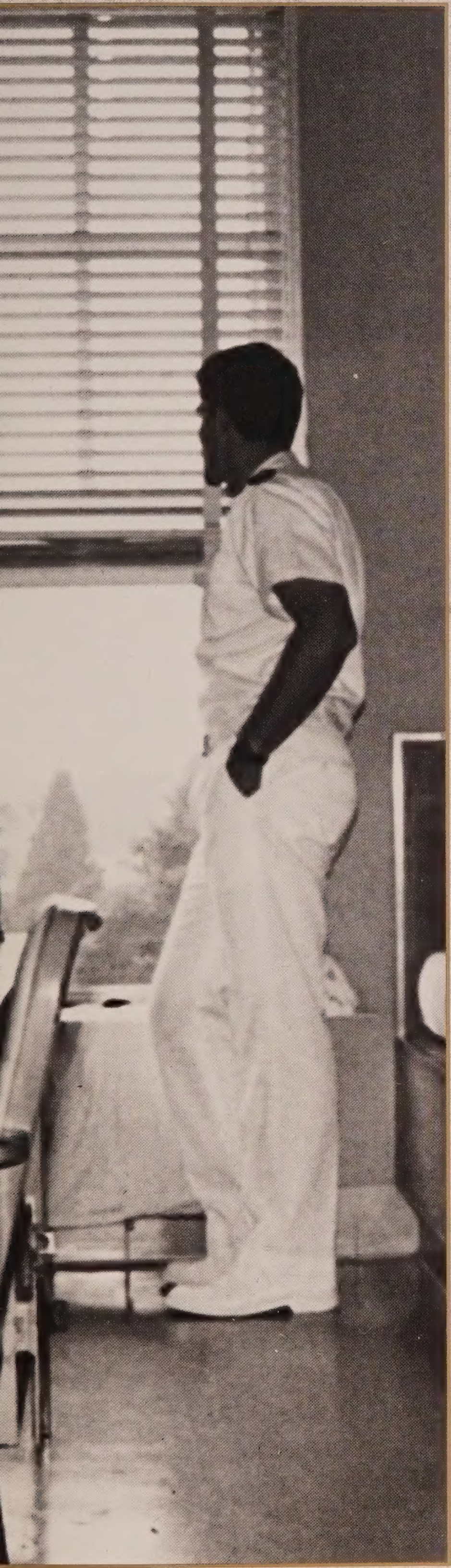


IMPACT

Definition

Impact:

1. A striking, collision.
2. The single instantaneous blow of a moving body when it meets another body.
3. A forceful or dramatic effect.

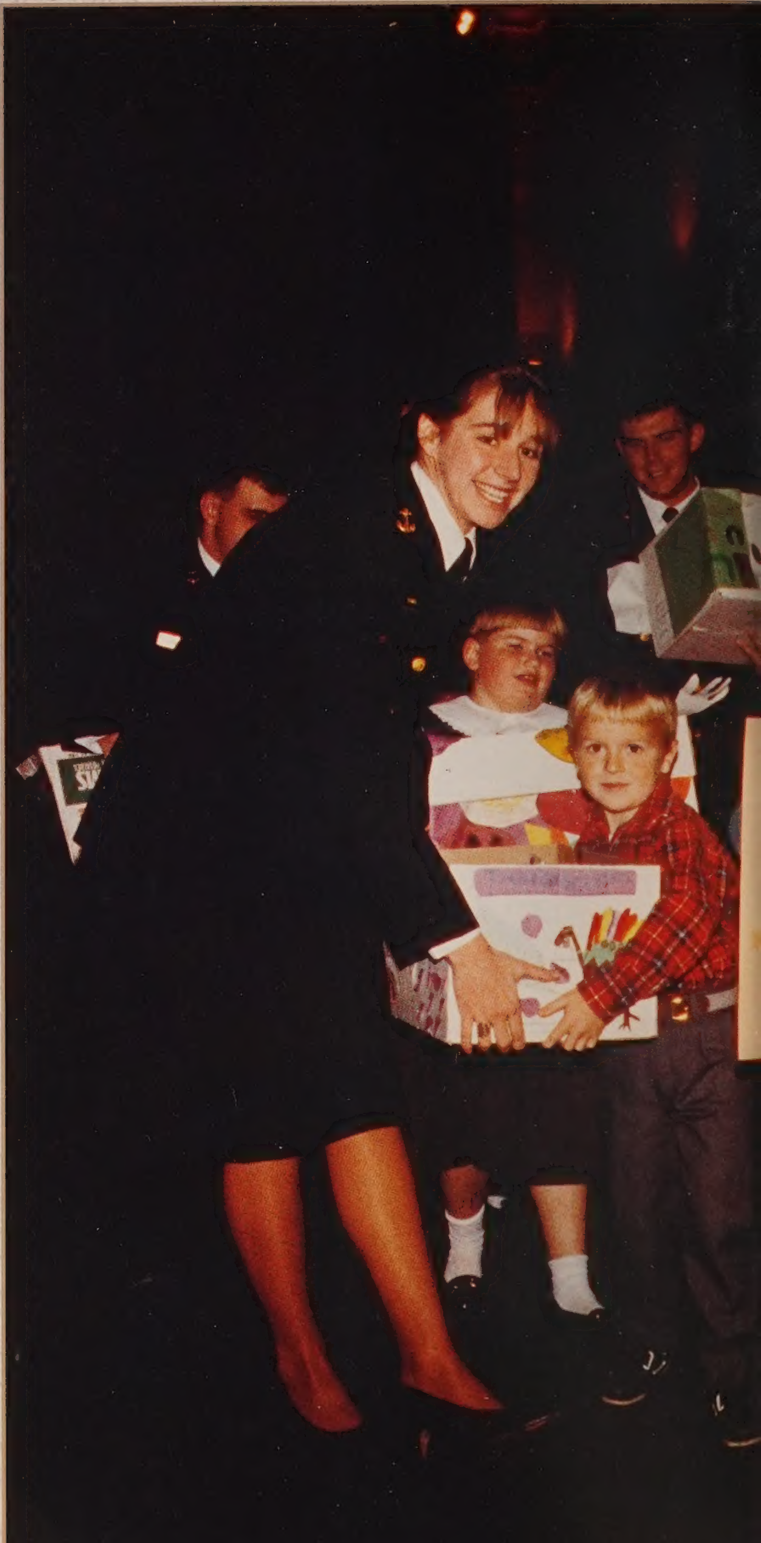
The pictures and words in this book are meant to capture the essence of the meaning of the word *impact*. ■

IMPACT

Change

The Naval Academy has great impact on our lives. The first day we arrive, the changes begin--preparing us for the transition from civilian to military, or for some the transition from enlisted to officer. Some changes are instantaneous, others are more gradual, taking months, even years, to complete. Each change we go through brings us a little closer to our ultimate goal--graduation and the responsibilities of leadership in the fleet. ■

U.S. NAVAL STA
SPECIAL SERVIC



People

Not only does [illegible] affect our lives, we also [illegible] make [illegible] contribution [illegible] and on others' lives. Everything [illegible] involving ourselves in [illegible] whether [illegible] our own lives or someone else's. We help each other with assignments, working out, and sometimes just by being there. It's a listening ear or a shoulder to lean on. We make donations to the surrounding community, donations of ourselves, our time, and our personalities.

Dedication

The 1991 *Lucky Bag* is dedicated to the members of the class who have perished in pursuit of their goals:

Midshipman Third Class Michael Loeffler
Midshipman Second Class Robert [illegible]
Midshipman Second Class William Donovan
Midshipman Second Class Donald Landry
Midshipman Second Class Andrew Myers
Ensign John Higginbotham
Ensign James [illegible]
Ensign John Lonergan

We will remember them fondly.

IMPACT

Photographs

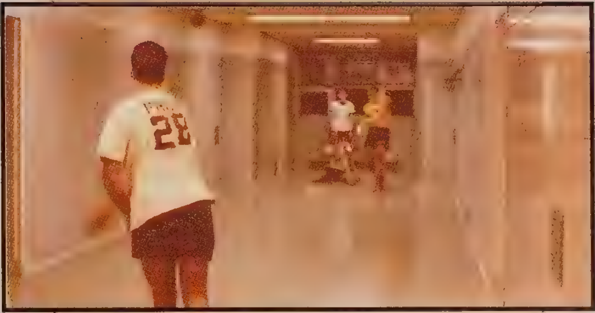
The photographs in this book can make statements that cannot be accurately expressed by words alone or by words at all. A [illegible] can mean many things to different people. Or perhaps a picture of a person or scene may not be replaceable by a world's description. Every photograph that is included in this book is included because of its impact, and will create memories that last a lifetime. ■

Morning

[illegible] face the day's [illegible] can [illegible] with the [illegible] of day. We [illegible] plete summer [illegible] thirty, and this continues on during the academic year with activities such as [illegible]. As winter and shorter days approach, the [illegible] becomes darker and darker. As each new day begins, we look toward new experiences and challenges and prepare to overcome them. ■

Daytime

Daytime. We go to [illegible] out, eat meals, [illegible] every day whether it is summer and not snowing or pouring the rain or a cold sunny day. The campus is bustling with activity, both inside and outside each and every building. Sometimes, however, all of the activity may be too much, and we must slow down and rest a little moment to push on.



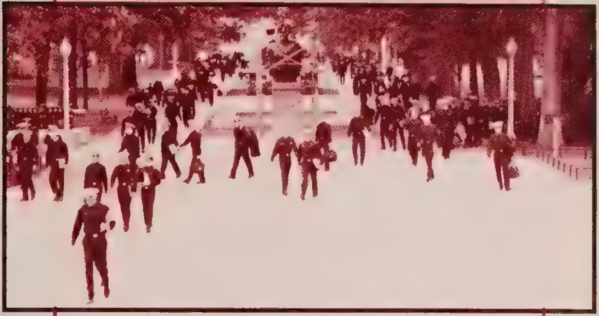
Twilight/Nighttime

As the twilight draws near, the signal that the day is coming to a close. [illegible] are lowered until the start of the next day. A hush falls over the students, but inside the evening is just the beginning.

Bright lights illuminate [illegible] Mitchell B. [illegible] and various academic buildings as students prepare for the following day's classes. This is not all that goes on, however. Now is a time to relax and take in everyday games. While the outside is sleeping, the indoors is bustling with activity.

IMPACT

Brigade



The Brigade is not just a single entity. It is composed of many smaller units, each delivering it's own impact on the Brigade. Each midshipman brings some unique quality to the brigade that would be missed without the individual. Without each individual part, the brigade could not function as a whole unit. The Naval Academy brings together these personalities, so that we can all function together as part of the whole, part of the team.

Brigade Staff 18
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First Regiment 20
Battalion Staffs 21
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Battalion Staffs 25
The Brigade of Midshipmen 28

Brigade Staff

First Set- Front Row: Chritian Wortman, Briagade Commander, Michelle Reyes, Administration, Jason Hackerson, Adjutant, Jeff Martin, Deputy Brigade Commander; Back Row: Troy Dinkel, Operations, Brian Hussey, Training, Thomas Caywood, Parade Judge, Rob Taylor, Drill Officer, Keith Henry, Supply.

Second Set- Front Row: Dan Barchi, Brigade Commander, David Dromsky, Adminstration, Dave Hillard, Deputy Brigade Commander; Back Row: Dan Durn, First Lieutenant, Dean Robinson, Operations, Tracy Hansen, Supply, Tim Brooks, Adjutant, Brian Hussey, Training.

Honor and Training Staffs

Honor Staff: Rob Sandri, Chairman, Robert B. Chadwick, Deputy Vice Chairman, Fred W. Lindsay, Secretary; Back Row: Karl Andina, Coordinator, Emmet McCarthy, Deputy Vice Chairman, Larry LaGree, Vice Chairman, John L. Rabin, Liason.

Training Committee- Front Row: Brian Hussey, Training, Tuan Pham, Project Team Leader, Joseph Popp, Project Team Leader, Manny Rodriguez, Training Liason; Back Row: Sean Rach, Committee Coordinator, Jeff Mitchell, Project Team Leader, Dave Gutierrez, Project Team Leader.

First Regiment

First Set- Front Row: Chritina Glaser, Commander, Nick Vision, Supply, James Vandermeer, Sub-Commander; Back Row: Kyle Mitsumori, Adjutant, Dean Dorcas, Operations, Christopher Davis, Administration.

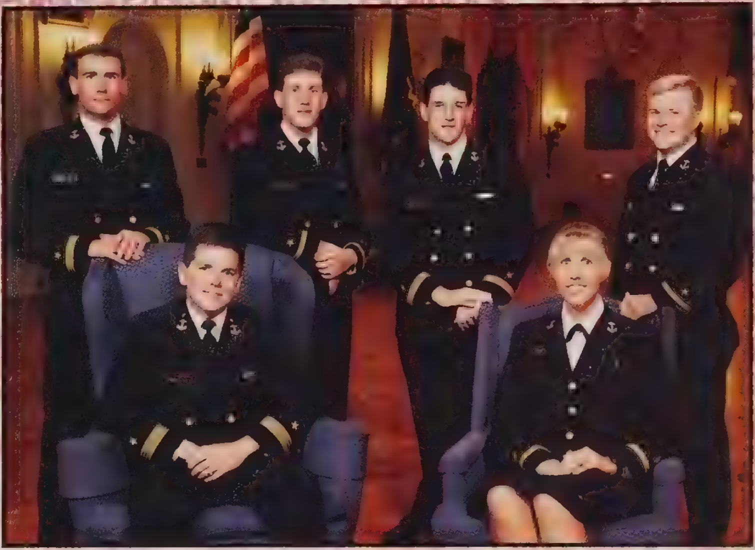
Second Set- Front Row: Preston Jones, Commander, Dan Murphy, Sub-Commander; Back Row: Richard Reeves, Administration, Doug Baragar, Adjutant, Jeff Dodge, Operations, Kathy Fitzpatrick, Supply.

Second Regiment

First Set- Front Row: Brian M. Smith, Commander, Peter J. Ryan, Sub-Commander; Back Row: Jan Gallaher, Supply, J. Darren Duke, Adjutant, Eric Sawyers Administration, Peter Tyson, Operations.

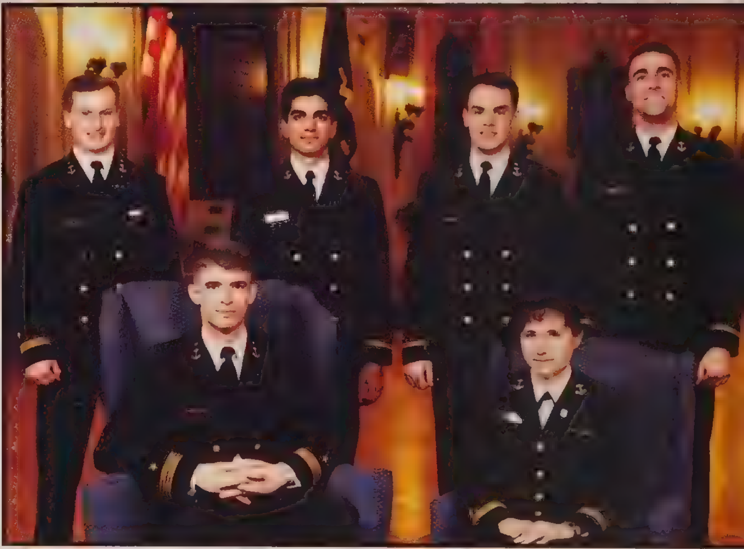
Second Set- Front Row: Kristen Fabry, Commander, Jeff Boschert, Sub-Commander; Back Row: Kristen Roper, Administration, J.T. Anderson, Adjutant, Dave Kennedy, Operations, Erich Heinz, Supply.

First Battalion



First Set- Front Row: David M. Ruth, Commander, Bridget A. Gies, Administration,; Back Row: Gregory D. Price, Sub-Commander, Eric C. Lafferty, Supply, Charles H. McGuire IV, Ádjutant, Luther L. Townsend, Operations.

CDR G. P. Harper
First Battalion Officer
Not Pictured: Master Chief Sulzer, Enlisted Advisor



Second Set- Front Row: John Devine, Commander, Andrea Lemon, Sub-Commander; Back Row: James W. Kalowsky, Adjutant, Waleed A. Yousif, Supply, Andrew D. Stewart, Operations, Michael C. McAneny, Honor Representative.

Second Battalion

First Set- Front Row: Michiko Martin, Commander, F. Mitchell Bradley, Sub-Commander; Back Row: Sean Jermyn, Operations, Eric Lowell, Adjutant, Sarah Morley, Administration.

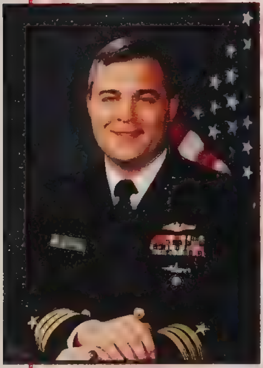
CDR Anne Rondeau
Second Battalion
Officer

Second Set- Front Row: Jeff Heiges, Commander, Max McCoy, Sub-Commander; Back Row: David Blazes, Administration, Abe Paul, Honor Representative, Carter Edge, Adjutant, Joel Gutierrez, Supply, Chad Hyde, Operations.

Master Chief Travis,
Enlisted Advisor

Third Battalion

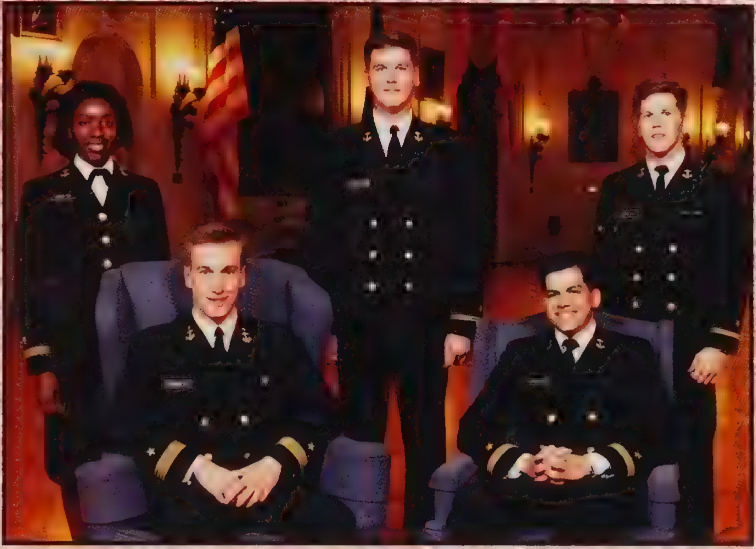
First Set- Front Row: Caren Ritter, Administration, Jeri Lea Smalley, Operations; Back Row: Andrew Gebera, Supply, Tyler Turvold, Sub-Commander, Alton Delane, Commander, Heath, Kolman, Adjutant.



CDR D P. Cocolin
Third Battalion
Officer
Not Pictured:
Seargent Major
Holmes, Enlisted
Advisor

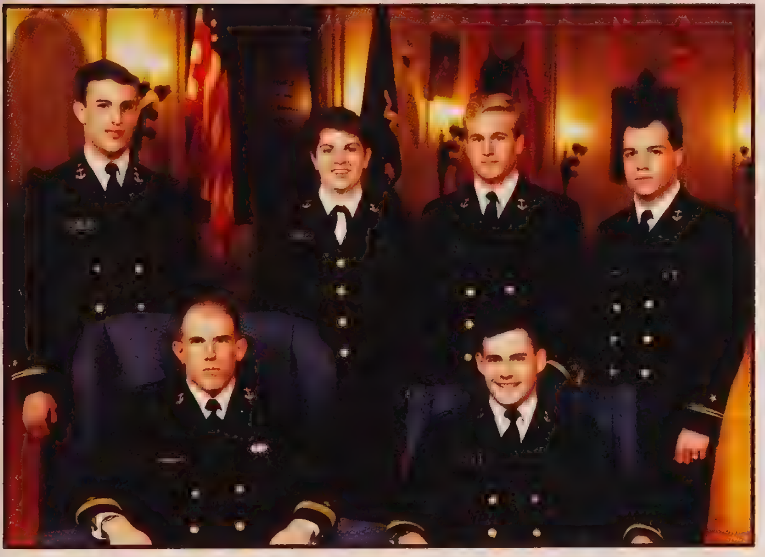
Second Set- Front Row: Cory Bouck, Commander, Sean Liedman, Supply; Back Row: Robert E. Barnet, Sub-Commander, Stephen L. Jendrysik, Adjutant, John Zuhowski, Honor Representative, Dan Orcutt, Operations, Michael Rapp, Administration.

Fourth Battalion



First Set- Front Row: Tom Weber, Commander, Nelson Santini, Sub-Commander; Back Row: Nana Adae, Adjutant, Brent McMurray, Supply, Dan Shaw, Operations.

LtCol D D. Wyattt
Fourth Battalion
Officer
Not Pictured:
Seargent Major
Bechard, Enlisted
Advisor



Second Set- Front Row: Chris Nicewarner, Commaner, Jeff Trail, Adjutant; Back Row: Chris Tragna, Administration, Jo McCabe, Supply, Tom Teuschal, Honor Representative, Pete Young, Operations.

Fifth Battalion

First Set- Front Row: Andrew J. Smith, Commander, Kevin S. Mooney, Sub-Commander; Back Row: Matthew L Leahey, Adjutant, Ronald M. Bishop, Supply, Michael Kuypers, Operations, Arthur M. Delacruz, Administration.

CDR R. Clint Adams
Fifth Battalion Officer

Second Set- Front Row: Eric Ver Hage, Commander, Elizabeth Franklin, Adjutant; Back Row: Michael Brunner, Honor Representative, Michael Collins, Administration, Casey Moton, Sub-Commander, William Devries, Operations.

Master Chief Weir,
Enlisted Advisor

Sixth Battalion

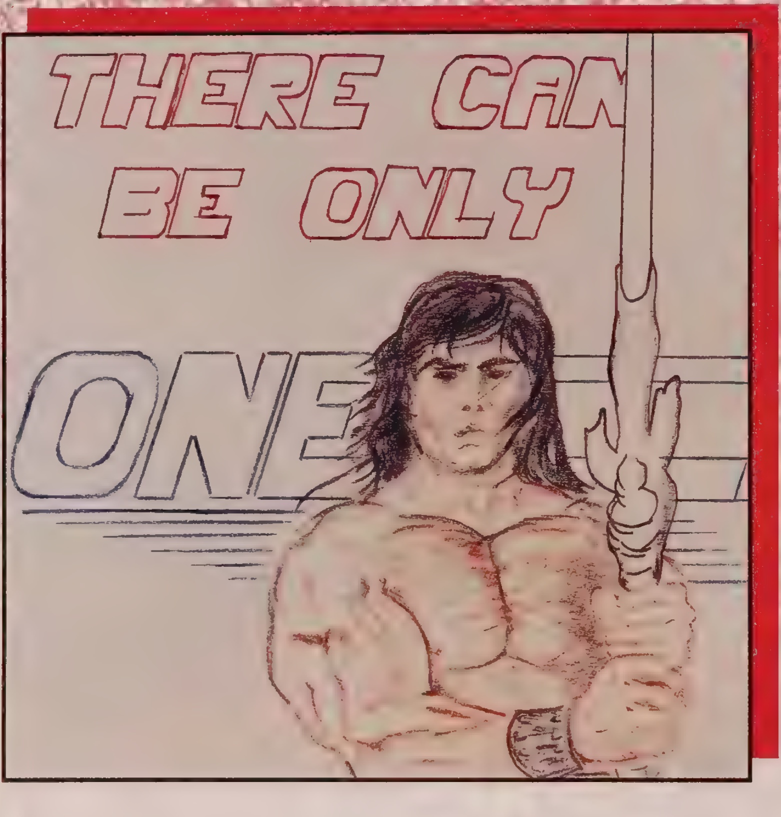
First Set- Front Row: Mark T. Palmer, Commander, Robert Gaucher; Sub-Commander; Back Row: Kelly Biggs, Administration, David Little, Adjutant, John Jones, Supply, Kelly Houlgate, Operations.

CAPT P. C. Lame
Sixth Battalion
Officer

Second Set- Front Row: Ton Sanchez, Commander, Keith Salisbury, Sub-Commander; Back Row: Carl David Flores, Honor Representative, Charles Stuart, Administration, Vence Harbuck, Adjutant, Russ Coolman, Operations, B.C. Copp, Supply.

Master Chief White,
Enlisted Advisor

First Company



Congratulation to Al Caesar. We are proud of you and all you have achieved. Our best wishes to all you Firsties in Fun One. Love
Mom, Dad and Dan.

You did it Mare Delagato, much pride and luv-
Loafers Mitchell Aero & Gip

Jeff- Our pride in you is only surpassed by our love for you.
Congratulations on a job well done!
Dad, Mom, Sara, and Gretchen

Best wishes to the Class of '91. You are America's finest!
Dr. and Mrs. L.S.A. Gomez

Sir! We're proud of you, Sir! Best wishes to OUR special Ensign "Trey" Heiskell You have all our love and respect.
Mom, Dad and Matt

Congratulations. Ensign Thomas Mayne. You have made us very proud. Continued success in Pensacola - Fly Navy! Our love and support will follow wherever your Navy career leads you.
Love, Mom and Sis

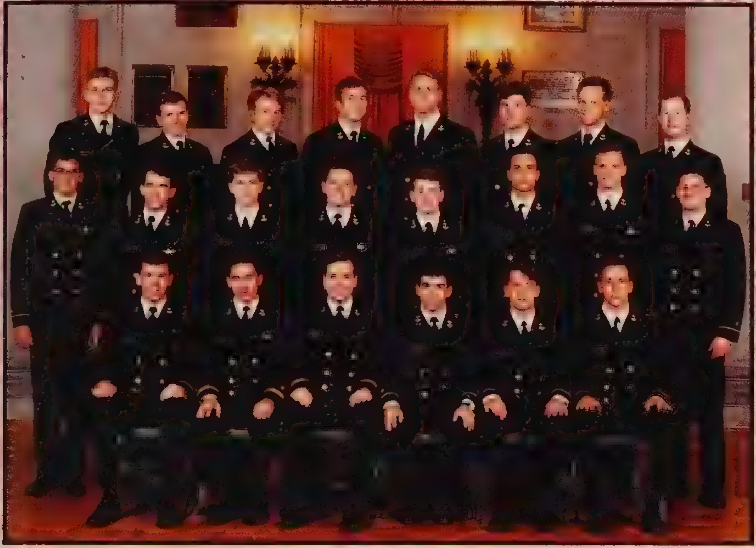
First Company officer: LT A.J. PONTURIERO, USN

1st Set: James M. Gomez, company commander, Daniel Forry, subcommander, Trey Heiskell, adjutant.

2nd Set: Scott Dillon, company commander, Bill Freehafer, sub-commander, Kurt Studt, adjutant.

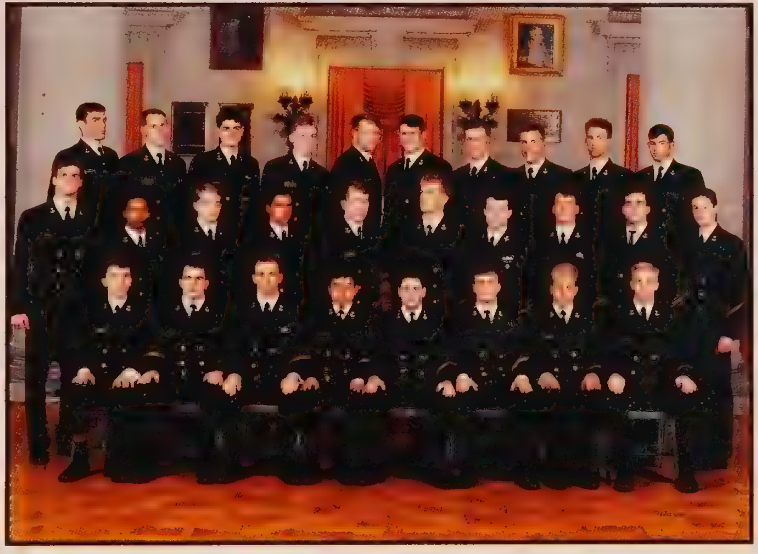
1

Class of 1991



First Row: Bill Freehafer, Ivan Carlson, Grover Heiskell, Rob Quigley, Greg Williams, Jim Mulik; Second Row: Marc Delao, Scott, Dillon, Juke Taylor, Dave Ruth, Jeff Dodge, Jim Gomez, Don Chipman, Mike Smith; Third Row: Kurt Studt, Shawn McGehee, John Newton, John Norfolk, Tom Mayne, Dave Way, Al Ceasar, Dan Forry.

Class of 1992



First Row: Jeff Bennett, Aaron Cooper, Michael Barry, Long Nguyen, Tim Liberatore, Tim Dollar, John Ahrens, Lance West; Second Row: Beau Laskey, Ramberto Torruella, tom Johnson, Tom Baldwin, Tom Carlson, Joe Tuite, Paul Berthelotte, Paul Mulligan, Michael Christian, Abe Sachs; Third Row: Sean Disarufino, Kyle Taylor, Gerhard Schoenthal, Mark Canady, Steve Gordon, Dean Muriano, Stuart Overlin, Dan Sunvold, Dave Suchyta, Steve Newlund.

Class of 1993

First Row: Coley Chappell, Fred Goldhammer, Logan Depue, Wendy Phillips, Christy Martin, Akane Saunders, Amy Schmidt, Heather Brand, Kelly Hoeft, Tom Wesley, Efren Mojica; Second Row: Nick Melfi, Bill McGill, Matt Seipt, Ron Piret, Mike O'Bryan, Rob Thompson, Brian Jurutka, Rob Howard, Chris Chilbert, Steve Maier, Steve Doling; Third Row: Norb Karczewski, Mark Reyes, Cliff Carpenter, Tom Karn, Chip Bridgman, Mike Thiel, John Perrone, Britt Bohn, Jon Halverson, James Taylor, Damian Donlon, Eric Jordan.

Class of 1994

First Row: Dan Westenberger, Steve Chung, John Matias, Brenda Sasso, Jana Null, Angel Islas, Scott Josselyn, John Duffy; Second Row: Eric Duke, Mike McCarthey, Keith Hash, Marty Ohme, Trent Gooding, Bill mallory, Dominic Caronello, ken Wilson, David Wallis, John Lee, Ralph Rodriguez; Third Row: Kenn Weller, Lenny Milliken, Jason Hoeppner, George Shields, Doug Wahl, Eric Jilson, Craig Beal, Alec Murillo, Frank Hutchinson, Gregg Gray.

AVY
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GO NAVY

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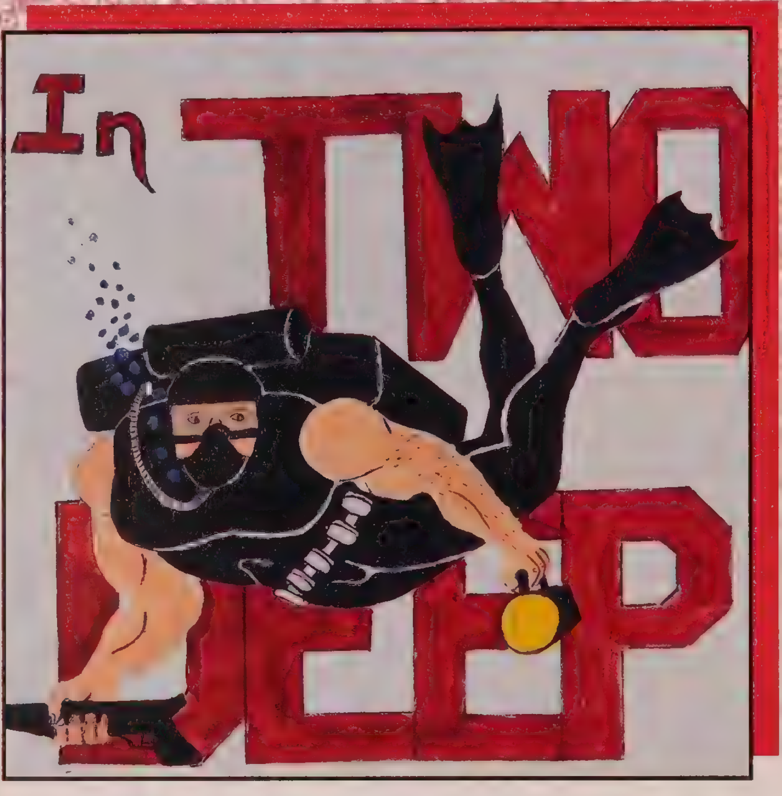
A9255
A9273
9261
260

Second Company



How proud we are - you earned it! Give it Hell!

Our pride & joy! We're so proud! God bless you. Rob Johnson's Family

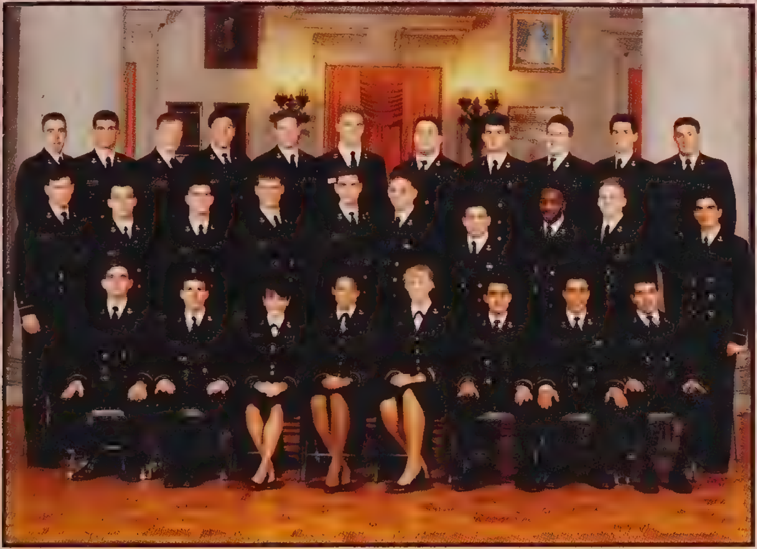
Second Company officer: LT J.L. Ackerson, USN

1st Set: Bryant Clevenger, company commander, Joseph R. Gadwill, sub-commander, Gilbert C. Niedenthal, adjutant.

2nd Set: Richard Ramassini,company commander, Damon S. Fetters,sub-commander, Bridget A.Gies, adjutant.

2

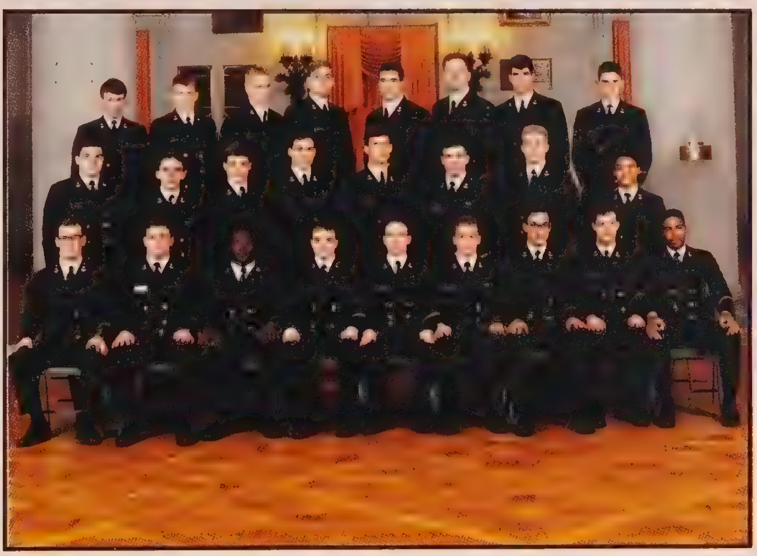
Class of 1991



First Row: James Sinley, Drew Reiner, Elizabeth Fitzpatrick, Shelia Stallings, Bridget Gies, Gerard Hernandez, Richard Reeves, Sherif Samy; Second Row: Joseph Phillips, Richard Romassini, Brian Hussey, Curt Ellingboe, Travis White, Damon Fetters, Terrence Ladau, Raymond Gibson, Kim McNealy, Waleed Yousif; Third Row: Timothy Spollen, John Vourliotis, Robert Johnson, Gilbert Niedenthal, Todd JOnes, JOseph Gaswill, Bryant Clevenger, Trevor King, Jeff Rogders, Dan Drake, Chris Mulien.

Class of 1992

First Row: Dennis Rivet, Tim Held, Perry Cameron, Andy Sullivan, Jeff Debrine, Dave Culpepper, Boe Svatek, Rob Sutherland, Jeff McDandiel; Second Row: Bill Brewster, Andy Thaeler, Mark Baehr, Joe Kalus, Dan Demaso, Dan Goldenberg, Matt Looman, Larry Ricafort; Third Row: Ken McHenry, Kyle Baker, John Cooley, Mike Siepert, Bill Sewell, Mike Steen, Matt Portioni, Marcel Leblanc.



Class of 1993

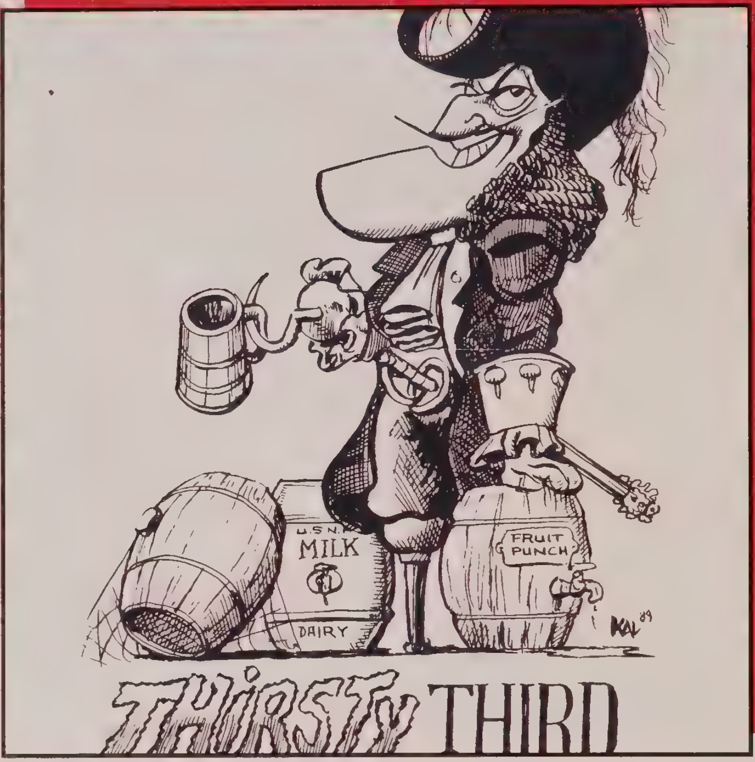
First Row: Thomas Schmidt, Benjamin T. Fitchett, Jeffery W. Eggers, Lodgerio B. Alqueza II, Eric J. Brenden, Frank M. Verducci, Joseph W. Bartish, Jeffrey L. Carpenter, Juan Quico Pinelli, Lawrence M. Young; Second Row: Michael Favetti, James D. Delaroderie, Eric c. Farrar, William G. Cushman, Ryan G. Christoperson, Marc A. Genualdi, Vincent P. Galli-Zugard, Andrew Wiliams, William Gordan, Luis E. Molina, Bradley L. Kinkead; Third Row: John F. Jones, Justin Richards, Eric S. Winter, Robert Kuberski, Anthony F. Gilless, Bradley Brown, Robert J. Atha, Joseph P. Ierton, John D. Boone, Robert Peterson, Ken Dehan.

Class of 1994

First Row: Oscar Avila, Mike Ostrowski,Jennifer VanDuren, Brenda Taylor, Eric Jones, Phil Campbell; Second Row: Chuck Dockery, Chris Lovell, James Tran, Scott Koenig, Paul Davis, Matt Hawsks; Third Row: Jim Bartkus, Neil Keegan, Jeff Furman, Todd Brill, Marcus Startzel, John Hackel, Richard Johns, Mike Gleeson.

GO NAVY

Third Company



Congratulations, We are proud of you Paul Fallace. Love Mom, Dad, Dave, & Tom

Twas in January of '69,
Our little J.K. entered time ,
Passing through the growing years,
Little Bubba had no fears.
Now it's spring of '91
An Ensign's stripe he's proudly won
Congratulations to our #1!
Love Mom, Dad, Kath and Khep

Tina, aim high; the limits the sky. Mom and Dad salute you!

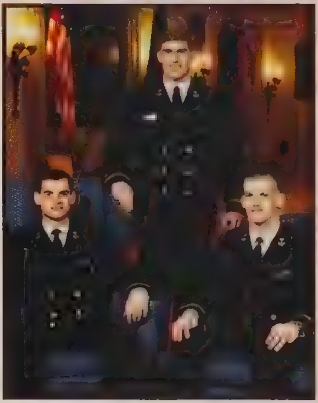
Congratulations Richie Lay! God bless and keep you! We love you. Love always! Betsy, Leslie, Dad, and Mom

Congratulations and Best Wishes! Missy Alden, Paul, Randy, Sam, Spence, Tina. John and Marilyn Ruh

Third Company officer: LCDR T.G. Rubenstein, USN

1st Set: John D. Spencer, company commander, Stephen L. Hoffman, sub-commander, Randy P. Wright, adjutant.

2nd Set: Rob Turner, company commander, Brent Andberg, sub-commander, Jim Carlson, adjutant.



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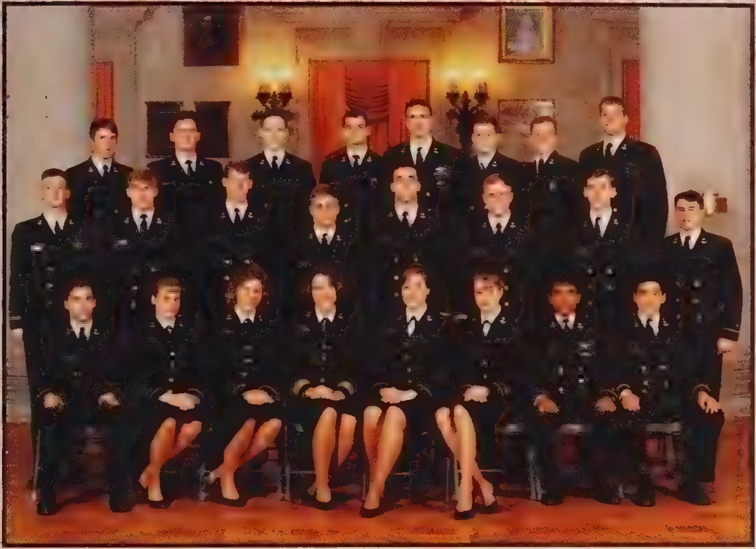
Class of 1991

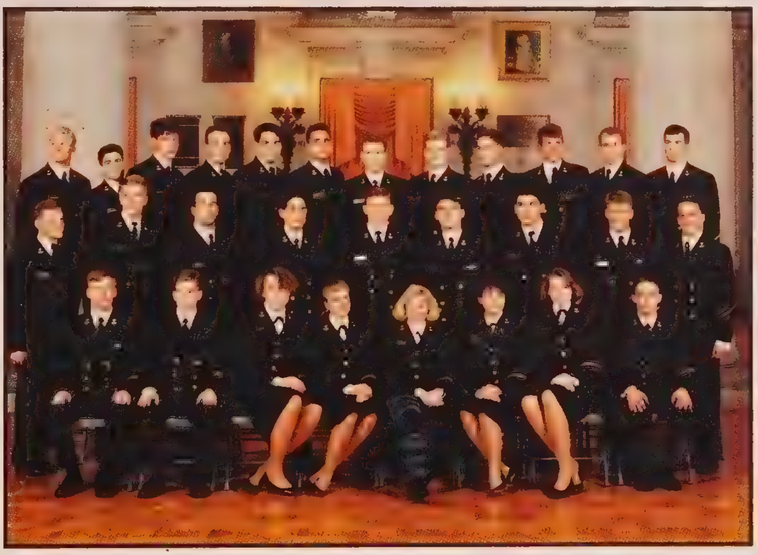


First Row: Jeff Lucas, Missy Ruh, Samanth Green, Tina Glaser, Hillary Brooks, Tabeeth Moesinger, Dennis Espiritu, Frank Chong; Second Row: Brent Andberg, Jim Carlson, Randy Wright, John Spencer, Mike McAneny, Steve Demeritt, George Freidenberger, Paul Fallace; Third Row: Rich Lay, Tom Darby, Steve Hoffman, Rob Turner, Tim Brooks, Mike Gallagher, Jamie Kalowsky, Alden Mills.

Patrons Continued:
JRC II, Congratulations! Fly high with Navy Air! Love, Your Family

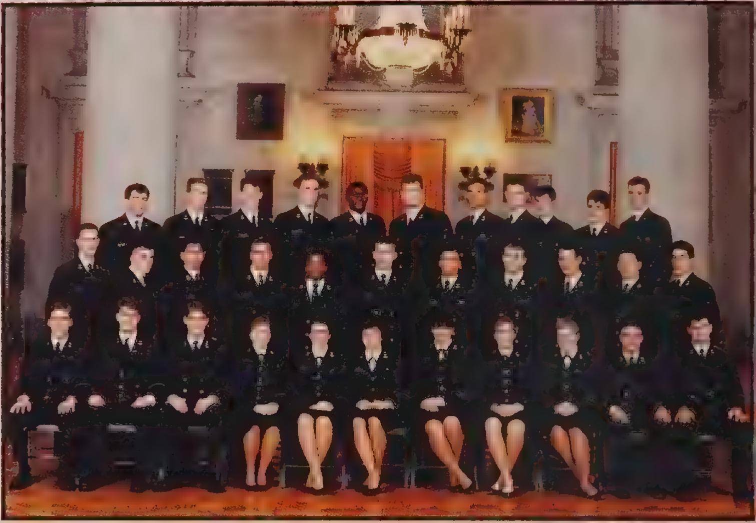
Congratulations Dennis Espiritu. With perserverance, you made it through! We are always proud of you. Love Mom & Dad.

Class of 1992



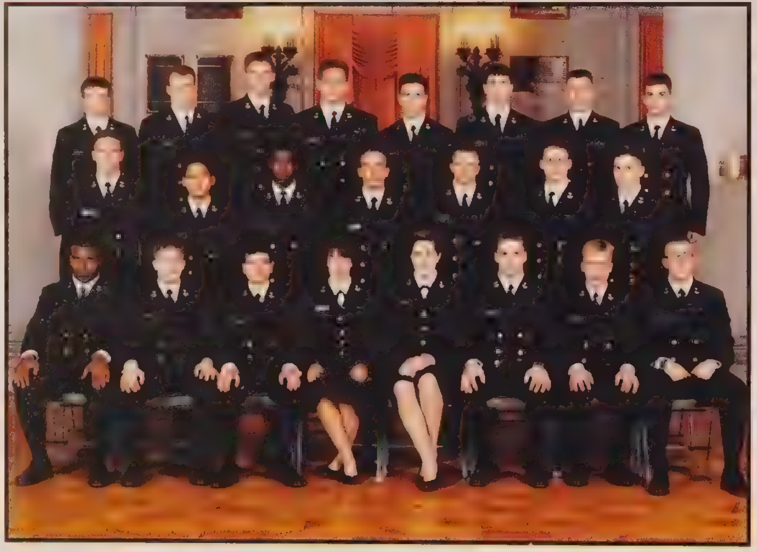
First Row: Bill Bevier, Mike Giggie, Pauline Holzhanar, Amy Delovan, April Cooper, Ralita Hildebrand, Page Creed, Roland Klien; Second Row: Dan Doney, John Hensel, Derek Pierce, Jorge Parra, John Stannreich, Jim Rowland, Alex Cabrera, Donnie Kennedy, Larry Kennedy; Third Row: C.J. Johnson, Todd Harman, Dave Schroder, Tim Leake, Jeff Babbitt, Harry Teichman, Matt Marshall, John Jackson, Andy Olek, Reid McLaughlin, Steve Cargill, Tom Daily.

Class of 1993



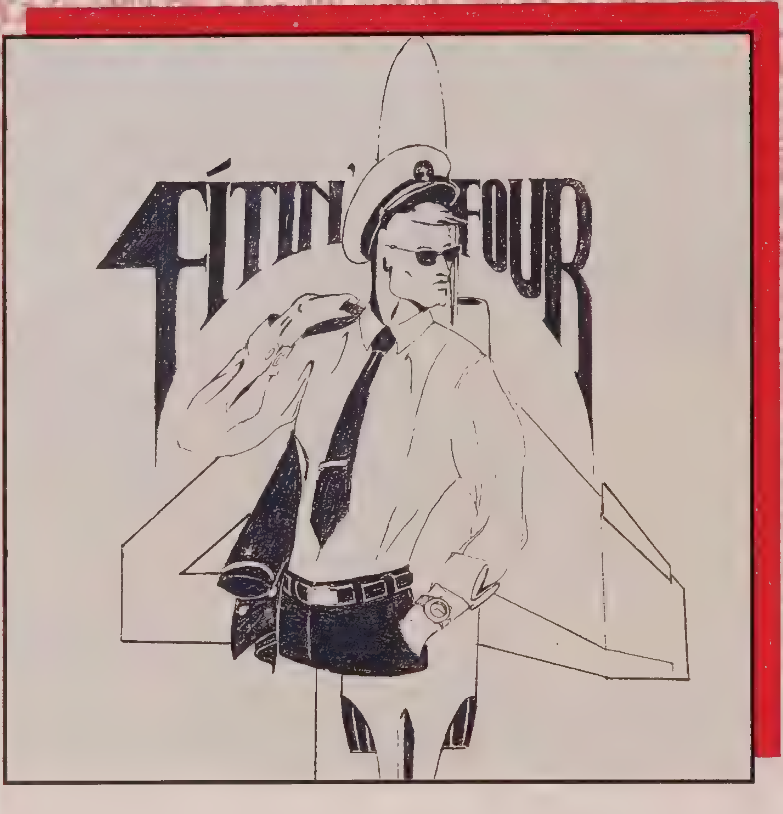
First Row: Chris Stilley, Dave Jones, Matt Miller, Linda Garner, Erin McAvoy, Krissy Culler, Maria Falzone, Tiffany Lord, Denise Chatfield, Eric Siebert, Mike Cesta; Second Row: Mike Flatey, Brian Blalock, Chris York, Tom Dobbins, Jason Jack, Adam Holton, Terrance Brown, Justin Crevier, Matt Lehman, Charles Converse, Todd McCaulley; Third Row: Scott McClellan, Todd Morgan, Scott Conway, Joe Wiendle, Earl Checkley, Mike Wentz, Chris Novak, Dave Smullen, Mike Cloyd, Chris Harding, Tom Gore.

Class of 1994



First Row: James Ealy, Joseph Krause, Juan Gil, Kerry Kuykendall, Kendra Herber, Mike Urch, Patrick Turner, Mark Zipsie; Second Row: Peter Dalve, Ed Ha, Christopher Shaw, Steve White, Mike Wimer, Eric Smith, Jay Dantone; Third Row: Wade Wiegle, Ross Mackanzie, Justin Jaussi, Shawn Henderson, Albert Angel, William Reynolds, Randy Pugh, Todd Hoot.

Fourth Company



We are very proud- Debbie Smetana
A life of many blessings. Mom & Dad

Alex, Katy, Rachel, Johnson, Go Ryan J

Great job by a great guy! Mom and Dad

Christopher(C.T.) We are very proud of you. May you always have wind down the deck, bingo fuel and okay wire. Love Mom, Dad, Becky, and Mike.

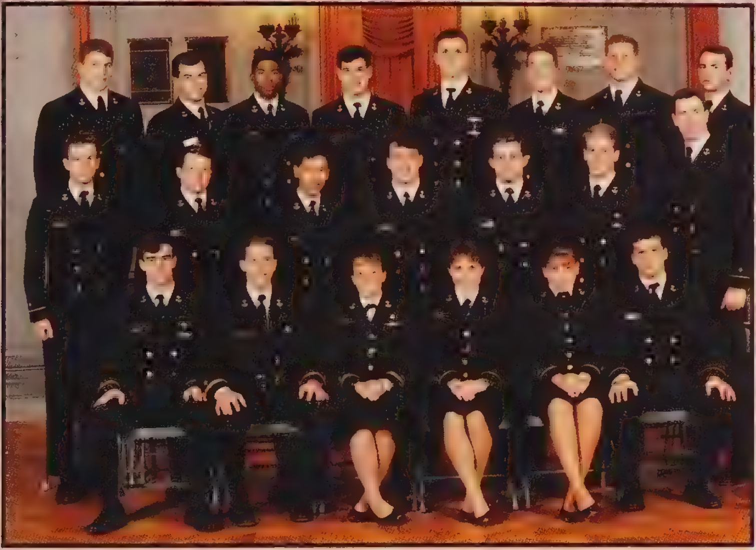
Brad, You are special. We love you to the end of the numbers. Becky, Cindy, Mom and Dad Kinslow

Fourth Company officer:
CAPT J.E. McKinley, USMC

1st Set: Matthew Stevens, company commander, Steven Jenkins, sub-commander, Jennifer Rowe, adjutant.

2nd Set: Michael Joseph Borgschulte, company commander, Deborah Jean Svetana, sub-commander, Dino Pietrantoni, adjutant.

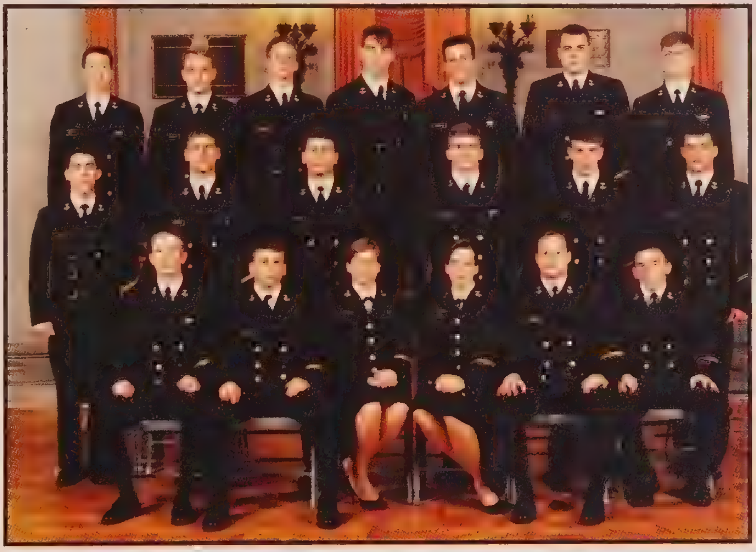
Class of 1991



First Row: Shawn Nisbett, Chris Folkers, Jennifer Rowe, Andrea Lemon, Ines Vial, David Evans; Second Row: Kevin Blenkhorn, Garron Morris, Rodney Flores, Dino Pietrantoni, Steven Jenkins, Marcus Pletcher, Robert Preisser; Third Row: Chris Janke, Chris Thomas, Brian Woodard, Dennis Hayden, Chris Davis, Matthew Stevens, Michael Borgschulte, Bradley Kinslow.

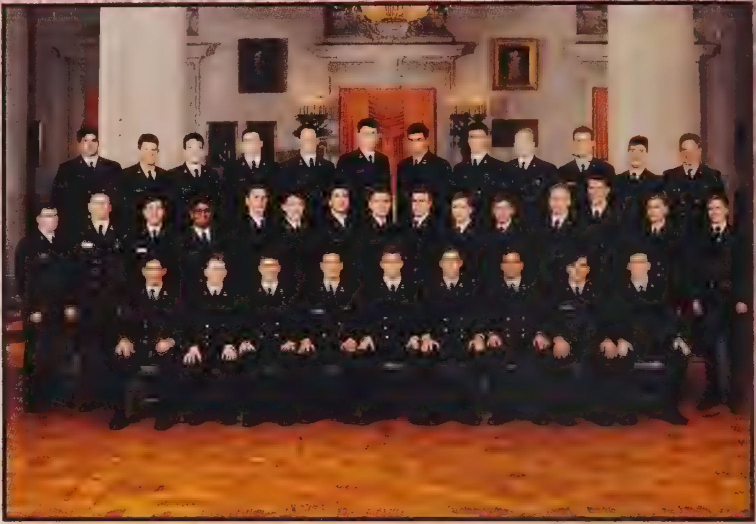
Class of 1992

First Row: Clayton Pierse, Christian Elser, Kristen Dryfuse, Charlene Hughes, Andrew Burchfield, David Cote; Second Row: Stephen Pichaske, Steven Hejmanowski, Jonathan Williams, Patrick Flood, Stephen Gashon, Robert Smyles; Third Row: Nathan Neblett, Jeffrey Kitchen, Brian Brock, Richard Prest, Gerrald McMurray, Christopher Stoddard, Lea Claver.

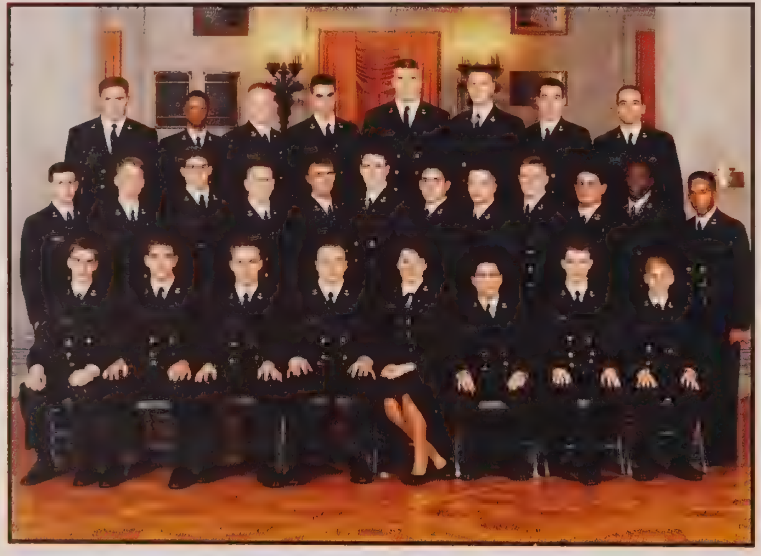


Class of 1993

First Row: Brad Rodi, Rich Guerin, Jacob Wiebe, Ed Villalobos, Rob Younce, Eric Anduze, Kevin Smart, George Tsangaris, James Henderson; Second Row: Sean Mansfield, Jay Zollman, Jacob Chacko, Rob Waggoner, Mike Hsu, Pete DuFour, Geoff Enns, Eric Bach, Doug Sasse, Matt Arny, Jason Allee, Bill Jeffries, Lars Orloff, Kevin Anderson; Third Row: Ches Snider, John Bayless, Dave Brooks, Rob Schroeder, Tim Gadukas, George Cooper, Alex Delcastillo, Mike Amos, Jon Jensen, Matt Pawlikowski, Doug Factor, Josh Jackson.



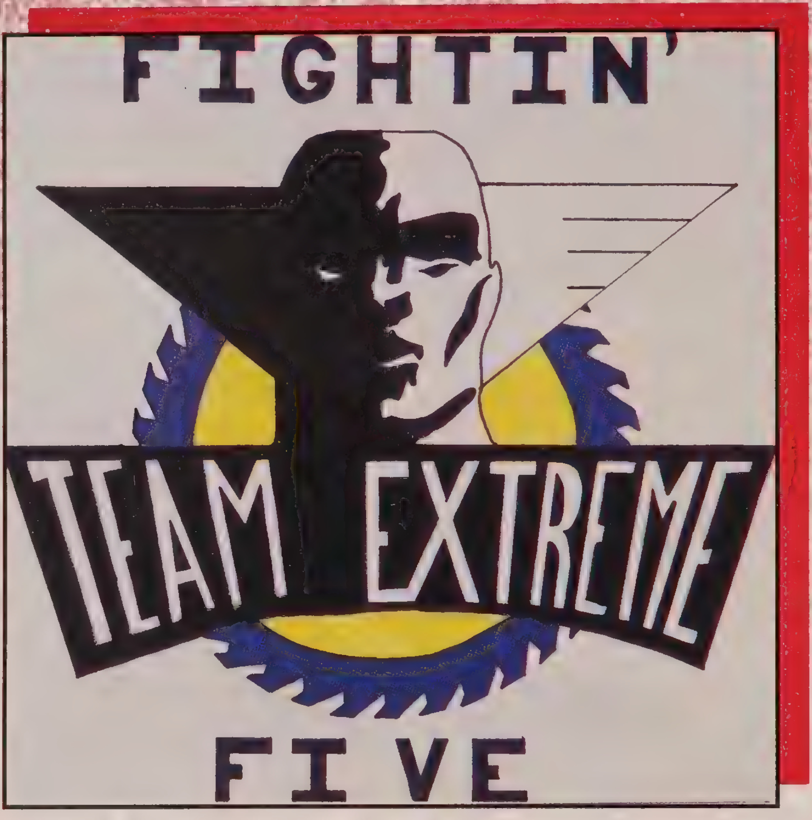
Class of 1994



Front row: Mark Spadoni, Homer Denius, Korb Matosich, Erik Nilson, Maria Pallotta, Troy Carroll, Christopher Slattery, Carl Degrace; Middle row: David Pereira, Robert Treis, Christopher Kelson, Frank Brandon, Patrick Donahue, Richard Matyskeila, Philip Flores, John Denney, Michael Sweeney, Andrew Soterakis, Maurice Weakley, Antonio Wells; Back row: Kevin Hamilton, Victor Lake, Sean Boyle, Vique Caro, Max Lane, Michael Bosshard, Scott Lazenby, Christopher Bernard; Not pictured: Davis Bartell, Kimberly Cowling, Brandon Dominguez, Jeffrey Howard, Danielle McNaughton, Sean Petersen, Brauna Rosenberg

AFA
RUGBY

Fifth Company



5th Co. '91 We love you! The Wakehams

Andrew Stewart: "The Game's Afoot. Follow your Spirit." Love, Mom & Dad

Congratulatioons to Midshipman Alex Wilhelm, 5th Company Commander, for four years of positive attitude, leadership, and achievements. Your family salutes you!

Congratulations Rob Krivacs and '91 grads. Our door's always open. Love and pride Mom, Dad, Mike

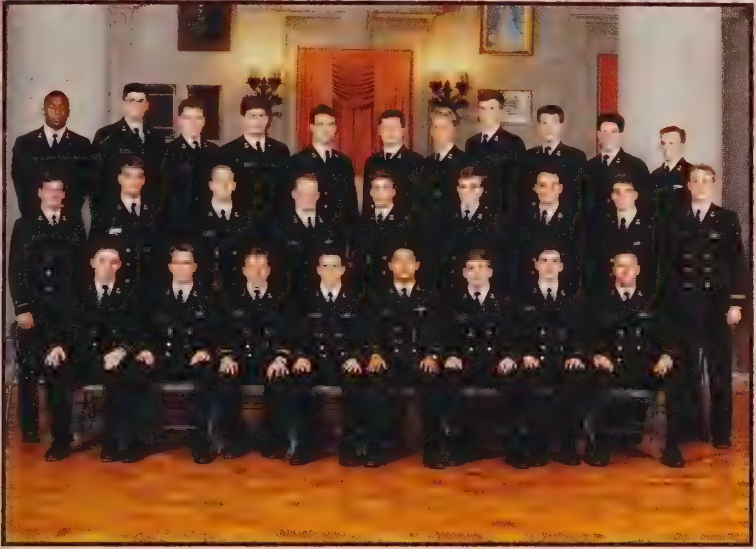
Fifth Company officer: LT E.L. Kules,USN

1st Set: Corey Franklin, company commander, Frank Wakeham, sub-commander, Marc Newton, adjutant.

2nd Set: Alexander Wilhelm, company commander, Brent R. Kendall, sub-commander, Bobby L. Godffarth, adjutant.

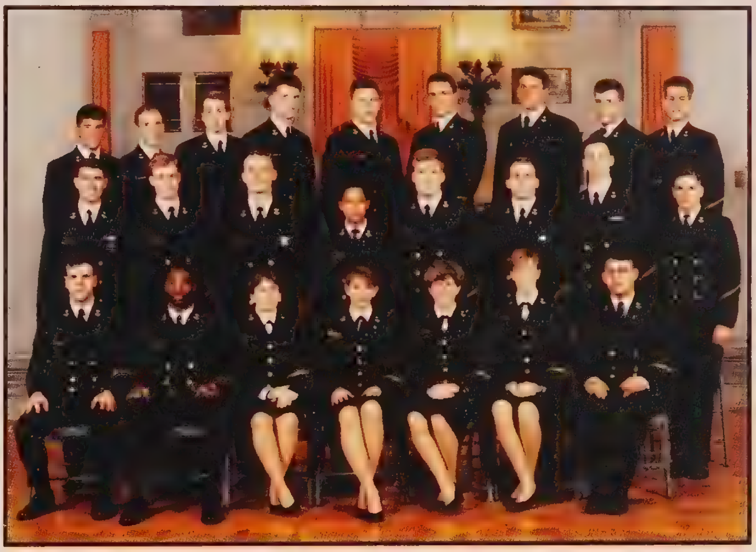
5

Class of 1991



First Row: Robert Callahan, Ken Bruley, Frank Wakeham, Steve Parker, John Higginbotham, William Duerden, J. David Minyard, Robert Duryea; Second Row: Christopher Briggs, Tracey Jenkins, Robert Krivacs, Preston Jones, Mark Newton, Sean Rach, Andren Stewart, Brent Kendall, Cory Franklin; Third Row: Mel Davis, Mark Houff, Doug Kelley, Bob Gopffarth, Terry King, Scott Waltermire, Jeff Chatfield, Alex Wilhelm, John Fancher, Charles McGuire, Gordon Wilson.

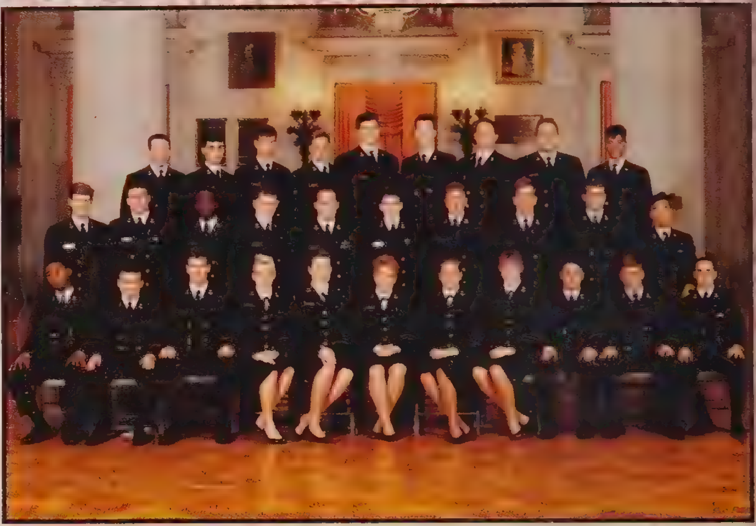
Class of 1992



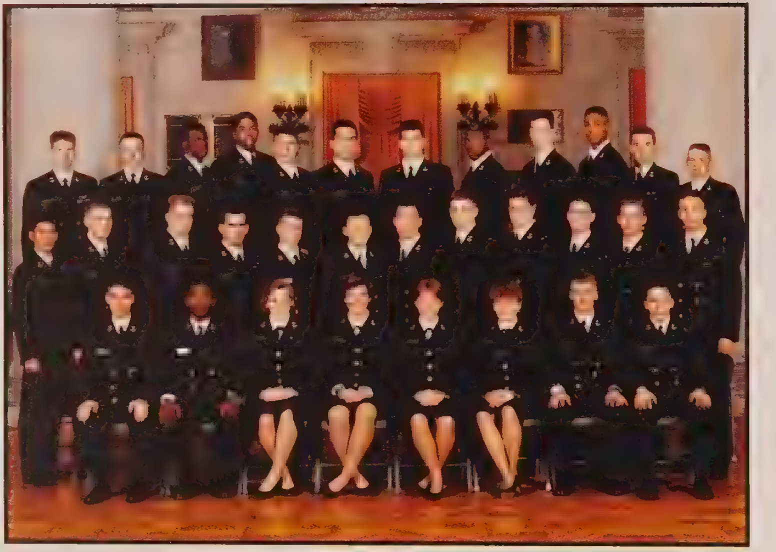
First Row: Thomas Crimmins, Sam Walker, Donna Huber, Stacey Haythorn, Vanessa Henderson, Rachel Jacomet, Thomas Rosario; Second Row: John Thiessen, John Galloway, Roiald Poe, Harold Viado, Matt Jensen, Casey Jones, John Fitzgerald, Steven Zip; Third Row: William Coffin, Adam Masten, Bruce Naley, Dan Sander, Chris Catterson, Robert Osvold, Scott Bell, Christopher Jennings, Dana Nelson.

Class of 1993

First Row: Kenneth Shropshire, Douglas Saber, Russel marsh, Aundrea Taplin, Maria Graverholz, Jen Anderson, Donna Kuntz, Kimberly Scango, Jeff Davis, Craig Larson, Caleb Jones; Second Row: Brett Fullerton, Drew Fitzpatrick, Bryan Walthill, Todd Wandergrift, Seth Kovensky, David Gallus, William Peterson, Eric Daniels, Bryan Patterson, Jung Pak; Third Row: John Millman, Todd Gagnon, Kjell Wander, Aron Carman, Travis Thompson, James Montgomery, Jack smith, John Gremillon, James Murphy.



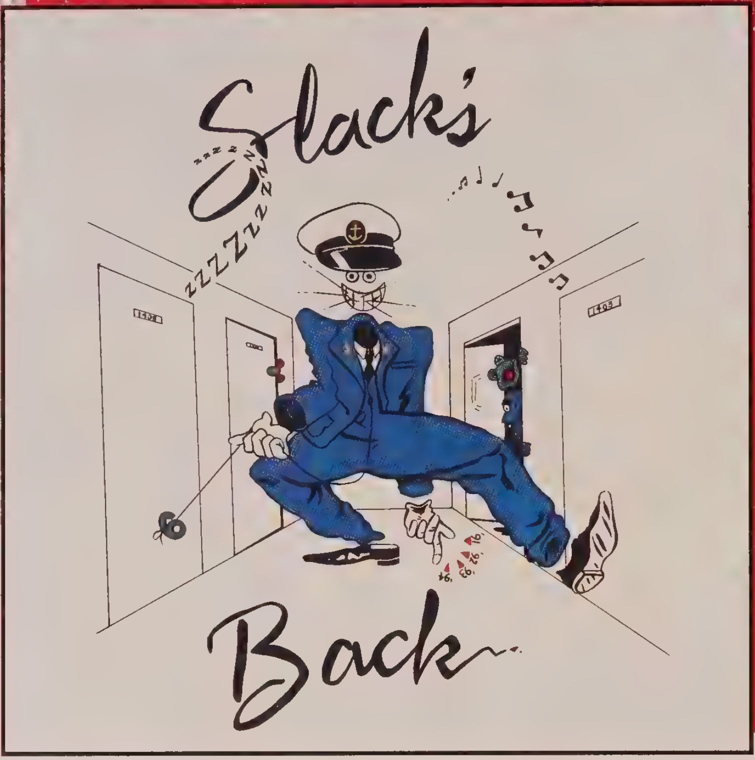
Class of 1994



Front row: Frank Giancaro, Robert White, Shannon Guthrie, Elizabeth Malecha, Katherine Carter, Chanel Ray, Brian Ross, Robert Colvin; Middle row: Abdullah Abazizis, Michael Oldman, Patrick Gallagher, Ian MacDiarmid, Brian Goebel, Daniel Liebmann, Brian Mecklenburg, Donald West, Patrick Martin, Paul Steier, Gregory Blake, Thomas Lenhardt; Back row: Joe Alderman, Stanley Lauck, Marc Morgan, Kevin Mays, Mark Stephens, Kevin Shaeffer, Todd Hughes, Johnathon Clark, Christopher Stone, Duane Smile, Mark Sucato, Adam Aycock; Not pictured: Leslie Broadway, Jerry Myers, William Selsor, Todd Wilson

NAVY

Sixth Company



Way to go, Spike; Mom, Pop, Colleen

You have our prayers, pride, and love. Aim High, Sorenson. Mom, Dad, and Bill

Fred Lindsay--Awesome--Love you -Mom

Dear Luis: Our pride is only surpassed by our love. Remember, you can do anything.
Congratulations and well done.
Love, Papy, Mamy, and Ugly.

Chuck, we are all so proud of you!
Soar high, fly fast, land easy.
God be with you CLASS OF '91.
Love, Dad, Mom, Dani, Norm (Miller)

Hurrah Bobby! "#20 on the program, #1 in our hearts." Love, Mom and Dad

Sixth Company officer: LT T.M. Calabrese, USN

1st Set: Dan Robinson, company commander, Tim Couture, sub-commander, Chuck Miller, adjutant.

2nd Set: Brian J. McCormick, company commander, Michael E. McEahern, adjutant, Gareth Crossley, sub-commander.

6

Class of 1991

First Row: Fred W. Lindsay, Greg D. Price, Mark D. Lucas, David P. Shewrelt, Edward C. Miller, Daniel B. Robinson, Dwayne M. Oakes, Brian J. McCormick; Second Row: John P. Ayubi, Warren W. Wicks, Peter A. Felevca, Michael E. McEahern, Alex D. White, Luis Mullet, Matthew T. Howard, Robert J. Miller, Todd Wobig; Third Row: Brian K. Sorenson, Gary L. Crossley, John Devine, Arthur Fairson, Douglas G. O'Dwyer, Dale B. Hager, Andrew M. Kirkland, Timothy L. Cocture.

Class of 1992

First Row: Jerod L. Morris, John F. Goodpaster, Rhonda Reumann, Jennifer M. Traum, Jennifer L. Laswell, Nicole Myslinski, Xuan D. Muck, Ferdinard B. Beredo; Second Row: Jeffrey S. Harris, Robert W. Patrick, William J. Dey, Michael C. Averna, Todd A. Musters, Cory R. Ondrejka, Jose L. Porrata, Gardner T. Smith, Craig P. Barnett; Third Row: Samuel D. Snow, Bernard J. Strouth, Peter S. Egeli, Kyle A. Menzel, Sean E. Parker, Jim A. Lewis, Parrish M. Boiluare, Edward F. Rapp, Mark A. Sexton.

Class of 1993

Front row: Michael Taylor, Christopher Marsh, Michael Krot, James Toole, David Cattler, Daniel Chang, Anthony Marucci, Scott Overbeck, Robert Rosales, Ammar Al-Badarneh; Middle row: James Ramirez, Jason Hammond, Joseph Schuyler, Joseph Yun, Jeffrey Whiteway, Stephen Habermas, James Byrd, Stephen Baker, Raymond Miller, Carter Page, Kevin Flynn, Adam Noble, Frank Luongo; Back row: Arthur Mbuthia, Robert Coutant, Michael Reagan, Scott Taylor, Thomas Owenby, Patrick Poleshinski, Chad Wahlin, Timothy Hanley, John Lowery, Andrew Ulak, Robert Wedertz, Jeffrey Todd, Adam Plumpton

Class of 1994

Front row: Andrew Batholomew, Jason Testa, Thomas Welliver, Josh Dittmar, Scott Patterson, John Messick, Garrett Lunde, Michael Johnson; Middle row: George Segredo, Seth Evans, Rustin Beam, Ricardo Miagany, Joseph Eckstein, Jeffrey Stepanic; Back row: John Holmes, Stuart Blair, Hans Jacobson, Elizabeth Okano, Amy Bauernschmidt, Jeffrey Seawell, Thomas Landis, Richard Dowdy; Not pictured: Barry Palmer, Michelle Montgomery, Kimberly Uhde, In Ha, Leon Higgins, Roger Hardy, Jeffrey Urban, Jeffrey Wagner, Gregory Lane, Thomas Roszko, Bryan Wade

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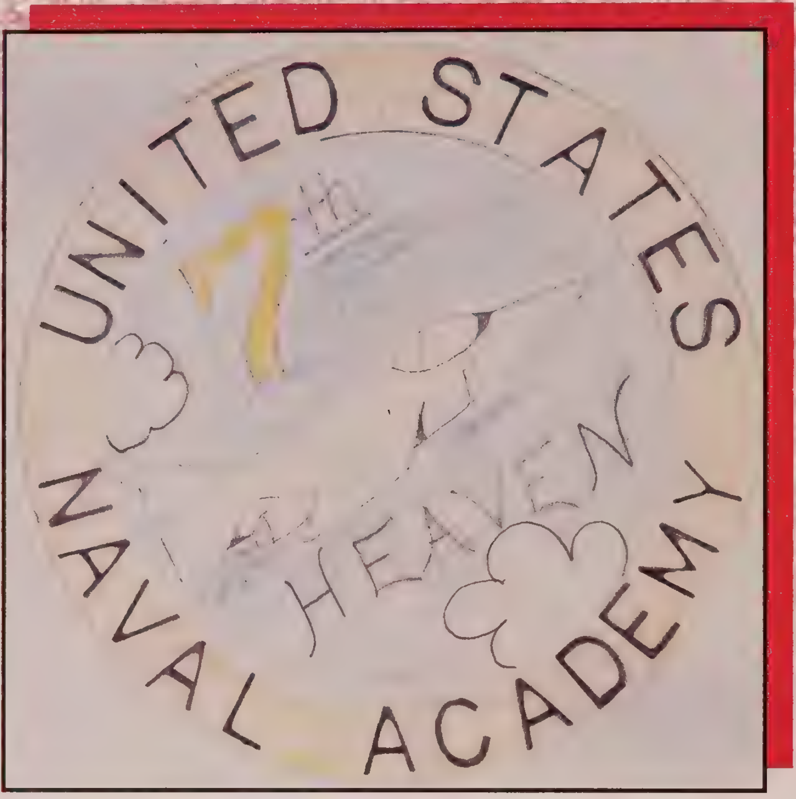
9

Seventh Company


UNITED STATES
7th
HEAVEN
NAVAL ACADEMY

Seventh Company officer:
CAPT J.MacMurray
USMC

1st Set: Brad Eckerdt, company commander, Brad Carlson, sub-commander, Greg Granieri, adjutant.

2nd Set: Dan Wagner, company commander, Mark Gudmundsson, sub-commander, Rod Ruff, adjutant.

7

Class of 1991

First Row: Corwy Garrett, Markus Gudmundson, Joseph Pasquito, Brian Trotter, Stephen McKone, Eric Hildebrandt; Second Row: Bradley Carlson, Rodney Ruff, Hyon Lim, Gregory Granier, Stacey Overlin, Timothy Christenson; Third Row: Travis Nisvett, Matthew Parra, Timaothy Crone, Robert Dunn, William Eckhardt, Donald Brown, Dean Robison; Not Pictured: David Blazes, Frank Bradley, Joseph Diguardo, Daniel Gabier, Peter Merrill, Patrick Turner, Daniel Wagner.

Class of 1992

First Row: Dudley Nichols, Kristopher Perry, George Arnold, Jennifer Shaar, Geoge Botoules, Joseph Zurzolo; Second Row: John Adair, William Bloszinski, Eric Suddler, Scott Hastler, William Krug, George Rowell, Frederick Schenck, Clinton Chlebowski; Third Row: Mark Smith, Brian Stanton, Peyton Hutton, Troy White, William Graves, Joseph Baldwin, David Baker; Not Pictured: Kimberly Hall, Christine MacDonald, Kimberly McIntosh, Sean Naylor, Vance Stone.

Class of 1993

First Row: Collins Morrison, Kimberlyn Drayton, Katherine Badgley, Kristina Griffin, Debra Draheim, Tanya Mayer, Sarah Quimby, Stacy Marcott, Steven DeMoss, Michael Cho; Second Row: Devin Winkloski, Relmond Cobb, Martin Blake, Thomas Pritchett, John Ewing, John Miles, Joseph Buyalos, Scott Boedeker, Scott Davitt, Wardell Fuller; Third Row: Todd Chavanne, Jeffrey Mulkey, Ro Millanette, John Shalin, David Sundwall, John Rhodes, Jason Jakubowski; Not Pictured: Eugene Luevano.

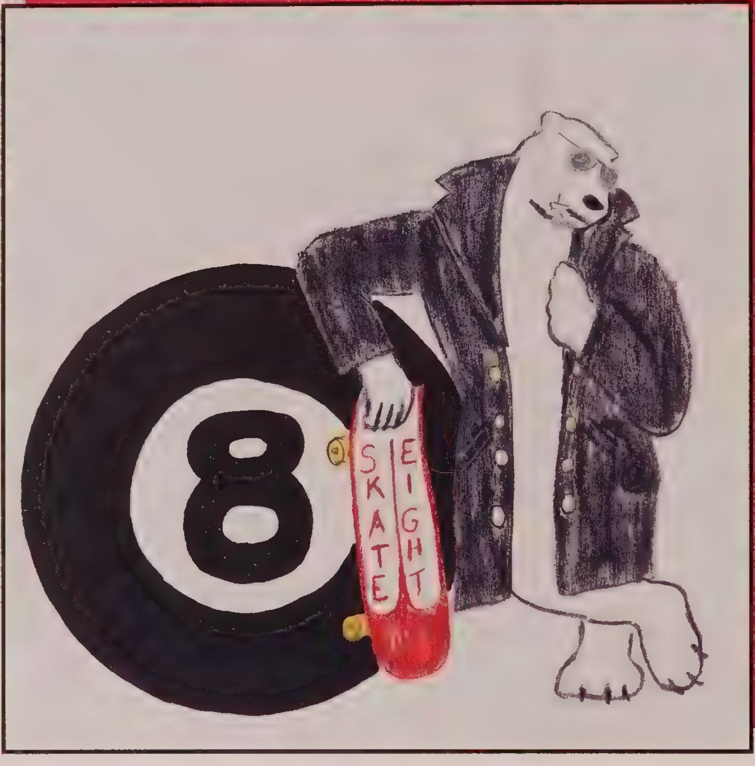
Class of 1994

First Row: Terrence Gordon, Christopher Reyes. Gilliam Brest vanKempen, Juliama Rosati, Laura Bell, Mitsu Binns, Peter Contostavlos, John Nichols; Second Row: Timothy Kidd, Gregory Cohen, Brian Robinson, Terrence McCollom, Christopher Birth, Brian Hawkins, Scott Gunderson, Joseph Silver, James Dunn, Gerald Donahoe, Kevin Massett, Michael Nelms, James Parker; Third Row: Jason Eaton, Ward Miller, Derek Teff, William Myers, Darin Evenson, Javier Zuluaga, Donald McCranie, Nichols Edwards, Aaron Rouland, Randy Stoker, Charles Brown, Rober Wiltmaack; Not Pictured: Timothy Beach, Scott Suozzi.

TODAYS SPECIAL
MALARIA

venice, Italy
USMC

Eighth Company



Congratulations Adam Brodbar, 8th company and Class of '91. You have just been launched towards your destiny. Keep aiming for the stars they're closer than you think. Love Mom, Dad, Renee, Karen-Shalom Y'all

Eric. We knew you could do it. You make us proud. Love Mom and Dad

Congratulations Spudnut: Now you're an officer and gentleman. Future shock: Admiral Potsy, CNO

Congratulations Class of '91. Fair winds and following seas to all the
8th Co. Chad, you always make us proud. Love Mom, Dad, and Nikki

Congratulations, "Trey"Ross. "All the wonders you seek are within yourself." Keep soaring. Love Mom, Dad, Katherine, Granny, Granddad, Aunt Sybil, Uncle Gerald, Gerald D.

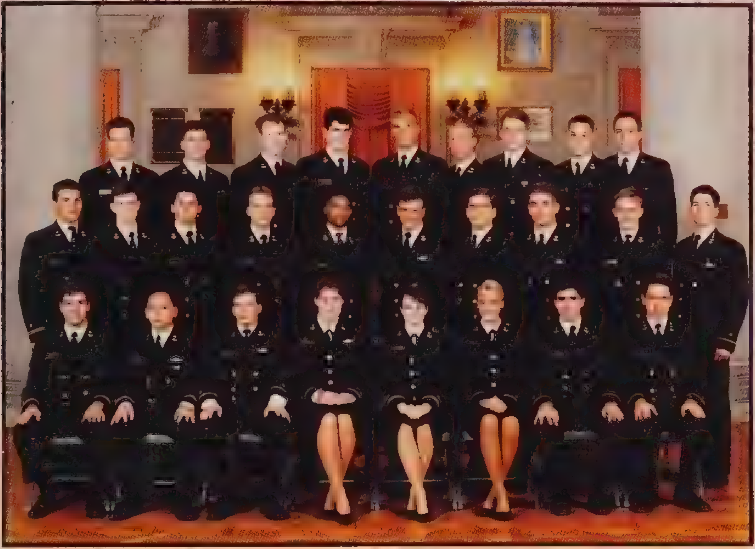
Eighth Company officer:
LT D.P. Alberto, USN

1st Set: James D. Bell Jr., company commander, William F. Goodwin, subcommander, F. Byron Parker III, adjutant.

2nd Set: Andy Causey, company commander, Dave Ellison, sub-commander, Tom Rosson, adjutant.

8

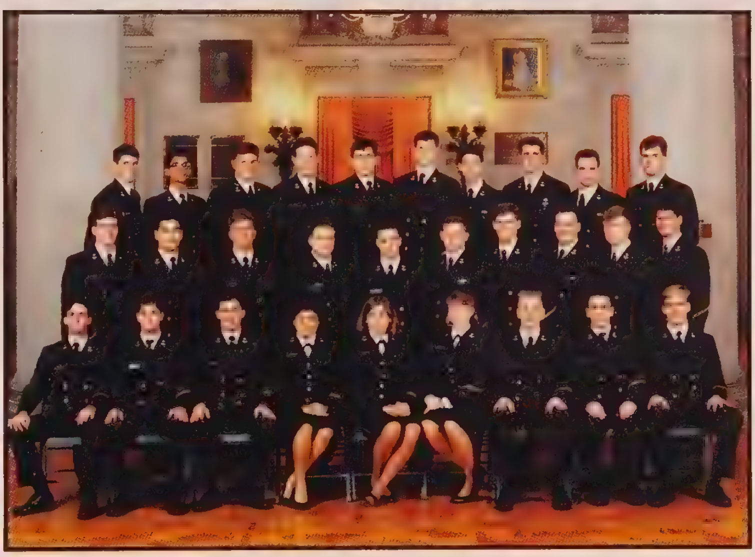
Class of 1991



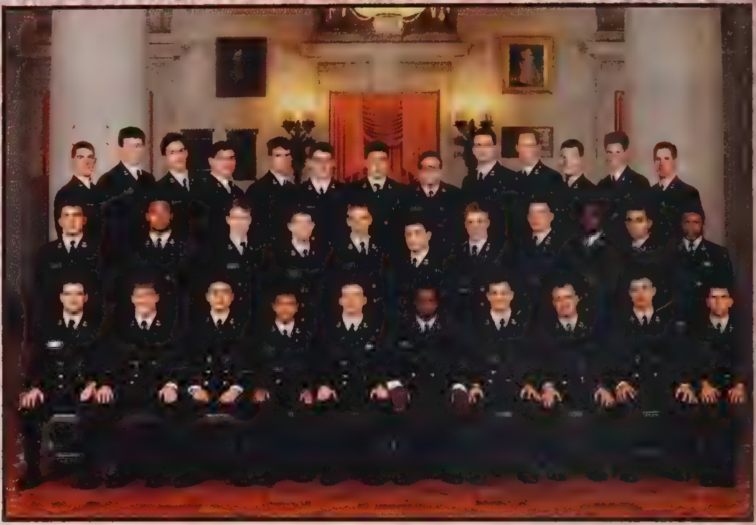
First Row: Bill Goodwin, Tuan Pham, Tom Rosson, Sue Mitchell, Nancy Jordan, Marty Shue, Adam Brodbar, Chad Hyde; Second Row: Steve Martin, Phil Berry, Eric Lowell, Andy Causey, Ross Cheairs, Rob Chadwick, Doug Carpenter, John Hinderger, Byron Parker, John Mann; Third Row: Randy Wimmer, Dave Ellison, Tony Troxell, Cliff Pearce, Micke Smith, Dave Rinker, Jim Bell, Eric Sucharski, Rich Norvell.

Class of 1992

First Row: Jim Parker, Kevin Manley, Jason Fournier, Elizabeth Santillian, Heather Chaundry, Stacia Johnson, Jason Schuette, Kevin Williams, Pete Landblad; Second Row: Andrew Norman, John Lin, Eric Bethel, Dave Ivezic, Armando Acosta, Mike Roth, Dave Varner, Scott Genard, John Haller, Ronnie Barrett; Third Row: Ed Landrith, Jason Smith, Dan Goodwin, Kevin Billings, Tom Schutte, Harlan Kickhoefer, Jason Ockwood, Nick Oliver, Norman Stapleton, Mike Gebhardt.

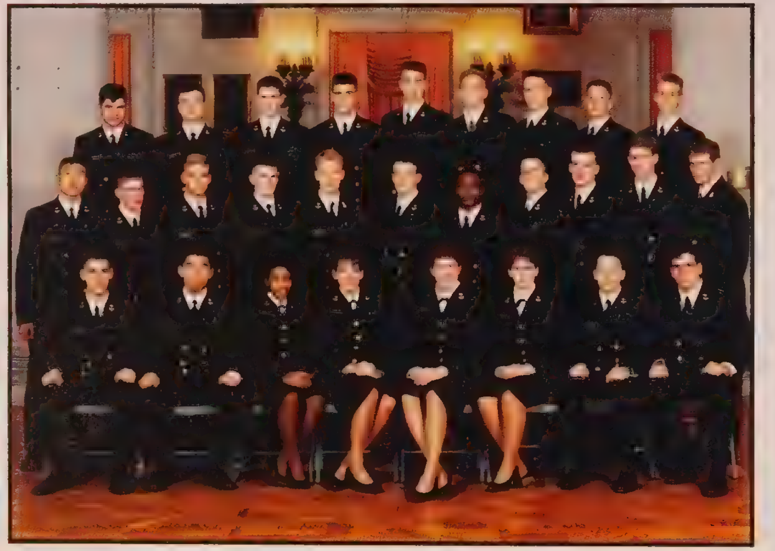


Class of 1993



First Row: Steve Roberto, Jeff Conklin, Steve Lee, John Videna, Monty Hasenbank, Quwan Smith, Albon Head, Tarek Chbeir, Max Allen, Tim Crawford; Second Row: Ralph Dewalt, Mark Ellis, Sean Kelliher, Dave Morgan, Mark Imblum, Mike Schneider, Cory Culver, Jeremy Orr, Loannie Crawford, Anel Montes, Tim Chapman; Third Row: Dave Vavasseur, Rob Holmberg, Keith Kintzley, Tim Gallagher, Mark McGinnis, Jason Linley, Gerold Edris, Bob Sohovich, Tim Scharck, Bob Chesser, Chris Kipp, Kurt Zahnen.

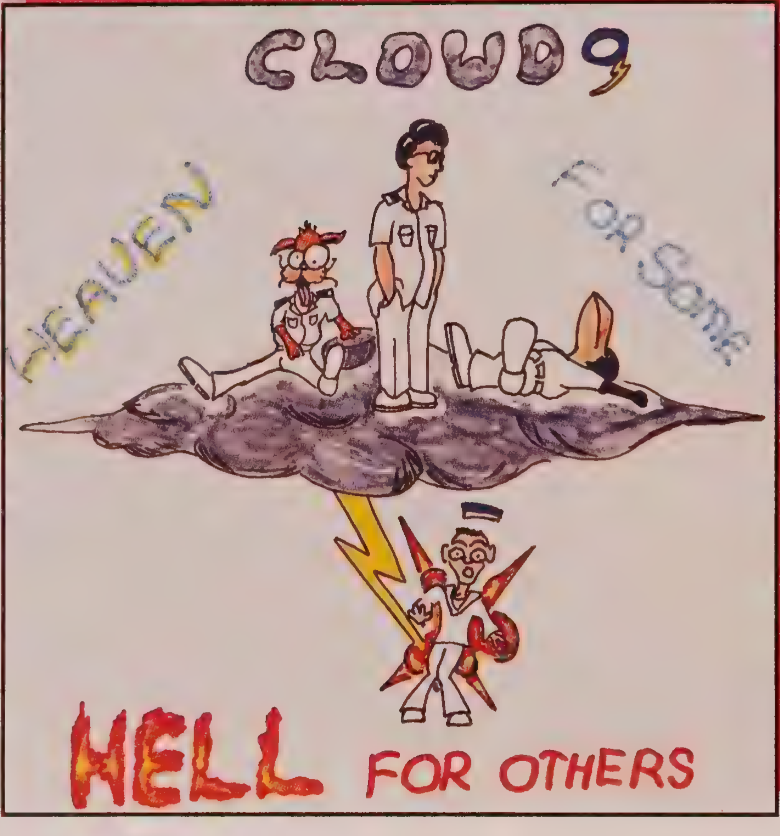
Class of 1994



First Row: Michael Boyd, David Kim, Kimberly Hurd, Deanna Adams, Julie Spencer, Jeanne Buchanan, Juan Rodriguez, Robert Quinero; Second Row: Joseph Neo, James Balet, Joshua Lasky, Robert Graffum, Wolcott Baird III, Noel Fagan, Anthony Arzu, Douglas Campell, Robert Ball, Peter Dumont, Warren Renick; Third Row: Alwin Wessner, Robert McGunnigle, Jeremy Vanderloo, Shaun Valentine, Charles Jones, Doug Bird, Michael Brahan, David Fink, Mark Stufflebeem.

USNA
91
NAVY

NInth Company



To the Class of 1991
"As Ripples follow a ship at sea so may Gods blessing follow thee."
Best wishes. Leo and Maryellen Kelly

Kevin, You made it happen. Congratulations! May God bless you. K. Wolf

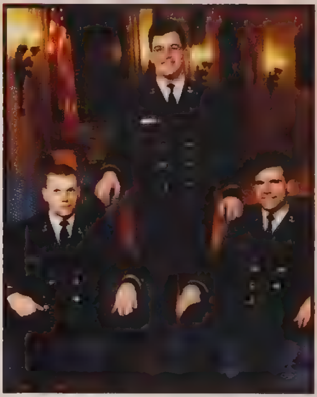
Congratulations Dan! Nothing worthwhile ever comes easily. You did it and we are proud.
Love, Mom, Dad, John, and Paul

To ENSIGN YIANIS JAMES SELINIDIS
Thank you for the pride and happiness you have always given to us! WE SALUTE YOU! Love Dad and Mom
Kosta, Stephen, Anna, and Mike

Congratulations Ensign Jeff Heiges.
You've made us so proud! Follow you dreams to your wings of Gold.
Love, Mom, Dad, and Laurel

Ninth Company officer:
LT G.C. Williams, USN

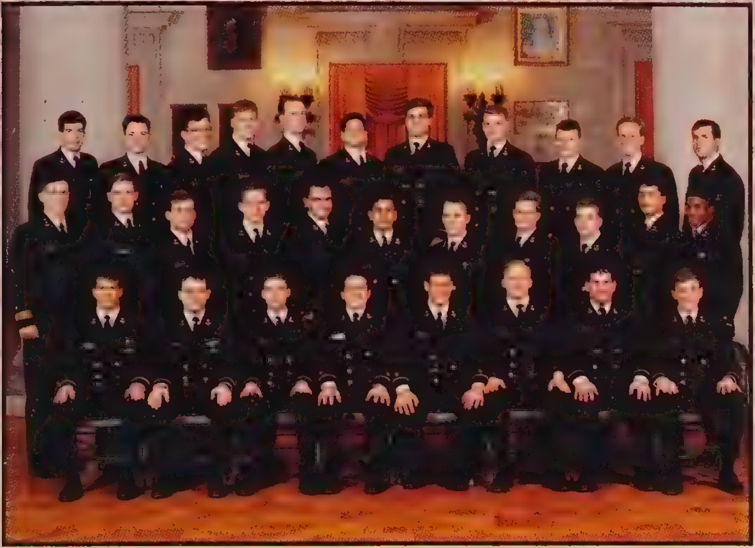
1st Set: Kevin Filan, company commander, Sterling Dawley, sub-commander, Daniel E. Dzenitis, adjutant.



2nd Set: Stephen C. Brzostowski, company commander, Kevin J. Sofield, sub-commander, James H. Keaney, adjutant.

9

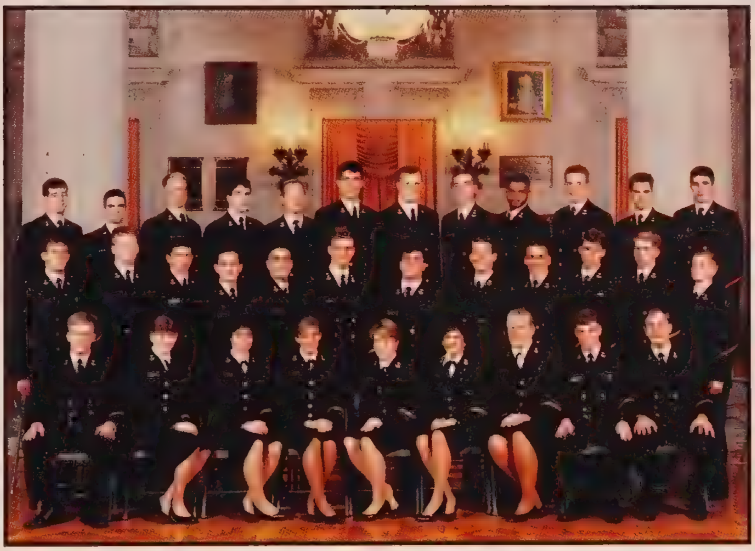
Class of 1991



Front row: Daniel Dzenitis, Larry Cook, Alexander Waugh, Juan Orozco, Fiore Nardo, Daniel Reed, Yianis Selinidis, Michael Parker; Middle row: Troy Dinkel, Dennis Penepacker, Sean Jermyn, James Braun, Jose Rodriguez, Anthony Saenz, Christopher Stuart, Daniel Shea, Christopher Kelley, Alexander Stewart, Christopher Frye; Back row: John Kopp, Todd Bahlan, James Keaney, Benjamin Meeuwsen, Kevin Filan, Sterling Dawley, Kevin Sofield, Stephen Brzostowski, Douglas Baragar, Jeffrey Heges, John Blake

Class of 1992

Front row: Charles Warner, Pamela Plyler, Monique Garcia, Michelle Grulkowski, Amy Seurynck, Jaa Emerson, Robbi Becker, Michael Mooney, Thomas Adissi; Middle row: Samuel Davey, Benjamin Reynolds, Keun Melody, Dung Pham, Gregory Gilland, James Ware, Anthony Linardi, Michael Wohlford, Scott Coughlin, Michael Dewalt, Patrick Valent, John Gary; Back row: Brendan Murphy, Franklin Kolbe, Michael Mehls, Brian Stanton, Christopher Stopyra, William Schneider, John Reimann, Christopher Eckerle, Bryon Johnson, Larry Young, Todd Lewis, Greg Lopez



Class of 1993

First Row: Terrane Hand, Kristin Phelps, Natasha Smith, Danielle Pico, Karen Kroeger, Melanie Rudy, William Allred, Keng Shin Chong; Second Row: Timothy Johnson, Gentry Jensen, Kwame Moultrie, Ellior Dorham, John Talyor, Adam Grossman, Daniel Nyenhuis, Jason Hejlik, Robert Petrick, James Moonier; Third Row: William Murray, J. Seargeant Glenn, Scott Cooper, Brent Alfonso, Dennis Wagner, Douglas Huntington, Michael Earl, Winston Jimenez, Karl Knox: Not Pictured: Timothy Bourdon, Timothy Pione, Scott Scialabba.

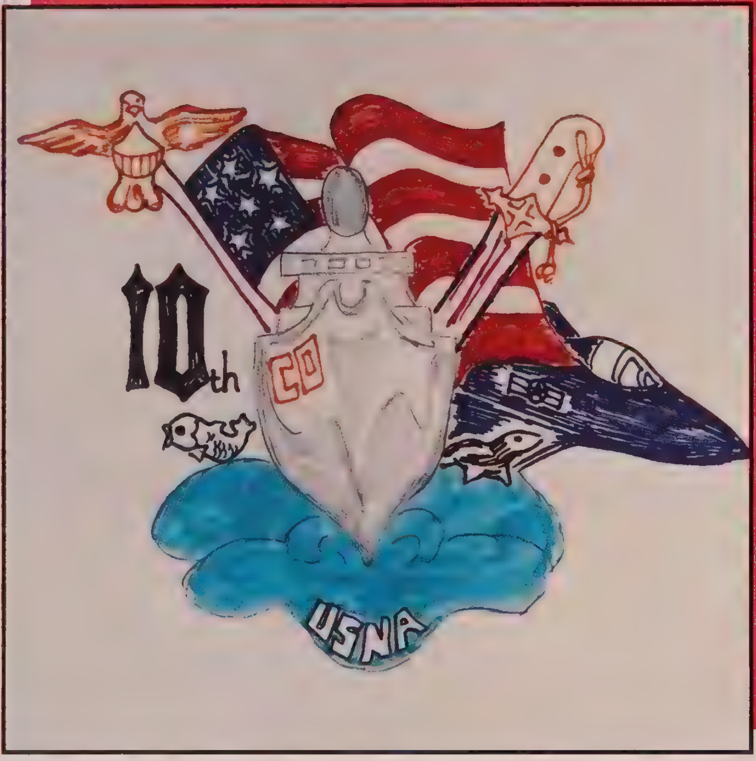
Class of 1994

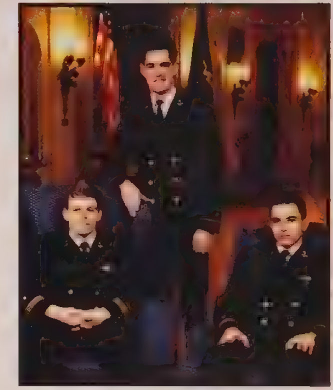
First Row: William Scally, Leonardo Day, Sylvia Bramkamp, Catherine Simonsen, Karen Heine, Philip Armas, Anthony Acosta, Chad Burke; Second Row: Nicholas Pate, Ryan Peugh, Marty Hayden, Robert Holloway, Darrell Gobble, Jason Van Matre, Christopher Nash, Brian Weisker, Chester Parks, Robert Tiowell, James Jackson, Andrew Patterson; Third Row: Kevin Kirin, James E. Jacobs, Bobby R. Carter, David Hazlehurst, Erik Ostmo, Wesley Philbeck, Jason Hedberg, John McClellan, Justin Francis, Carl David Newsome, Scott M. Wilson; Not Pictured: Lin Baugher, Heather Covey, Bernard Keenan, Frederick Peterson.

Patrons continued

Alex- Proud of you Semper Fi Mom & Dad

Tenth Company





Ralph Sputman you are OK! Mom & Dad

BCW, thanks for the memories: NAPS, tailgates, gold wings, & sponsors!
Fly High - Mom, Dad, Ross (USMA '94)

Tenth Company officer: LT B.T. Park, USN

1st Set: Timothy T. Carr, company commander, Daniel J. Durn, sub-commander, J. Abraham Paul, adjutant.

2nd Set: Brent Walker, company commander, Bob Williams, adjutant, Eric Pfister, sub-commander.

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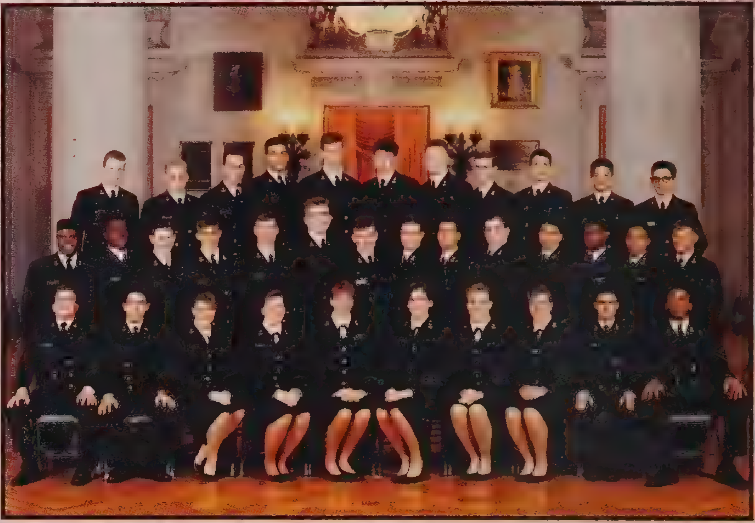
Class of 1991

Front row: William Kimmel, John Mann, Gilbert Rivera, Daniel Durn, Max McCoy, Alberto Gutierrez, William Campbell, Peter Skelton; Middle row: Romuel Nafarrete, Mark Guillory, William Robinette, Paul Olin, Rob McGregor; James Mucciarone, Brent Walker, Nicholas Vision, Donald Raines; Back row: Rodney Ward, Timothy Wachendorfer, Matthew Reardon, Anthony Lesperance, Edward Reddick, Joshua Skule, Timothy Carr, Eric Pfister, Thomas Fuglestad; Not pictured: Anthony Lesperance, Christopher Lopes, John Paul, Robert Williams

Class of 1992

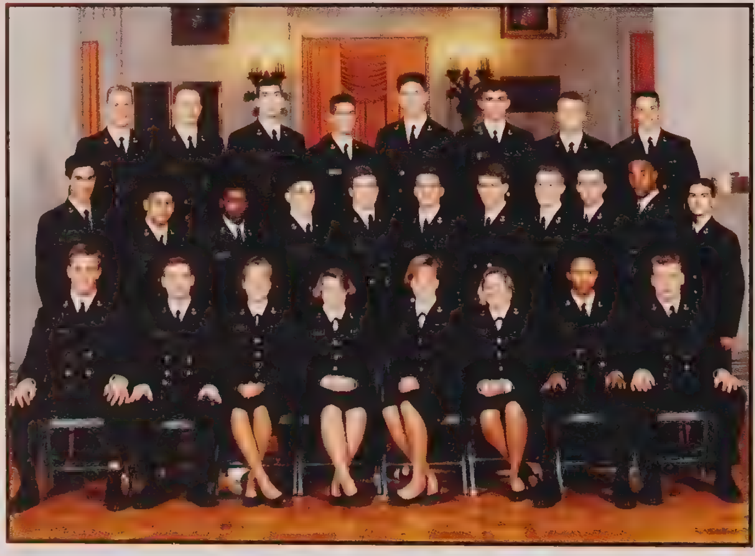
First Row: Dwight Johnston, Chris P. Long, Clay Chilson, David Morales, Keith Scott, Marty Rusnak, Sean Horton, David Jasso; Second Row; Leif Mollo, Arnold Gallit, Geoff Broderick, Eric Ostler, Patrick Long, Douglas Barber, Ken Milano, Jime Weyant, Tom Wagner, Keith Gordon, Mark Stewart; Third Row: Nick Marusich, Ken Miller, Curt Carroll, David Lillefloren, Mike Schoffman, Steve West, Mike Dowling, Brian Fleisher, Carlos Mendez, Chris Scott.

Class of 1993



First Row: Joseph Bozzelli, Thomas Mills, Ruth Dalton, Shaun McAndrew, Melody Aitken, Andrea Lindenburg, Kelly Kinsella, Mary Jo Neenan, Marc Carlson, Clevland Tyson; Second Row: Bill Taylor, Jeff Barr, Dennis Cronyn, Chris Vallhonrat, Greg Selfridge, Lance Kruse, John Killacky, Brad Davidson, Micheal Joyner, Chris Lewis, Aaron Crespin, Thomas Muldrow, Seri Chumchuen, Chris Cavanaugh; Third Row: Erin French, Richard Petersen, James McGrady, Maxwell Schuman, Dean Kinsman, Matthew Lobner, Brian Pilger, Eric Hawn, Lucas Kerley, Douglas Mitchell, James Boss.

Class of 1994

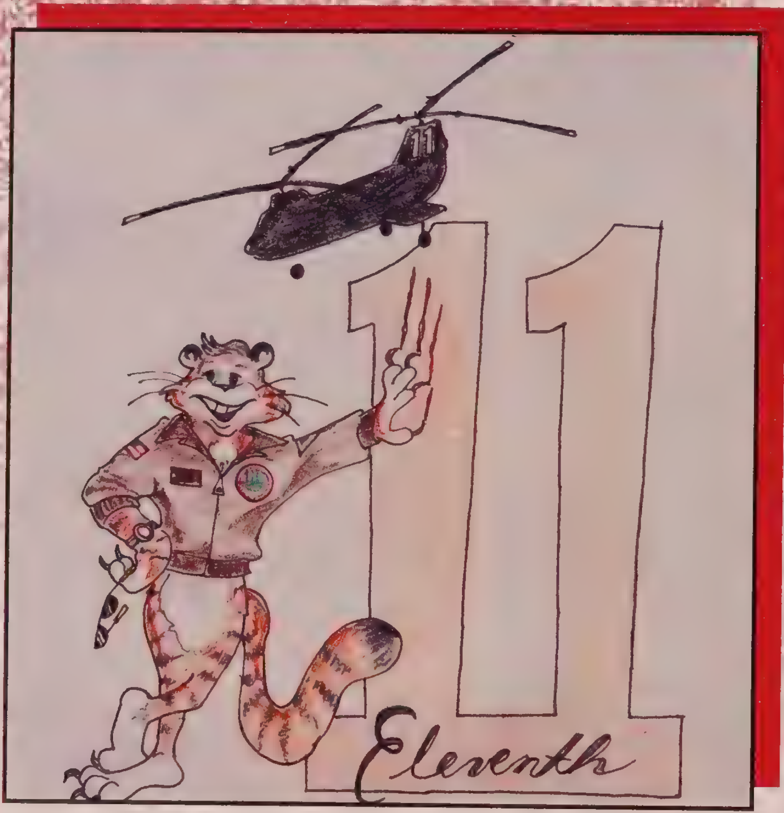


Front row: Lance Barnes, Scott Beltz, Jennifer Whereatt, Brenna Baker, Debbie Miller, Angela Luzier, Thomas Dixon, Fred Regan; Middle row: Darren McClurg, Shane Millan, Rodney Walker, Matthew Nanes, Bert Steele, Michael McAbee, Thomas Sheppard, Adam Young, Cortland Esch, Alexander Bullock, Maxwell Luter; Back row: Richard Newton, David Snider, Jason Larabee, Daniel Herlihy, James Harrell, Jack Hawver, Brent Kinman, Steven Schairer; Not pictured: Christopher Lange, Robert Messer

NAVY
CREW

NAVY
53

Eleventh Company



Congratulations, Eleventh Company, '91
To ENS Joel Gutierrez: The stars exist that we might know how high our dreams can soar. Congratulations on making your dreams come true. Love you Mom, Dad and Jen

Greetings and Congratulations from Albuquerque, New Mexico to the Class of '91. And to our favorite midshipman Attaway, Rick! Love, Mom and Dad, Tami, Pete, Todd, Flo, Bruce, Saundra, Max, Molly, and Meg

Eleventh Company officer:
LT D.M. Leingang, USN

1st Set: Rick Hayes, company commander, Brent Brown, sub-commander, Matt Heck, adjutant.

2nd Set: Frank Schenk, company commander, Rob Liner, sub-commander, Frank Krevetski, adjutant.

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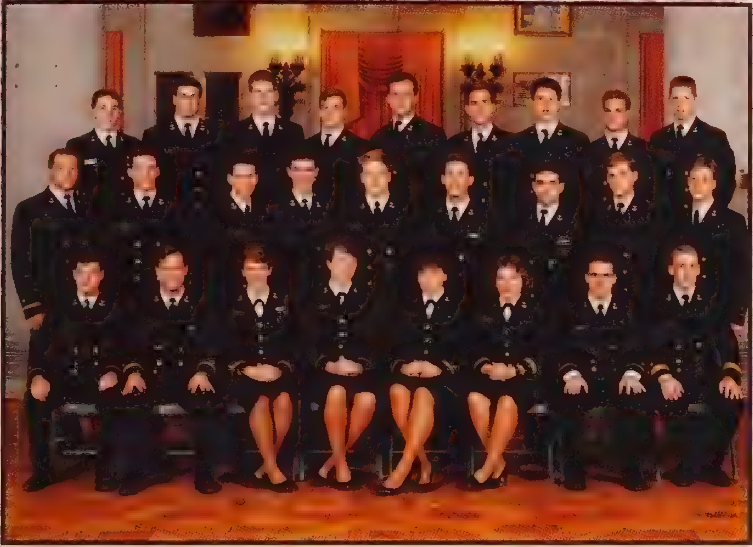
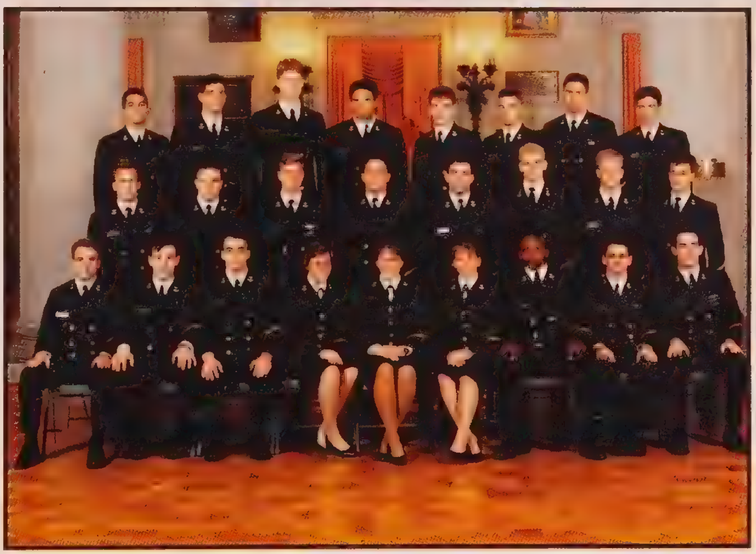
Class of 1991



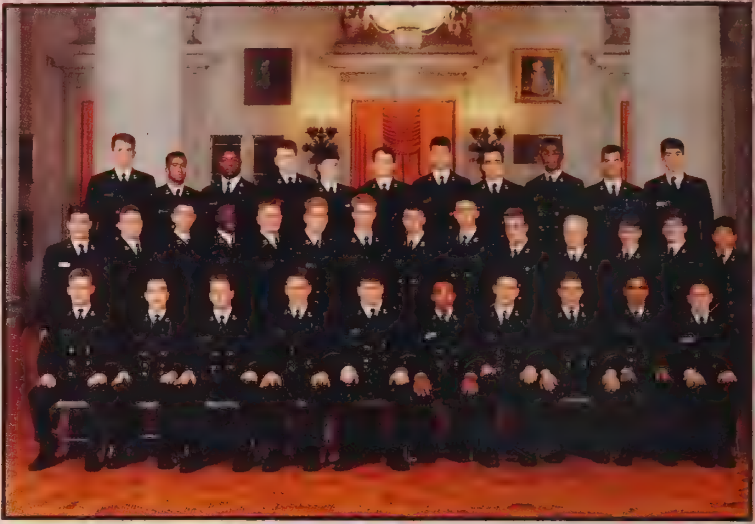
Front row: Jeffrey McCreary, Christopher Cote, Sarah Morley, Karin Hogan, Heidi Berg, Karen Machinski, Jason Gagnon, James VanderMeer; Middle row: Brent Brown, Jude Burke, Donald Geismar, Robert Liner, Daniel Keto, Joel Gutierrez, Marc Lederer, Andrew Esf, Christopher Treacy; Back row: Richard Hayes, Matthew Heck, Forrest Wilkins, Hugh McFarlane, Michael Jennings, Jeffrey Woodbury, Frank Krevelski, Frank Schenk, John Galipeau

Class of 1992



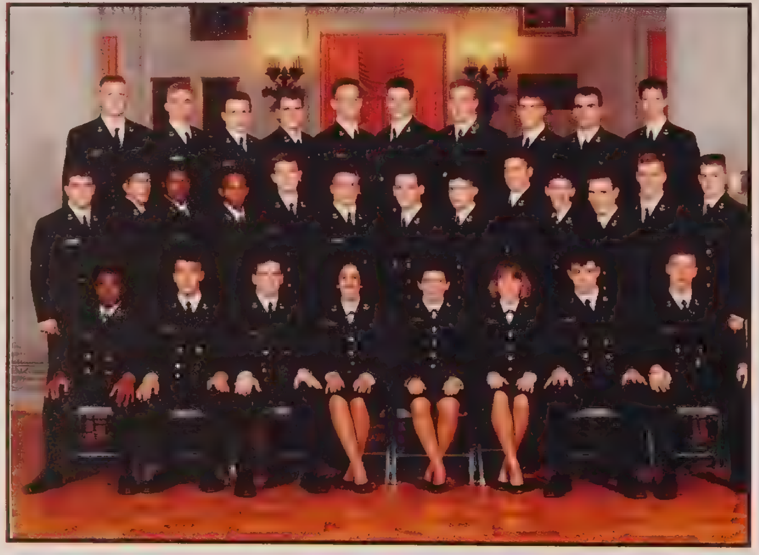
Front row: Richard McCarthy, Hans Sholley, Edan Antoine, Mary Ann Leslie, Teresa Tierney, Shauna Batty, Antonio Walker, Anthony Fabiano, Alan Moore; Middle row: Timothy Barrick, David Helon, Lance Lesher, Shawn Inman, George Evans, Christopher Williams, Jeffrey Cochran, Robert Porath; Back row: Javier Vega, Derek Trinque, Glenn Korhorn, Roderick Coward, Thomas Thorton, Charles Broomfield, Roderick Spiegel, Robert Polvino; Not pictured: Martin McMahon

Class of 1993



Front row: Jonathon Still, Bruce Robinson, Gary Walker, Jeffrey Hill, William Suber, Cameron Coates, Stephen Sprague, Daniel Degner, Ray Hendrix, Michael Prall; Middle row: Clay Berardi, Daniel Baulig, Seth Waller, Geoffrey Royal, Charles Megown, Eugene Woodruff, Michael Mulloy, Glen Sabin, Sasan Sabet, Mark Nelson, William McCulley, Mark Strothkamp, Kevin McCloskey, Edgar Arnaldo; Back row: Richard Massie, Joseph Cox, Ivan Bullard, Eric Bruns, Charles Minifie, Bryan Buljat, Scott Smart, Raymond Marciano, Curtis Wesley, Henry Brown, John Tierney; Not pictured: Nathan Kiser, Geoffrey Phelps

Class of 1994



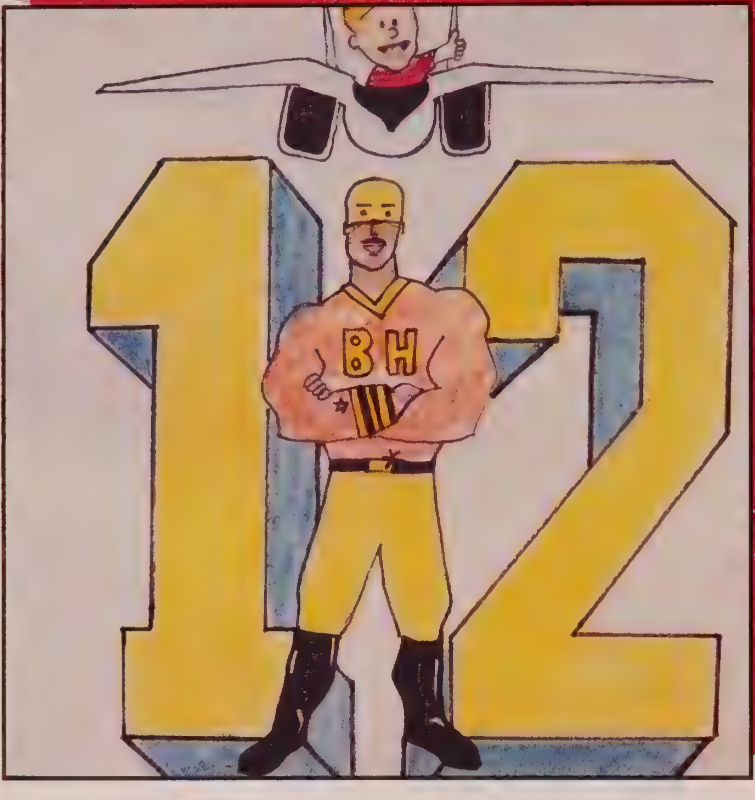
Front row: Tyrell Croughter, Jose Mercado, Robert Yarosz, Tamara Hernandez, Margaret Detolo, Christine Westrich, William Darrenkamp, James Carroll; Middle row: Bryan Laird, Richard Morin, Byron Alexander, Sean Day, Jon Lunglhofer, Donald Chudzik, Kevin Delano, Christopher Proulx, Scott Mayfield, Daniel Bilow, Sean Fahey, William James, Drake Henderson; Back row: Daniel Massey, Dennis Duckworth, Joel Robertson, Patrick Mowles, Jeffrey Carpenter, Michael Hearther, David Stowers, Christopher Cable, Todd Stinson, Mathew O'Brien; Not pictured: Candi Cunningham, Todd Lyman

Ralph Lauren

11TH
CO.

NAVY

Twelfth Company



Leon - We're very proud of you.
Much love, luck and happiness
in all you do. Leanna and Georgine

The Price family salutes John '91 & 12th Co. Way to go, Commander! Hallelujah!

You Are My "Sonshine"
Congratulations, Love Ya, M

At graduation you begin a new phase
of life. Dad and Bill share in the
pride and joy we know mom has for
you. - I have silently watched your progress and you
have had to be
content knowing this. At this
special time I want you to know how proud I am of
You.
In Loving Memory
Jane T. Edge Scarborough

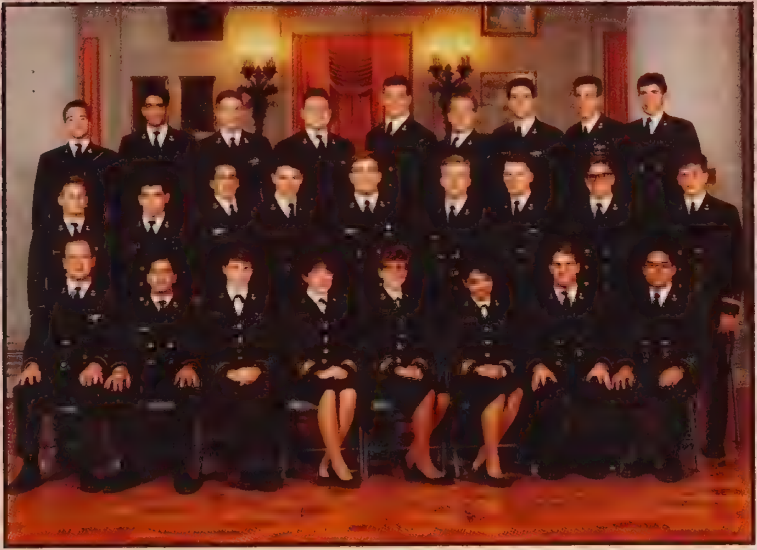
Twelfth Company officer:
LCDR J.E. Brockington, USN

1st Set: Michael W. Zuna, company commander, Christian M. Bonat, sub-commander, Joseph G. Rehak, adjutant.

2nd Set: Daniel Scott, company commander, David Allen, sub-commander, Leon Jablow, adjutant.

12

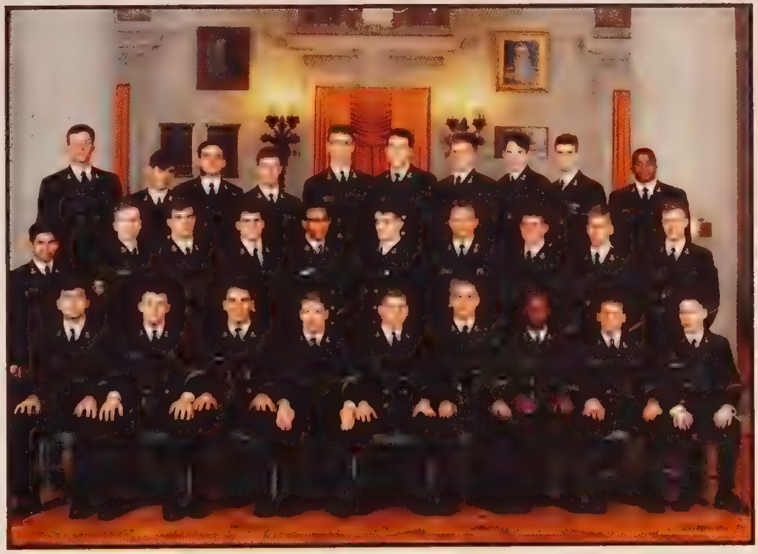
Class of 1991



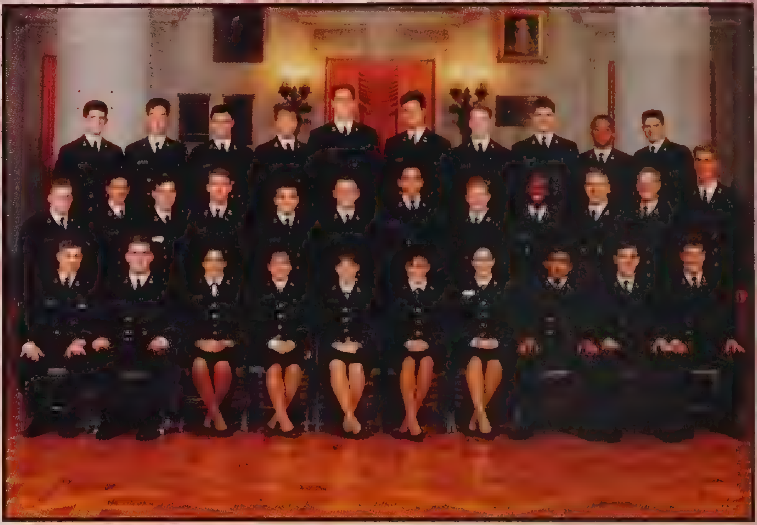
Front row: Walter Hokett, Ahmed Dawood, Loretta Stroth, Michiko Martin, Kristen Waller, Michelle Reyes, Jonathan Testwuide, Nathaniel Saria; Middle row: Randall Peul, John Price, Scott Chandler, Michael Rigo, Joseph Rehak, Harry Gray, Leon Jablow, Scott Pitcock, Michael Zuna; Back row: Jacob Heinz, Joseph Popp, Michael Walsh, David Allen, Robert Friedman, Christian Bonat, Glen MacDonald, Brian Kelly, Daniel Scott; Not pictured: Dean Dorcas, Carter Edge, Paul Wakefield

Class of 1992

Front row: Keith Custer, John Atkinson, Jefferson Triplett, Michael Harks, Thomas Maloney, Shawn Purvis, Adrian Montgomery, John Hatala, Robert Reardane; Middle row: Michael Misciewicz, David Kersey, Thomas Joy, Daniel Nolan, Kerry Hinton, Troy Bauder, Daniel Truckenbrod, Byron Snyder, Russell Devries, Vincent Fontenot; Back row: Peter Martenson, Ignacio Lepe, Virgil Palumbo, Jeffrey Hubert, Michael Mangan, William Switzer, Charles McCartney, Scott Springer, Mark Fusco, Stanley Dillard

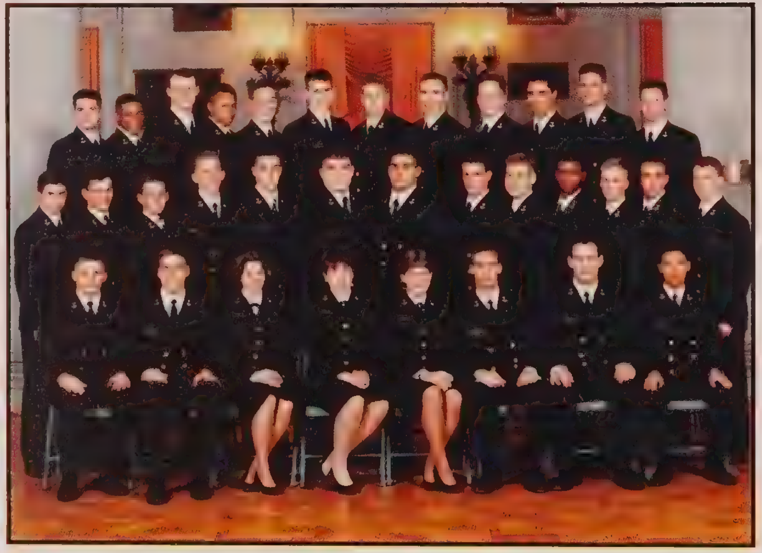


Class of 1993



Front row: William Daly, Michael Kozub, Lourdes Vallazza, Kendra Kewak, Kari Kenny, Karryn O'Neill, Joanna Garcia, Efren Delacruz, Gary Brister, Justin Andrews; Middle row: Norman Reitter, Jack VanNatta, Christopher Sterbis, Jeffrey Bernhard, Cheyenne Wilson, Matthew Welsh, Victor Macias, Michael Spencer, Kelvin Lewis, Gerald Heyne, Jonathan Wise, Geoffrey Wright; Back row: Shawn Sweeney, Peter Milnes, Scott Whalen, Jeremy Alm, Colin Bowser, Kevin Talbot, John Land, Ray Franklin, Robert Scott, Eric Lindfors; Not pictured: David Pangilinan

Class of 1994

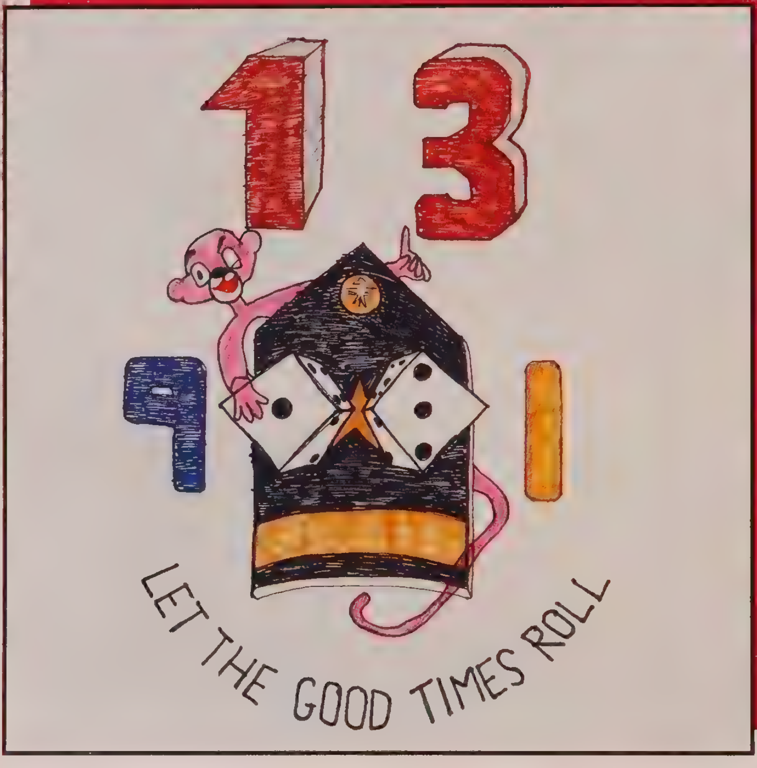


Front row: Todd Huber, John Greene, Alicia Lynch, Cynthia Talbot, Nicole Tonnesson, Chadwick Hixson, Joshua Payton, Allan Escobar; Middle row: Richard Rivera, Christopher Dean, Brent Sadler, Frank Bronson, Brian Dirko, Danny Pigeon, John Formoso, David Fagen, Christian Williams, Christopher Rounds, Jeffrey Gantar, Michael Supko, Ryan Carron; Back row: Ashley Stelle, Michael Carter, Jack Perrin, Anthony Tucker, James O'Harrah, Michael Sharp, Daniel Turnbow, Nathaniel Strandquist, Eric Peterson, Robert Morris, Gene Strickland, Robert Doherty; Not pictured: Jonathon Roberts

NAVY

NAVY

Thirteenth Company


13
91
LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL

Congratulations Keith! We are so proud of you! We wish you a wonderful, happy life. We love you! Love, Dad, Mom, Kim, and Jen

Joe Dap, We're proud! Cream came to the top, thanks for the memories, Luv, Mom & Dad; 13th, do the fleet proud, Anchors Aweigh! All the Daps

Congratulations Greg Kelly, we are proud of you! Best Wishes 13th Co. & the Class of '91. Love, Mom & Dad.

Your life has been and example for us-Semper Fi! Love, Mom, Dad, Jen, Sue

Thirteenth Company officer:
LT J.S. Perry, USN

1st Set: John R. Delaere, company commander, Joseph Dapollonio II, subcommander, Brian T. Green, adjutant.

2nd Set: Stu Lockhart, company commander, Jack Colletti, sub-commander, Sean Reed, adjutant.

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Class of 1991

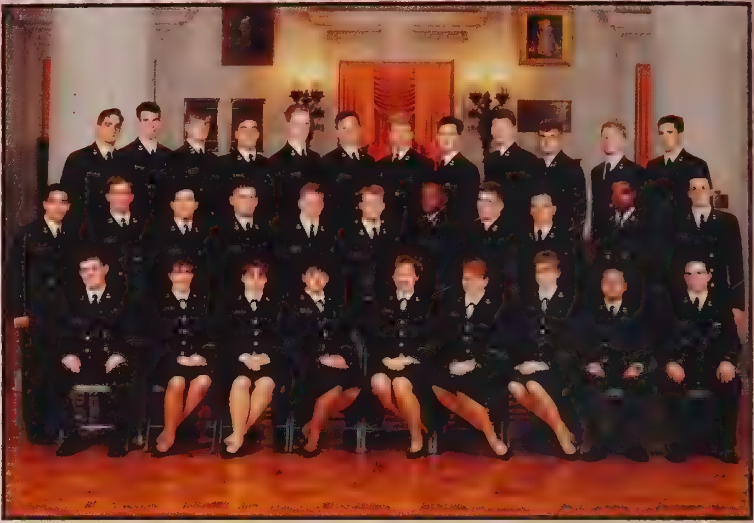
Front row: Daniel Morio, Terrence Reed, Kathryn Fitzpatrick, Molly Armijo, Hai Cao, Jennifer Nicholls, Joseph Dapollonio, Marc Schweighofer; Middle row: Michael Capuzno, John Lonergan,Gregory Kelly, Heath Kolman, Keith Lehnherdt, Kelvin Upson, Brian Green, Scott Shepard; Back row: Paul Bowen, Stuart Lockhart, John Delaere, Tyler Turvold, Chad Jungbluth, David Blackwood, Jason Davis, John Colletti, James Logsdon; Not pictured: Anthony Domino

Class of 1992

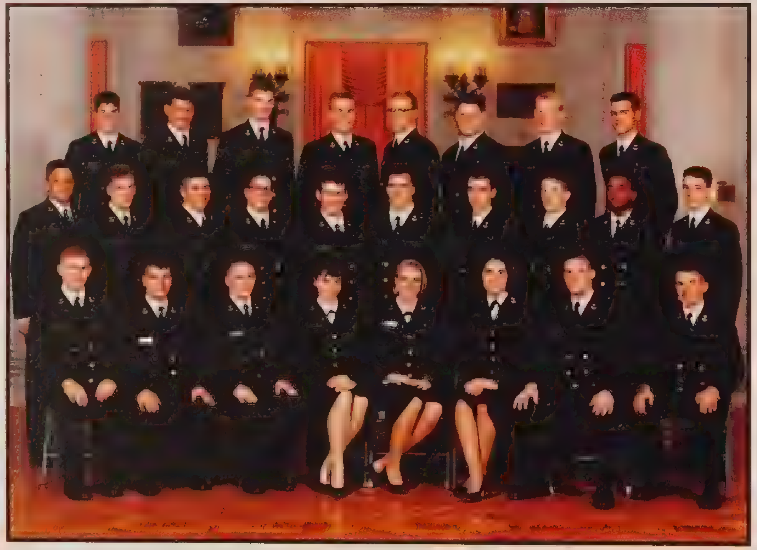
Front row: Christopher Haines, Ray Fisher, Joel Johnson, Mark Davison, Michael Gallagher, Jonathan Hayes, Jeb Hendricks, Michael Thaxton; Middle row: Terry Bagget, Calvin Foster, Perrin Miller, Daniel Gardner, David Days, George Moraitis, Christopher Schimenti, Neal O'Neal, John Rice; Back row: David Ornstein, Lonny Stare, John Schmidt, Christopher Moyer, Shelby Mounts, Karl Kazarian, Christopher Riley, Patrick Moore, Michael Wilson, Glenn Porterfield; Not pictured: Douglas Cosley, Christopher Maslowski, Thomas Buchanan

Class of 1993

Front row: Andrew Gibbons, Mischala Grill, Stephanie Hahn, Mei-Ling Marshall, Alayne Gordon, Ann Gosney, Shannon Marshall, Taku Kopp, Robert Berryman; Middle row: Roberto Mozina, Andrew Stavish, Jorge Flores, Jeffrey Price, Michael Pierce, Bradley Gresham, Michael Greene, Todd Rampey, Augusto Ganoza, Robert Casper, Brett Sweet; Back row: Peter Olsen, Gregory Keller, Andrew Schmidt, Christopher Cassidy, Christopher Brown, Jonathan Braun, Ronald Byrd, Joel Trantham, Michael Zink, Kyle Gordy, James Rauscher, Jay Dryer

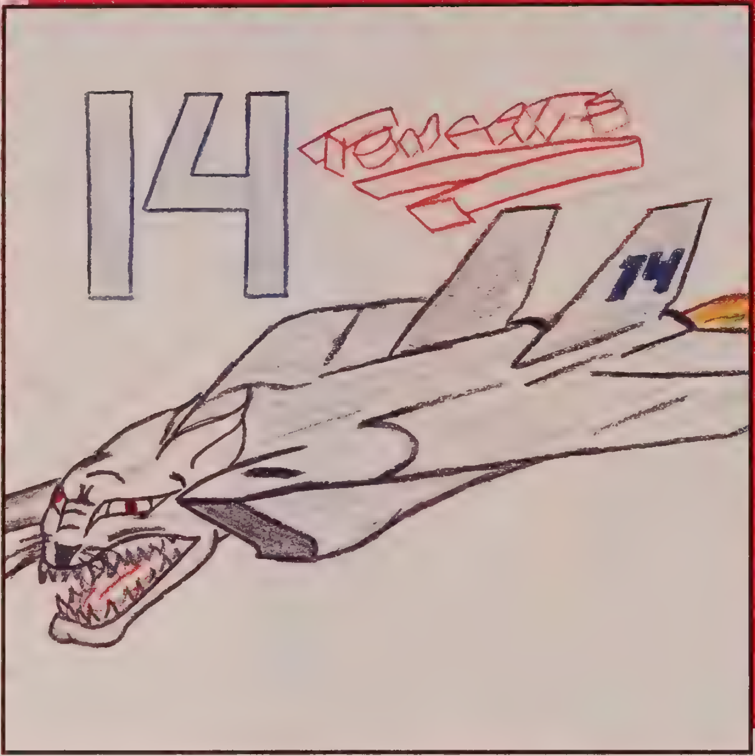


Class of 1994



Front row: Kevin Glathar, Christian Horak, Daniel Sameit, Tracy Clark, Tara Caroselli, Nichole Lehman, Chauncey Freeman, Eric Lednicky; Middle row: Adan Cruz, Mark Johnson, Johnny Vanslyke, Paul Urbine, Chris Caudill, Sean Kranick, Matthew Wukitch, Grant Goodrich, Paul Bryant, Bartt Greene; Back row: Timothy Ehrhart, Garth DeVries, Steven Jaureguizar, Lewis Rhodes, Frank Sprude, Robert Zeitman, Mark Perrault, Todd Owens; Not pictured: Kirk Clermont, Juan Aguilar, Matthew Wild, James Keck

Fourteenth Company



FROM MINNESOTA - WITH LOVE
CONGRATULATIONS TO JODI L. BLOOMER
CLASS OF 1991!

Life is a rigorous, endless self evalutaion. Continue to risk supporting your values and ideals. Our pride is surpassed only by our love. Mom & Dad, Grandma & Grandpa, sister Jennifer & brother Jeffrey

Fourteeth Company officer:
CAPT B.M. Cass, USMC

1st Set: Jeffrey Weiss, company commander, Joel MacRitchie, sub-commander, Christopher Howaldt.

2nd Set: Timothy F. Sparks, company commander, Morgan J. Miller, sub-commander, Michael R. Rocheleau, adjutant.

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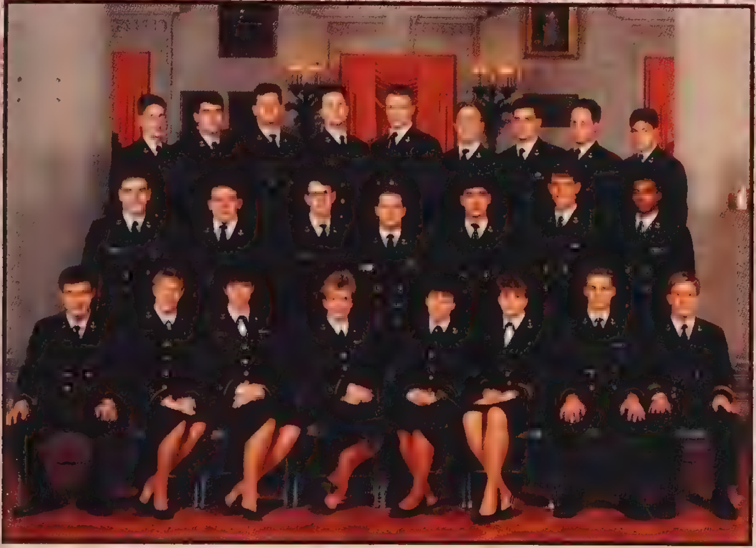
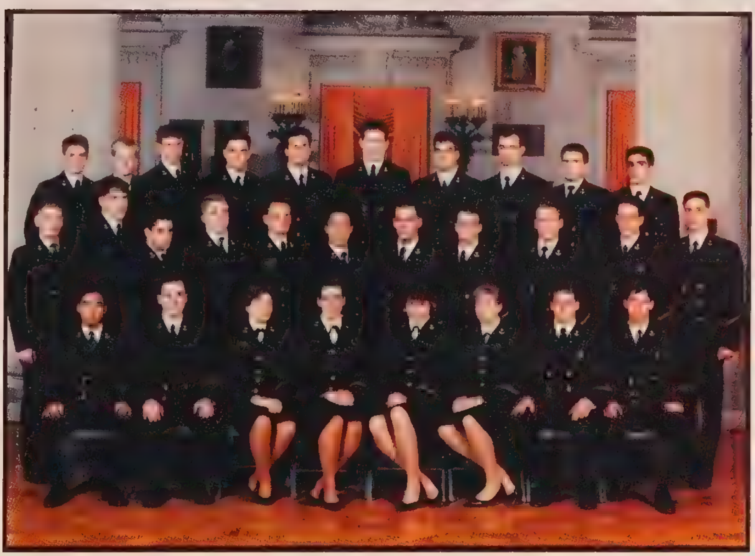
Class of 1991



Front row: Young Joon Kim, Jodi Bloomer, Shaunna Corcoran, Maureen Fox, Barbara Lopez, Caren Ritter, Guy Coursey, Timothy Sparks; Middle row: Jason Vogt, Paul Larson, Peter Schommer, Michael Rocheleau, Glenn Scrima, Morgan Miller, Kenneth Barber; Back row: Douglas Gilbert, William Schild, Jeffrey Weiss, Joel Macritchie, Kurt Metcalf, Christopher Huwaldt, Daniel Orcutt, Neal Cuevas, Jon Beckman; Not pictured: Dennis Nealon, Dan Murphy

Class of 1992

Front row: Gavan Sagara, Jonathan Haynes, Mary Sprungle, Kristin Lindley, Jennifer Bolin, Christa Holmgaard, William Wiseman, Michael Hudson; Middle row: John Barker, Vincent Vertin, Brian Carbauh, Daniel Greenwood, Scott Plyler, Choung Do, David Weller, Michael Hutchens, David Bitler, Kevin White, Earl Hamilton; Back row: Scott Kapus, Robert Dewitt, Geoffrey Moore, Steven Phillips, David Wojtkowski, James Marquet, John O'Donnell, David Smith, John Moloko, Juan Kraljevic; Not pictured: Joseph Spencer, James Martin, Jonathan Rios, Michael Bilzor, Paul Miller



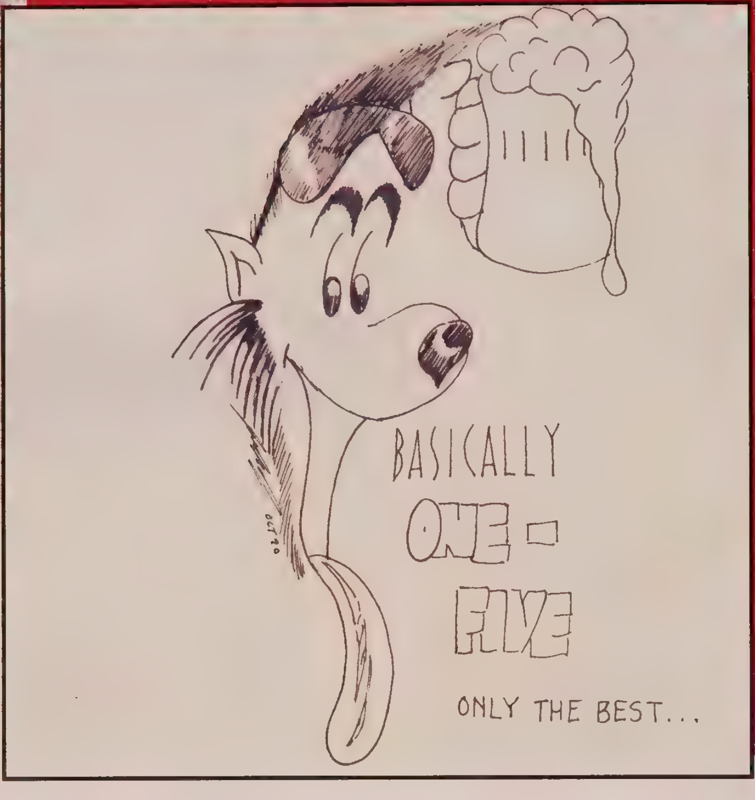
Class of 1993

Front row: Patrick McDoniel, Serge Jorgensen, Phillip Gordon, David Borushko, Jonathan Baron, Eugene Bailey, Mark Crawford, Matthew Arnold, Michael Martinez, Jason Pike; Middle row: Clay Williams, Robert McCormick, Peter Doughty, Jason Alderman, Perry Townsend, Scott Odman, Keith Silinsky, Bryan O'Leary, Kary Brownlee, Jeremy Rich, Keizo Kitagawa, John Doubman, Jeffery King; Back row: Lesley Fierst, Vincent Johnson, Michael Rubel, Chris Hughes, William Nash, Terry Hagen, Matthew Bower, Jeremy Gray, Stephen Holland, John Quarles, William Moriarty

Class of 1994

Front row: Timothy Queen, Eric Burton, Lisa Winslow, Rebecca Ingraham, Shawn Dobbs, Amber Lehning, George Ball, Brian Clark; Middle row: William Mann, Michael Sireci, Jose Dominguez, Brian Randall, Paul Prokopovich, Shane Voudren, Garry Devinger, Kevin Borden, Tyrone Ferrel, Timothy Bowles; Back row: Scott Wadle, Matthew Gibson, Paul Kocher, Eric Smith, Jeffry Block, Eric Mitchell, Joel Bartis, Jeffrey Leuenberger, Troy Shoulders, Jason Gordon, Michael Asuncion; Not pictured: Marc Boran, Robert Burnett, David Chlebnik, Daniel Colpo, Francis Feeney, David Gwinn, William Watkins

Fifteeth Company



Enthusiasm is one of the most powerful engines of success. Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm. Congratulations Marco we are proud Mom, Dad, and Andrina

Congratulations, Ensign Harvey Ross Berman! We always knew you could do it. Love, Mom, Dad, and Jerry

Tom-Forever under God's wings. M & D

Rabs, Congratulations, we're very proud of you. As sons go you are already an admiral. Love and God bless you. Mom, Dad and Becka

You met the challenge, Tim Jett,
and now the victory is yours.
Congratultions! Roll Tide!
We love you. Mom, Dad, Dan, and Beth

Fifteenth Company
Officer:
LT HARMAN

First Set: Daniel J. Zoot, company commander, Stephen L. Jendrysik, sub-commander, Ramon A. Baez, adjutant.

Second Set: Mark A. Delahanty, company commander, Ross X. Troike, sub-commander, Harvey R. Berman.

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Class of 1991

Front row: Ramone Baez, Owen Jones, Andrew Gebara, Alexander MacKenzie, John Quinn, Daniel Zoot, William Wilson, Thomas Trelenberg; Middle row: Michael Bolt, Harvey Berman, Ross Troike, Mark Delahanty, Ian Hadden, Cesar Rojas, Keith Henry, Raymond Rabidoux; Back row: Jay Harrell, Stephen Jendrysik, Michael Callahan, David Stohs, Sean Liedman, Robert Adams, Michael Kaiser, Martin Daniell, Marco Juarez; Not pictured: Timothy Jett, Mark Ludovico, Donald Turner

Patrons continued

Good job Steve Jendrysik! "You kept your shoulder to the wheel; nose to the grind stone" Love, Mom, Dad, Mark, family & friends.

Class of 1992

Front row: David O'Connell, Joseph Fratangelo, Alexis Petrosky, Susie Stewart, Melanie Dobay, Julie Wolfgram, Valerie Mansfield, Robert Johnson; Middle row: Thomas Chung, William Hammack, Stephen Moody, Jeffrey Prichard, Robert Chesson, Eugene Lacoste, Louis Palazzo, Neal Borkert, Christopher Anderson; Back row: Michael Giannetti, Timothy Stroble, Max Berry, John Oglesby, James Noller, Clayton Horner, William Peltzer, Brian Evans, Richard Collyer; Not pictured: William Lawrence, Daniel Packer, Michael Stoll, Troy Woelfel

Class of 1993

Front row: Benjamin Ash, Joseph Foraker, Luan To, Julie House, Cheryl McKinney, Julia Lopez, Julie Pelton, John Hawver, Michael Boone, Volodja Tymoschenko; Middle row: John Groh, Mark Carter, Wayne Grasdock, David Smith, Craig Snyder, Shannon Santana, Andrew Ruiz, Ransen Caola, Isaac Gonzalez, Matthew Thayer, Brien Dickson, Humberto Makris, Craig Wirth; Back row: Daniel Haller, James Elias, Thomas Rice, Gerald Macenas, Erik Ostrom, Andre Stephano, Jason Rich; Special Guest Appearance by Midn. Wypiski, Tom Reynolds, Jim Mills, John MacDonald, Dave Shaffer; Not pictured: Kevin Austin, Timothy Ulmer

Class of 1994

Front row: Moises Ramiriz, Nancy Lo, Kristine Burks, Helen Bloom, Michael Arnold, David Baker; Middle row: Michael Garrick, Joseph Buck, Anil Phull, David Salmons, Adam Lyons, Sean Kelly, Luis Gonzalez, Leroy Gilbert; Back row: Sean Whitlatch, Chris Claiborne, Joseph Soltis, Andrew Payne, Jeffrey Clark, Scott Bracher, Bryan Szeliga, Todd Brown; Not pictured: Stephen Carlson, Melissa Cherwin, Michael Hede, Bradley Juhl, Brian Makela, Kevin Mattix, Robert McMillen, Jeff McPherson, Craig Paczkowski, Michael Porter, Kerry Smith, Joseph Williams

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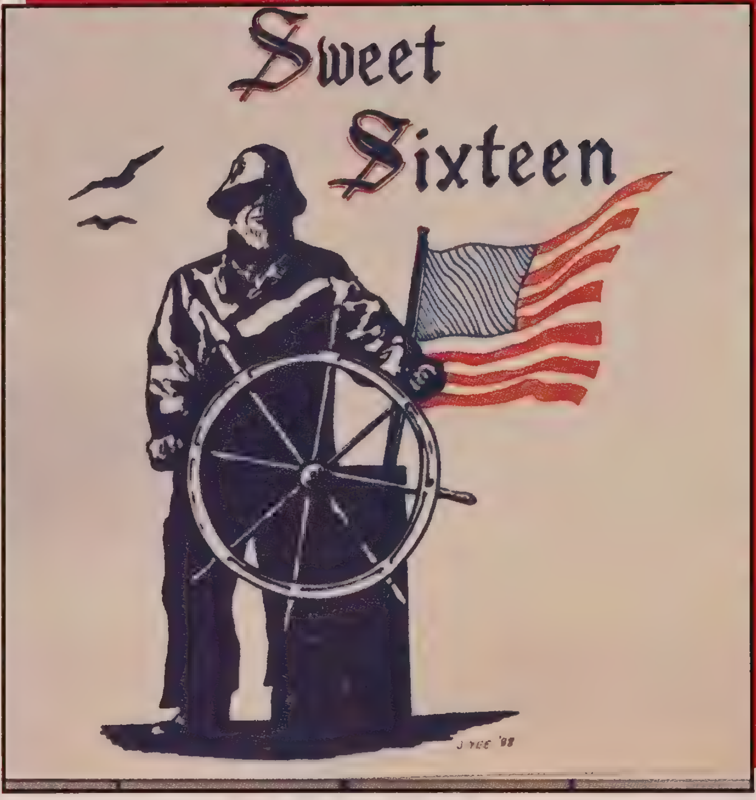
Sixteenth Company



Julie, you went for it and got it.
Now, Ens Hansen go for those wings
Mom, Dad, Lisa, and BH

The Tweed succeeded! Go Pat!

Congratulations Cari
We are so proud of you!
Love, Rod, Mom, Susi, and Peter

CONGRATULATIONS USNA CLASS OF 1991
JIM RUSSO & THE 16TH COMPANY
GOD KEEP YOU IN HIS LOVING CARE
Jim, Karen, and Matthew Russo
#1 fron Day 1 - SEMPER FI-FLY HIGH

Sixteenth Company officer:
LT P.L. McElroy, USN

1st Set: Caroline L.C. Lothner, company commander, James M. Russo, sub-commander, Michael D. Fisher, adjutant.

2nd Set: Eric Berntson, sub-commander, Anthony Case, adjutant, Pat Edmonds, company commander.

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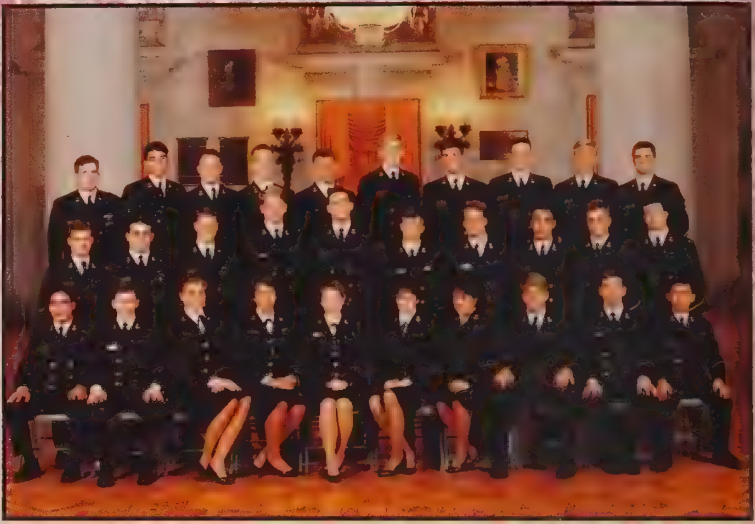
Class of 1991

Front row: James Russo, Michael Rapp, Brian Scott, Katherine Banta, Jeri Smalley, Julie Hansen, Caroline Lothner, William Pedersen; Middle row: David Mann, Christopher Bownds, Maurice Carr, Anthony Case, Daniel Barchi, Stephen Boyd, Wayne Acoba, David Schalm, Kyle Mitsumori, John Zuhowski; Back row: Mark Sweet, Eric Berntson, Patrick Edmonds, James Gancayco, Jeffrey Quinton, Christopher McLellan, Donald Jack, Adam O'Neill, Sungkyun Jeong; Not pictured: Michael Fisher, Andrew McMarlin

Class of 1992

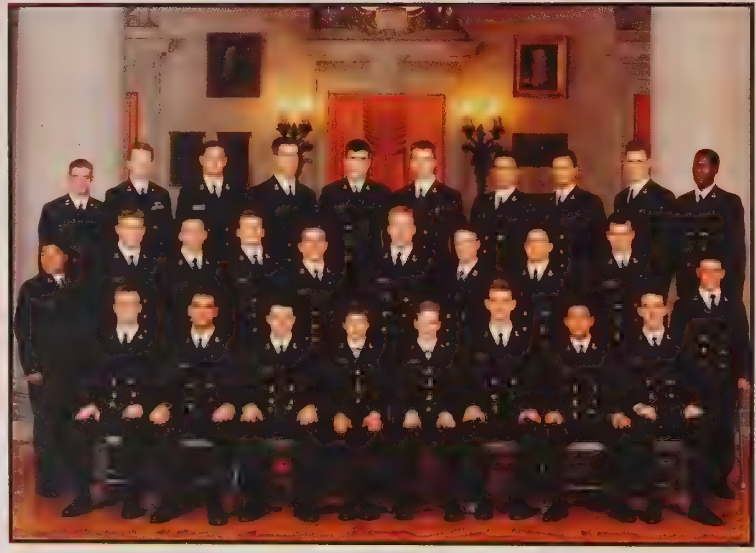
Front row: Brian Grubbs, Richard Barrett, Frederic Nauck, Mark Kane, Michael McNulty, Jeffrey Nowak, Peter Berning, Jason Faunce; Middle row: Edward Taylor, Darin Cline, Russell Brune, Jorge Sotelo, David Zimmermann, Michael Greene, Donald Clack, Brian Hughes, Jeffrey Conway; Back row: David Brett-Major, Sean Owens, Malcolm Palmore, Mark Evans, Daniel Prather, Douglas Glasgow, Dean Watkins, John Souma, Richard Stowe

Class of 1993



Front row: Carlos Calero, Marcus Greenspan, Sarah Dachos, Elizabeth Ravndal, Katharine Novak, Michele Brett, Lillian Villemez, Michael Hartman, Michael Manuele, Eugene Nguyen; Middle row: Kevin Stroud, Juan Fanjul, Matthew Kelly, Edwin Killinger, Jeffrey Mascunana, Richard Whiteley, Michael Curran, Bo Pham, Paul Skeen, Thomas Reynolds; Back row: James Parkerson, Reza Pouraghabagher, Anthony Nave, Jeffrey Draeger, Damien Bridges, Douglas Nelson, James Landis, Bryan Batson, Wayne Gunther, James Lowell; Not pictured: Al-Shafiq Abdul Wahid, Jeffrey Munoz, Gregory Sakryd, John Yavorsky

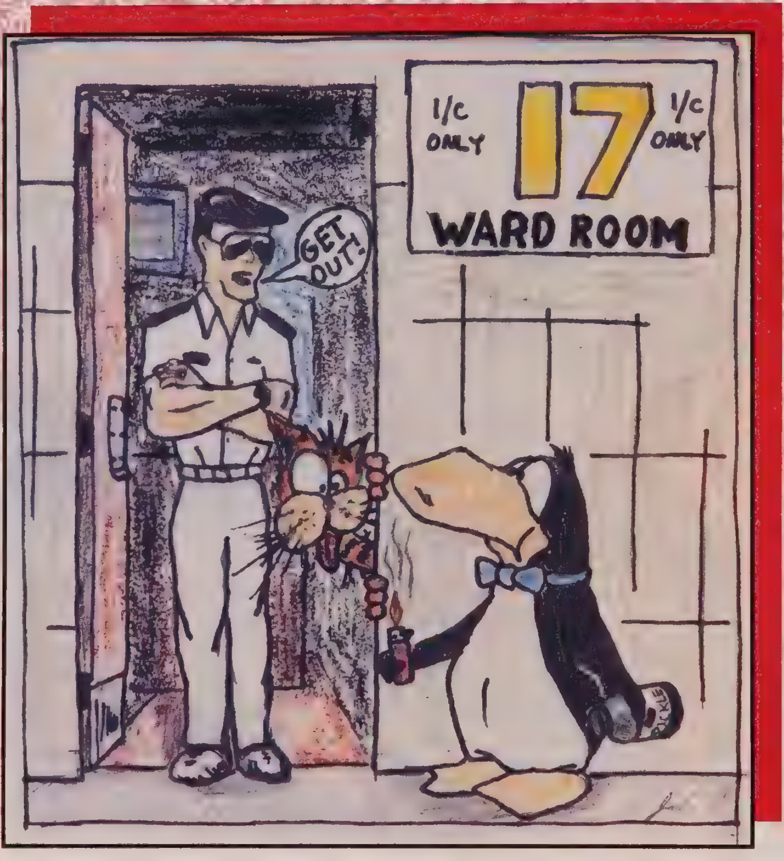
Class of 1994



Front row: Eric Bower, Jason Adler, Michael Bellotti, Gina Martyn, Lynnette Johnson, Jason Peek, Kwang Yang, Anthony Roach; Middle row: Philbert Ventura, Eric Schuette, James Corlis, Mark Tinder, Kenneth Graves, Christopher Kuzniewski, Gregory Ames, Christopher Courtright, Robert Roberts, Jason Berger; Back row: Christopher Pesile, Jason Schwantes, Robert Hughes, Christopher Frey, William Hoover, Joseph Bell, Richard Mosley, Richard Young, Michael Brunea, Damien Parker; Not pictured: Brian Campbell, Bradford Felix, Tara Ford, Russell Hardy, Neal Quackenbush, Elissa Smith

NAVY

Seventeenth Company



Congratulations, Richard Farrrell
We are proud of you. Fly Navy!
Love, Mom & Jennifer

"Flight school here I come--"
Your dream is a reality Jay,
we are all so proud of you!
Our love and congratulations.
Mom, Paul, Annie
Dyson, Shelly, & Debra

We're so proud! Love, Mom & Dad

SUPERB-Aviator! Engineer! Debonair!
Handsome! We're Very Proud Of You!

Seventeenth Company Officer: LT B.D. GOODROW, USN

1st Set: David L. Holdsworth, commander, Deric J. Sims, sub-commander Christopher Sweeney adjutant

2nd Set: Phillip E. Sobeck, commander, Jeffrey W. Sinclair, sub-commander, Christian T. Perry, adjutant

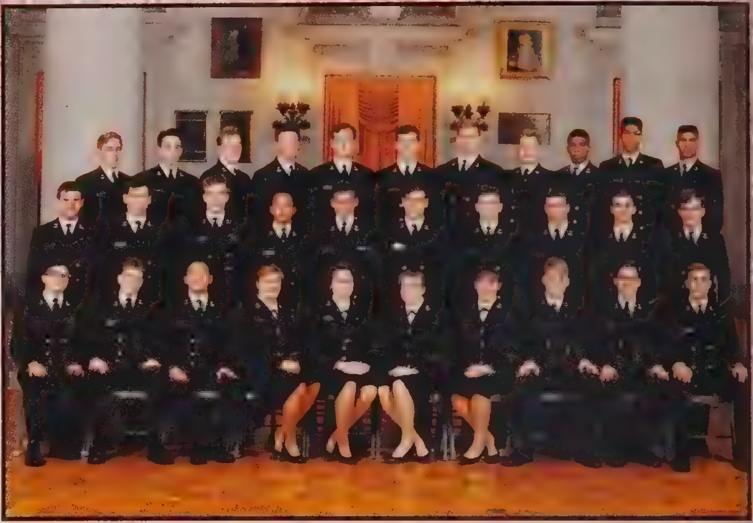
Class of 1991

Front row: Todd Troha, David Holdsworth, Ahmed Yahya, Christopher Sweeney, Douglas Dudgeon, Robert Taylor; Middle row: Deric Sims, Erik Harris, Patrick Tighe, Philip Sobeck, Richard Farrell; Back row: Patrick Grover, Joel Richards, Christopher Jacobsen, Brian Dulla, Jeffrey Sinclair, Christian Perry; Not pictured: William Bollwerk, Cory Bouck, David Buonerba, Wade Epps, Peter Gwynne, Demetrius Haynie, Albert Hincken, Christopher Williamson, Eric Woelper

Class of 1992

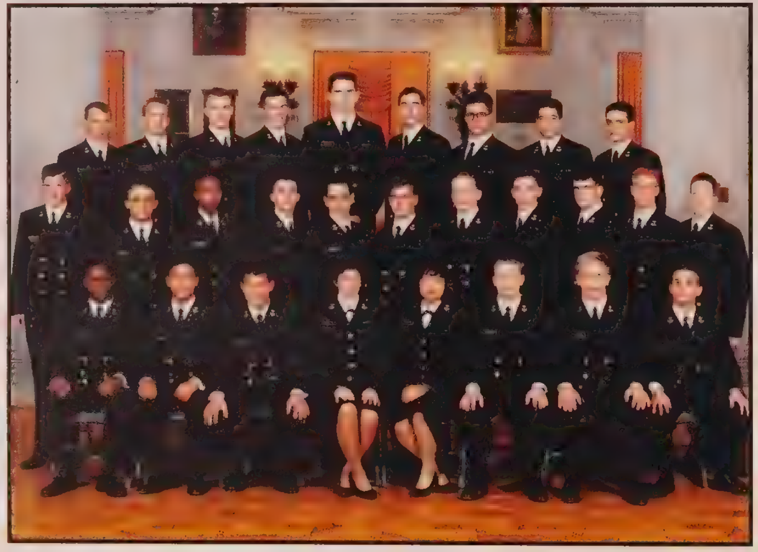
Front row: Timothy Fetsch, David Hanson, Thomas Huerter, Kevin McHugh, Mark McCulloch, Creighton Armstrong, Bryan Williams, Carl Nease; Middle row: Mark Foldy, Mark Olson, William Woods, Trevor Tyler, Christopher Hoffman, Ernest Miller, Christopher Thompson, James Pietila, Sean Haley, Ian Warnberg, Gregory Puschnigg; Back row: Christopher Flaherty, John Ellzey, Joseph Vinso, Richard Whipple, David Scott, Ted Girdner, David Williams, Anthony Maisonet, William Palermo; Not pictured: Don Cheramie

Class of 1993



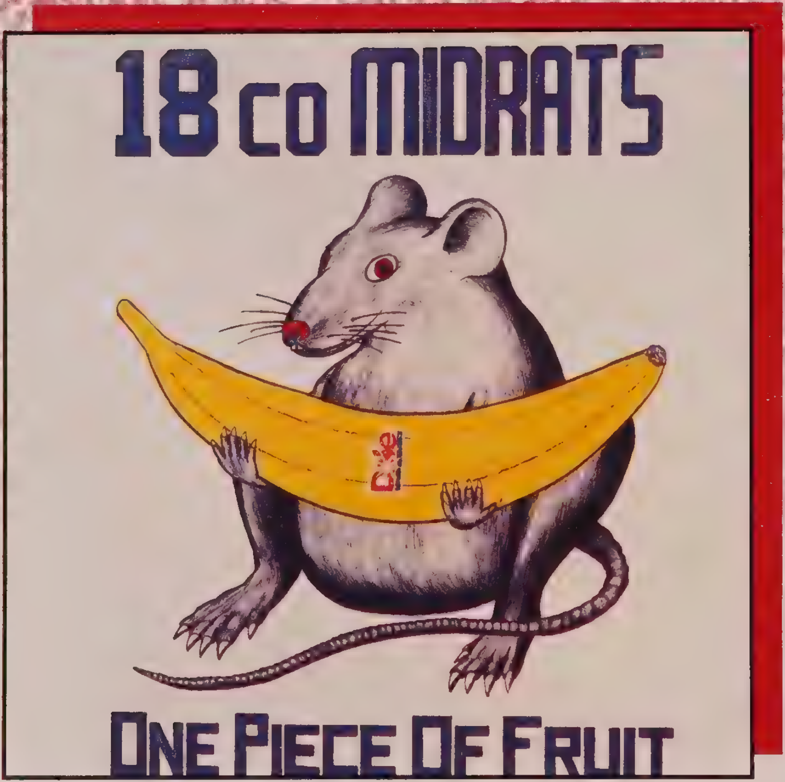
Front row: Mark Trease, Jon Perryman, Daniel Shin, Kirsten Krawczyk, Maria McMillen, Maureen O'Dell, Andrea Lewis, Todd Krulak, Michael Kuhn, Mark Manno; Middle row: Brian Perry, Matthew Testerman, James Slaight, Vincent Sibala, Phillip Dobbs, Jeffrey Krause, Michael Fivas, Nicholas Fiore, Patrick Tangney, Richard Sullivan; Back row: Scott Thomas, Daniel Greene, Thomas Wypyski, Edward McNulty, Werner Rauchenstein, Douglas Collier, Douglas Durepo, Matthew Blunt, James Conley, Evan Tolson, Edricke Peyton; Not pictured: Michael Burd, Charles Robinson, Susan Schwartz

Class of 1994



Front row: Keith Price, Roland Deguzman, Ben Le, Christine Medel, Elizabeth Testa, Thomas Stroud, Tod Bode, Elliot Avidan; Middle row: Michael Miller, Ozgur Altunbulak, William Washington, Christopher DeMay, Modesto Bigas, Robert Dudley, Thomas Hayghe, Raymond Marsh, Richard Birmingham, Thomas Moninger, Andrew Marcelis; Back row: Clinton Moxey, Bradley Andros, Allan "Buster" Swanton, Robert Trauger, Jeffrey Hoaglund, Robert Konold, William Rayburn, Eric Taylor, David Skinner; Not pictured: Eric Green, Scott Hurt, Adam Kinnear, Erin Nickles, Yolanda Ray, Philip Windust

Eighteenth Company

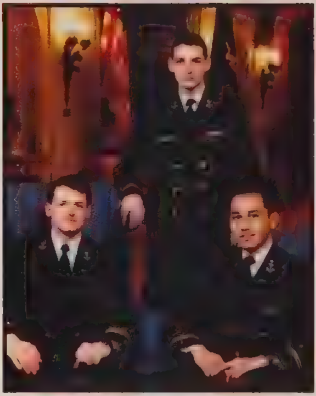


Congratulations, Evan, You accomplished your objective and more. You helped others along the way. You allowed us to share in your challenges. We salute you, sir. With love, Mom & Dad.

James Baca. Reach high, for the stars lie hidden in your soul. Dream deep, for every dream precedes the goal. We are very proud. Love, Mom and Dad.

Eighteenth Company Officer: LT J.W. Gillespie, USN

1st Set: Chris S. Lockett, commander, Larry C. Suter, sub-commander, James A. Davis, adjutant



2nd Set: Anthony W. Delucchi, commander, Edward B. Paraiso, sub-commander, Paul M. Reinhart, adjutant

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Class of 1991

Front row: Edward Paraiso, John Moses, Sarah Colvin, Jill Gregorieff, Maureen Curley, Allison Datka, Alton Delane; Middle row: Robert Barnet, Anthony Delucchi, Bruce Easterling, Bryan Spano, James Earl, Robert Glenn, Chris Lockett, Andrew Zakem, Edward Moninger, John Fuhrman; Back-row: Eric Otten, James Davis, Christopher Harmer, Lawrence Suter, Edward Hazlett, James Baca, Charles Willmore, Eric Valenzuela; Not pictured: Matthew Hammond, Paul Reinhart, Patrick Papa

Class of 1992

Front row: William Heaney, Michael Makee, Deanna Hubert, Rina Chelgren, Vicky Sparrow, Darcy Irwin, Donald Lane, Matthew Ross; Middle row: Gavin O'Hare, Thomas Sareeram, Jeff Rotenberger, Nikolai Mulligan, Dennis Dias, Michael Tatsch, Robert Owen; Back row: William Bensch, Stephen Schmidt, William Shaffer, Donald Cunningham, Kevin Hinkamper, Andrew Lomax, Ronald Toland; Not pictured: Kent Williamson, Peter Frost, Robert Flynn, David Helmreich, Todd Garcia, Christina Benacci, Glenn Robbins

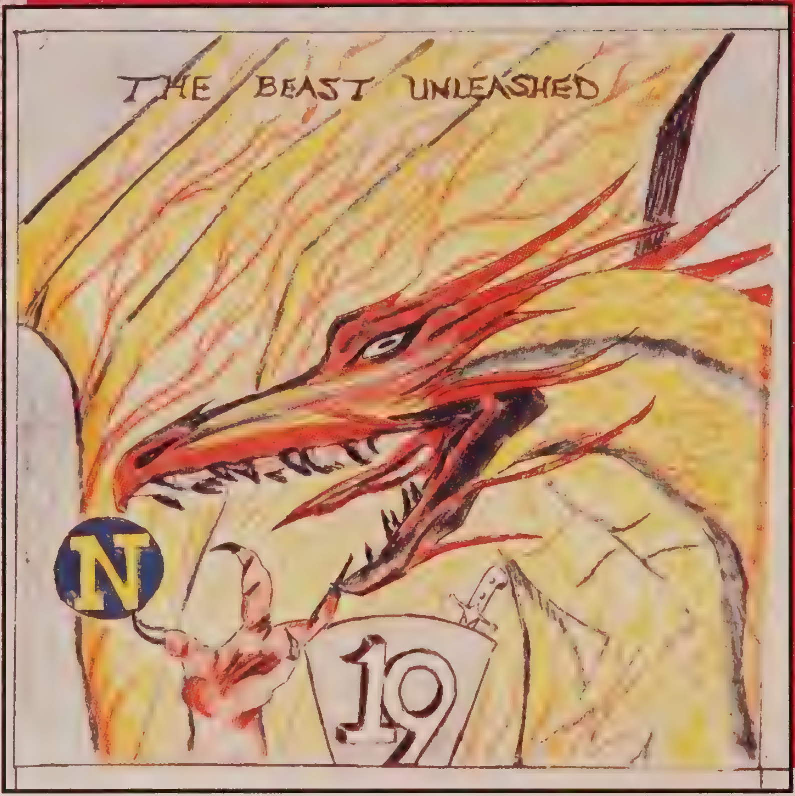
Class of 1993

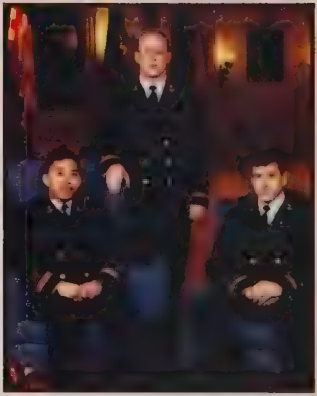
Front row: Chester McMillon, Tony Prete, Suhaimi Sani, Brian Talicuran, James Blanton, Christopher Clark, David Whiddon, Andrew Danko, George Nagatsuka, John Miller; Middle row: Aaron Greene, Joseph Smith, Peter Schiefelbein, Scott Seyfarth, James Schnelle, Jason Jeter, Daniel Keck, Edward Grohe, Todd Arneson, Sean Quigley, Casey Hannigan, Brian Bender, Mark Fernandez; Back row: Benjamin Richmond, Paul Rasmus, Mark Tankersley, David Pliske, Special Appearance by Midn Palmer, Ronald Cortes, Gregory Newkirk, Steven Delazaro, Broch Spradling, Michael Fenton, Erik Eslich, John Hopkins; Not pictured: Brian Lantier

Class of 1994

Front row: Robert Mason, Seth Yost, Sean Darby, Eric Riddle, Patrick Burger, Bruce Frame; Middle row: Michael McGurr, William Holmes, James Hail, Demian Bailey, Matthew Kupetz, John Langis, Nathaniel Reed; Back row: Matthew Reimann, Joseph Buss, Scott Armentrout, Brian Pummill, Michael Davila, John Rochford, Steven Hernandez, Kennett Moses; Not pictured: Stephen Barnett, Amy Cleary, Lamar Day, Paula Hildebrand, Jennifer Jones, Michael Kennedy, Chad Lundy, Sakura Okuri, Michael Perez, Cheston Riley, Deatra Thompson

Nineteenth Company





Way to go MeatHook! Atta Boy Spot!

ENS Christopher Hagood and the Class of '91 - Well done! You met the challenge. We salute you! God be with you in the skies and on the seas.
Love, Mom, Dad, and Lisa.

"Mom & Dad always liked you Best"
Love from your twin brother Chris

To our son "BUG" (Better known to us as Matt) Words cannot describe how very proud you have made us. There have been many chalenges over these last 5 years, but there was no stopping you, as you were determined to make the grade. We love you.

OO-Rah !! 2ndLt Rob Barry, USMC
We are proud ! Mom,Dad, & Barry Clan

Congratulations Mary Beth Anastasia!

Nineteenth Company Officer:
LT Gallagher

1st Set: Daniel L. Jablonsky,commander, Johnathan W. Lebaron,sub-commander, Matthew J. Lattig,adjutant

2nd Set: Gil D. Gajardo,commander Christopher Hagood, sub-commander, Eric S.Sawyers,adjutant

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Class of 1991

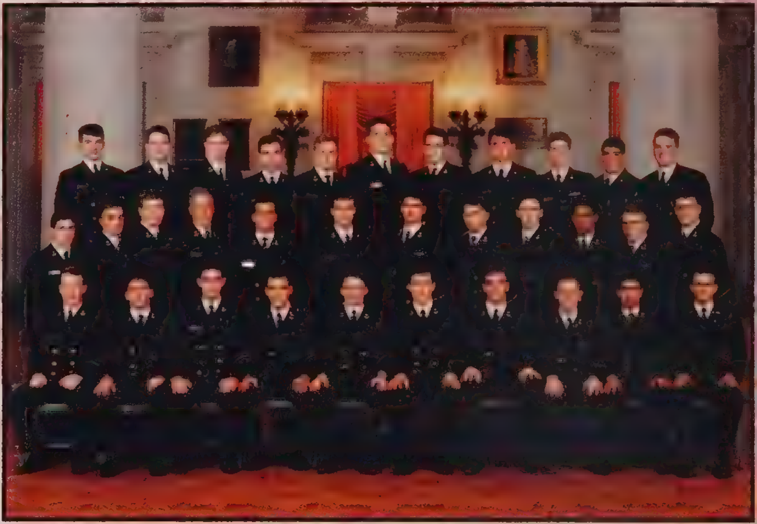
Front row: Robert Kelley, Jeffrey Trail, Gil Gajardo, Scott Yamamoto, Daniel Shaw, Steven Velotas; Middle row: Eric Sawyers, Gary Freeman, Anthony Spinler, Daniel Jablonsky, Robert Sullivan, Kenneth Zitz, Mario Carazo, Robert Barry; Back row: Derek Granger, Ralph Stowell, Christopher Hagood, David Hillard, Stephen Murphy, Robert Pickerill, Scott Gustafson, Douglas Vaughan; Not pictured: Matthew Lattig, Jonathan Lebaron

Class of 1992

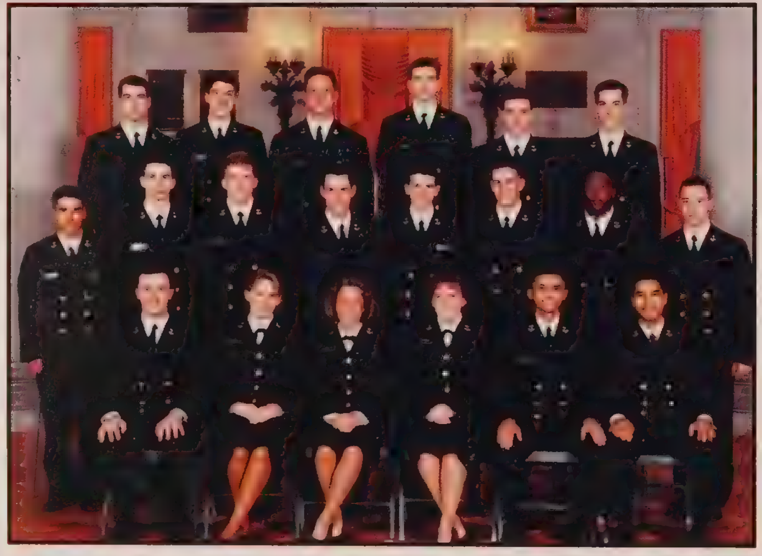
Front row: Colin Williams, Marc Baliotti, Kathy L'Italien, Kimberly Walz, Judith Baumgartner, Angela Dobbs, Ricky Cottrell, Brett Coffey; Middle row: Glenn Crabbe, Scott Wright, Taison Do, Thomas Poindexter, Christopher Duffy, Matthew Harrison, Kevin Kennedy, Tim Kelley, Gary Allison, James Neal, Ronald Soule, Thomas Frosch, Anthony Salgado; Back row: Christopher Petrock, Michael Buchanan, John Dunaway, Christopher Slawson, David Jensen, Jonathan Laubach, David Atkinson, Timothy Hill, Devin Brakob, Dan Lawrence, Wade Page, Marvin McGuire Not pictured: Kenneth Kopp

Class of 1993

Front row: John Hogan, Robert Weis, Brian Dwyer, Douglas Phelan, Jeffrey Scott, Eric Fontaine, Kenneth Milvid, Scott Callaham, Joseph Madrid, Quinn Skinner; Middle row: Andrew Aloisio, Todd Butler, John Yarger, James Anderson, Jaimeson Arnone, James Mason, Eric Ropella, John Ferguson, Christopher Alvarez, Leopoldo Albea, Farrell Sullivan, Charles Berry; Back row: Mim Warlick, Michael Summers, Rick Fratus, George Minick, John Kennard, Chad Larges, John Tolg, David Mikkola, David Miller], Michael Mine], Charles Merrill; Not pictured: John Oliver



Class of 1994



Front row: Eric Valerga, Kyra Prawlocki, Karyn Sandell, Julie Treanor, Arnold Alqueza, Raymond Rivera; Middle row: George Casteel, Ian Thomas, Steven Daczkowski, William Gotten, Brian Petrini, Brent Beach, Marcus Lee, David Ruppert; Back row: Jason Abell, Brett Lessmann, Donald Berkey, Eric Richardson, John Peterson, Arthur Growney; Not pictured: Vincento Garcia, Jeffrey Symons, Matthew Kirby, Matthew Edwards, Douglas Lof, Joe Hutcheson, Todd Ellsworth, William Neal, Brian Bruggeman

Patrons continued

Well son our son!! Best of Luck Scott! Mom & Dad

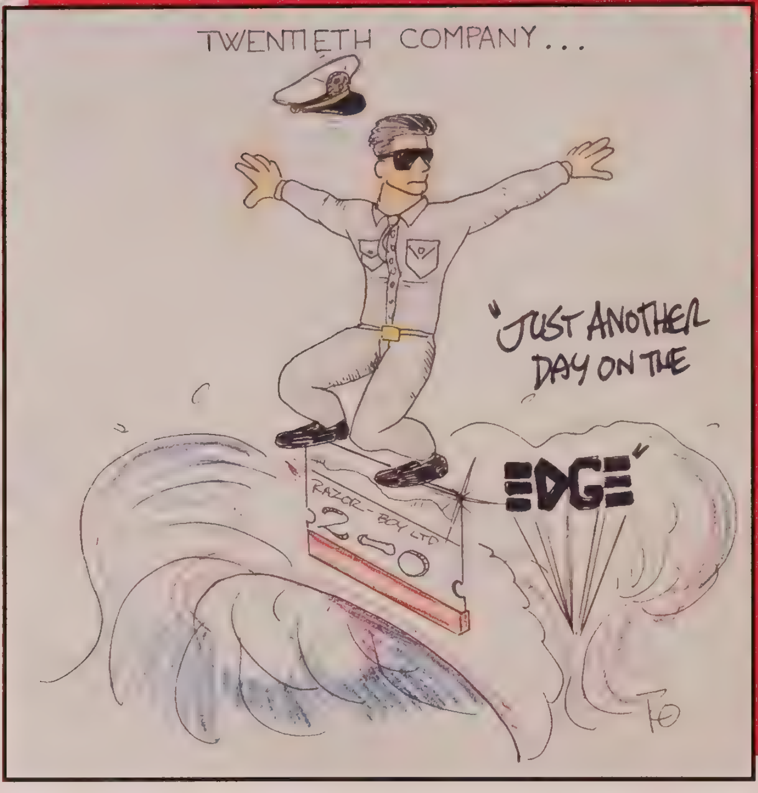
Proud commendations to Steve Velotas and his classmates. As the helm is transferred, be ever proud of your past. but persistently pursue the challenges of the future you create. Love, Mom,Dad & Rae

Patron's continued

Rob, You've made us proud! God bless! Love, Mom, Dad, Gingy, Ted, Dawn

You did great Spiffy-We're so proud

Twentieth Company



Rise above the clouds and the
Master pilot will guide you
over the turbulence.
Comgratulations, Jeff!
May all you dream come true.
Love, Mom, Dad, Steve, & Laura

Hey Lt. Mike Lindermann, USMC
Congratulations, you've made it!
And we're BIG TIME Proud of you!
- Mom, Dad, Stephanie, and Thomas-

Your determinations has paid off!
Congratulations Scot, Mom Dad Marcy

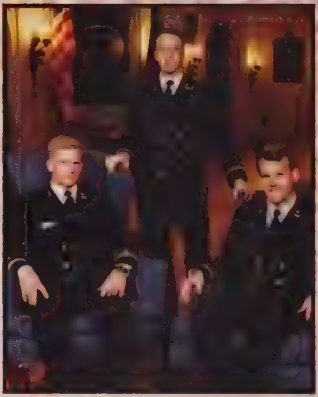
Congratulaions Peggy Scholzen and well done. Good
Luck ahead.
Mom, Dad, Patrick, and Elizabeth

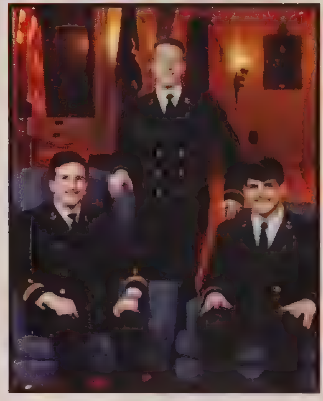
Congratulations Jason and 20th Co. The goals high, the accomplishments great, you have climbed the highest mountain now soar and fulfill you dreams. With love and pride Mom and Dad

Twentieth Company Officer: CAPT. G.E. Warren, USMC

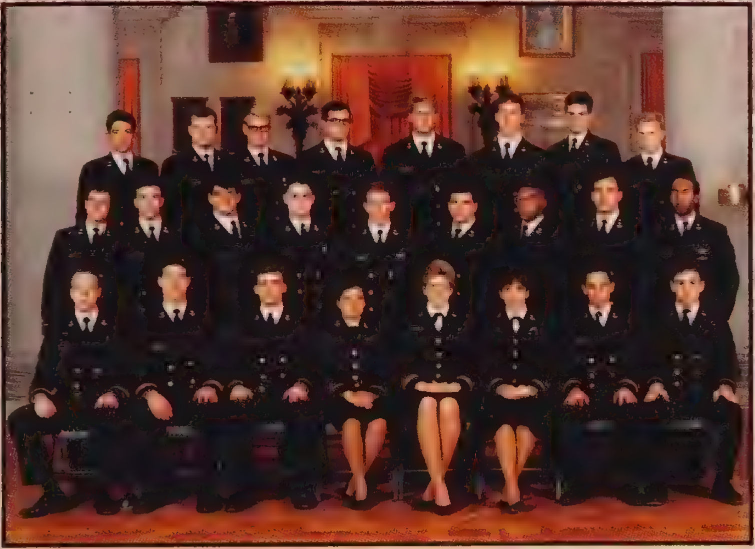
1st Set: Gary L. Null, commander, Jeffery R. Stutz, sub-commander, Christian J. Edwards, adjutant

2nd Set: Joseph R. Baich, commander, Dominic A. Flis, sub-commmander, Christian Edwards, adjutant





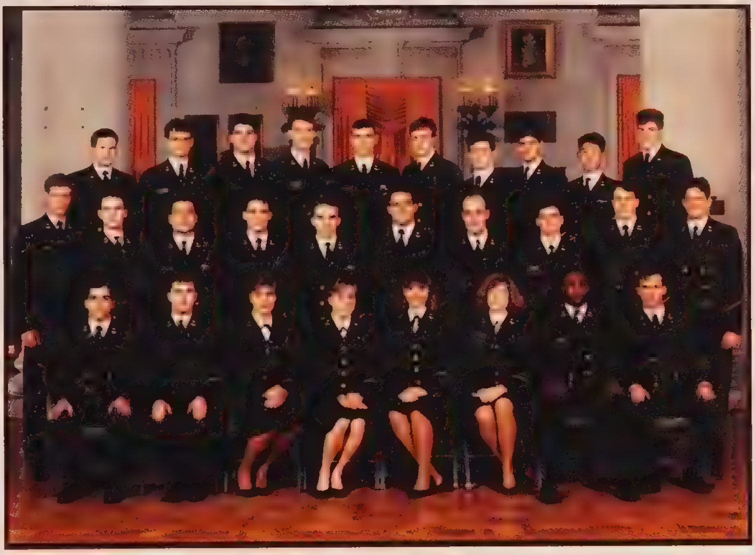
Class of 1991



Front row: Christian Edwards, Alton Grizzard, James Fisher, Jennifer Diaz, Margaret Scholzen, Roberta Shea, Jason Lopez, Sean McLaren; Middle row: Stephen Banta, Joseph Baich, Dominic Flis, Michael Foley, Christian Nicewarner, Mark Zukowski, Eric Covington, William Kulp, Bharat Shenoy; Back row: Eric Dukat, Keith Green, Scot Schulte, James Rimrodt, David Koss, Tommy Short, Anthony Kotarski, Gary Null; Not pictured: Michael Lindemann, Jeffrey Stutz

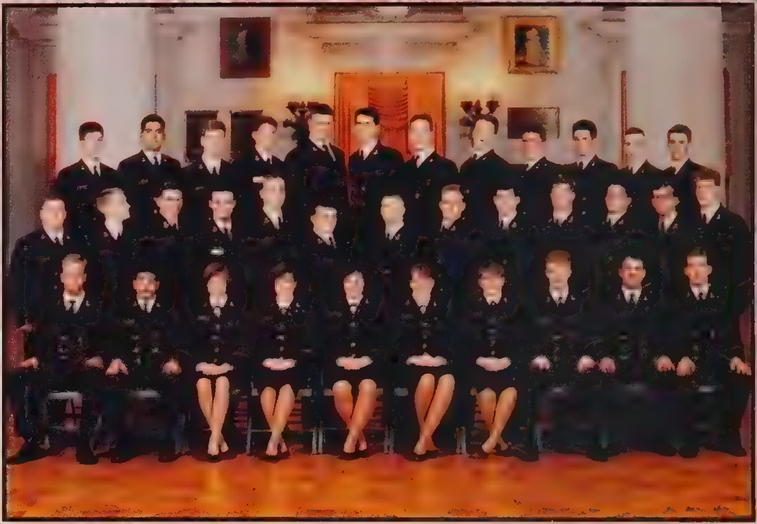
Class of 1992

Front row: Louie Johnson, Conrad Orloff, Jody Lloyd, Jennifer Scott, Melissa Miceli, Kristin Watt, James Lavender, Eric Olson; Middle row: Christopher Newman, Richard Hughes, Christopher Rivera, Carl Brasek, Philip Kapusta, Joseph Guido, Larry Carpenter, Rodney Skirpan, Aaron Smith, Frank Kochenash; Back row: Steven Wood, Bruce Corcoran, Edwin Landherr, Patrick Foege, Robert McCormack, Michael Rice, James Wellons, Shannon Anderson, Keith Kitagawa, Michael Greene

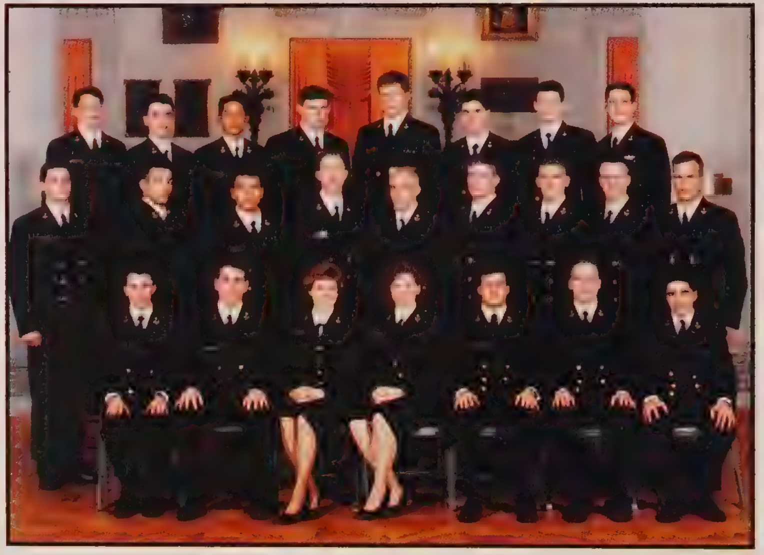


Class of 1993

Front row: Oliver Vietor, Shimon Mor, Meghan Tuttle, Andrea Larson, Julie Brown, Joy Bloom, Heather Davies, Aaron Benway, Michael Casani, Shane Tallant; Middle row: Roger Cade, Douglas Self, Ernest Triche, Caleb Kerr, Bryan Hurd, Robert McWilliam, William Rayfield, John Schultz, David Ashby, Sean Phinney, Hernan Altamar-Estrada, Robert Metz, Jerry Bryl; Back row: Anthony Baker, Turhan Hidalgo, Michael Keith, Edward Wills, Andrew Mayer, Strider Sulley, Christopher Beck, Gregory Wilson, Daniel Loughman, Scott Ledig, Frederick Piquette, Larry Denton; Not pictured: Mark Minister, Donald Mollick, Homero Rivas

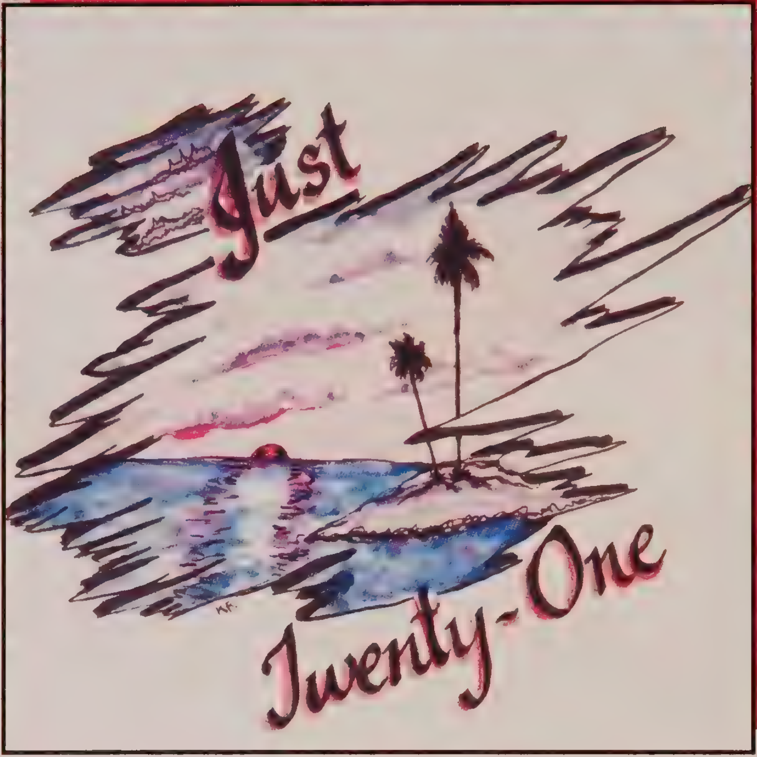


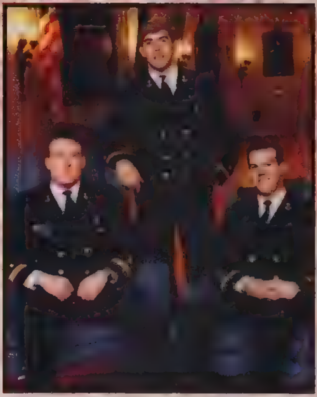
Class of 1994



Front row: Brian White, Joseph Carilli, Jennifer Graves, Meghan Mariman, Brian Week, Sean Leathem, Rodolfo Quiles; Middle row: William Williamson, Laurence Kraehe, Daniel Subia, David VanBrunt, Thomas Palmquist, Matthew Jackson, Bryan Johnson, Kristopher Kennedy, Mark Christenson; Back row: Shawn Cunningham, Andrew Barry, Joseph Deguzman, Richard Paquette, Jeffrey Carty, Jonathan Adams, Kristopher Haugh; Not pictured: Chong Cho, Matthew Friedlander, Casey Gibson, Allen Grinalds, Steven Miller, Edward Northway, Matthew Seay, Ryan Smith, Michelle Vorce, Eric Watson

Twenty-First Company





Doug, in 14 years of swimming you were awesome and a joy to watch. You've always accomplished what's in your sights. May the skies be smooth as you soar to greater heights.
Your family is very proud.

Congratulations to Lt. Thomas Braden! We are very proud of you.
Rejoice in your accomplishment.
Much love, Mom and Bob

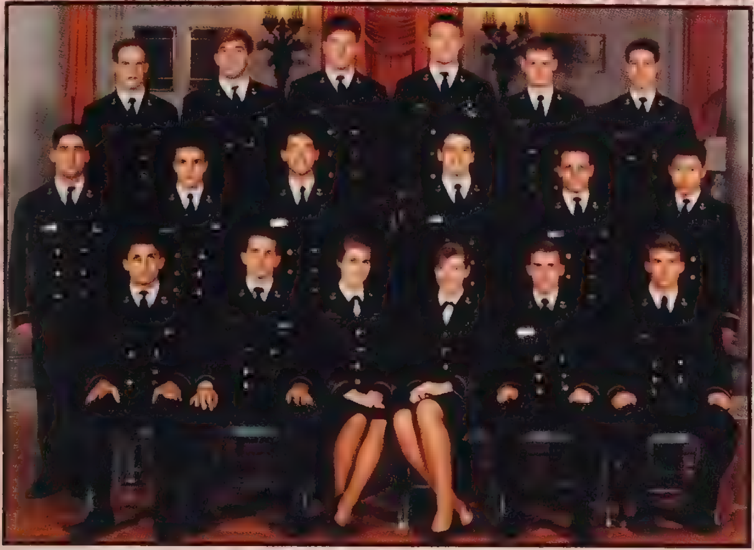
Congratulations Brian Bear!
It's better to fly with the eagles than roll in mud with the grunts!
We're most proud of your excellent achievement!! Love, Mom & Dad

Twenty-First Company Officer: LT T.S. Ransom,USN

1st Set: Brett A. Bourne, commander, Michael N. Oluvic, sub-commander, Douglas B. Whitney, adjutant

2nd Set: Joseph L. Smith, commander, John F. McVay, sub-commander, John J. Debellis, adjutant

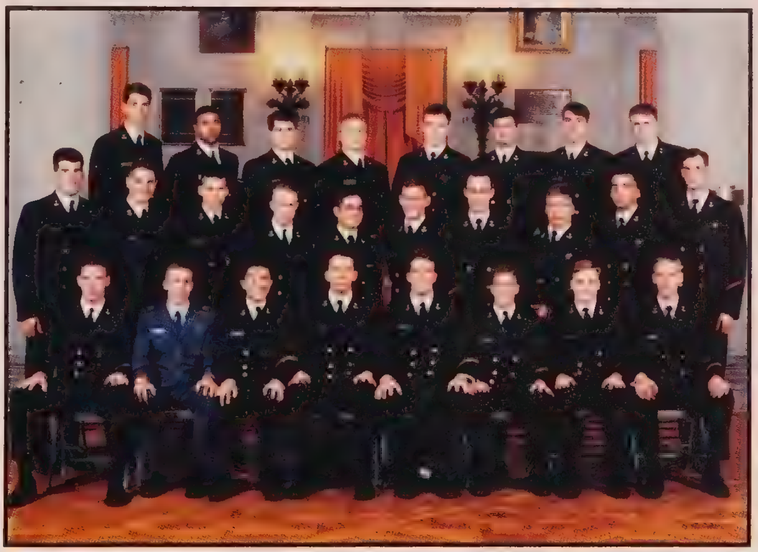
Class of 1991



Front row: Mohammed Alnairat, Joseph Smith, Kristen Fabry,Theresa Young, Kevin Hinton, Jeffrey Anderson; Middle row: Craig Sybrant, Diego Hernandez, Scott Kokka, Michael Brakoraj, John Debellis, Timothy Yoo; Back row: Daniel Gawitt, Douglas Whitney, Walker Kimbell, Brett Bourne, Nicholas Berra, Unknown; Not pictured: Eduardo Benevides, Craig Benson, Thomas Braden, Arthur Glasgow, Janet Jackson, Joann McCabe, Brent McMurry, John McVay, Michael Oluvic, Brian Smith, Harold Terrell

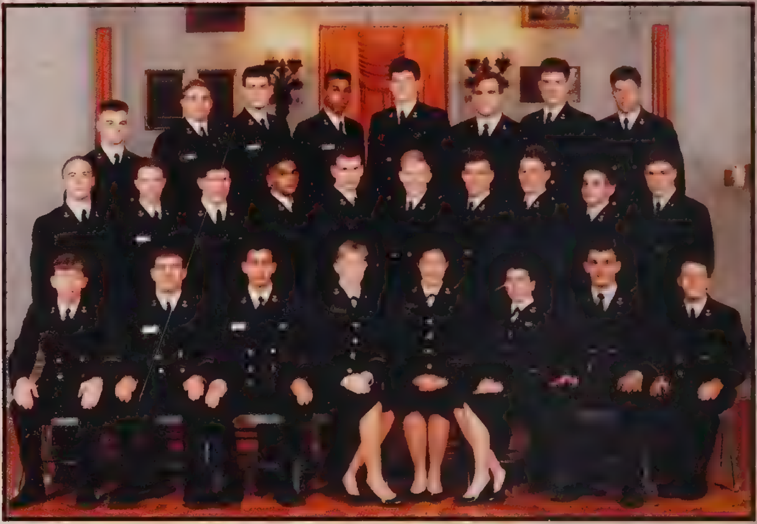
Class of 1992

Front row: David Ford, J.J. Froelich, David Lum, Curtis Diaz, Joseph McMullin, Matthew Grahl, Jason Morris, Richard Needham; Middle row: Douglas Rogers, Donovan Martinez, Carl Ebersole, Ramon Marin, Jacob Hinz, Bruce Peterson, Jon Antonelli, Christopher Hamre, Robert Cooper; Back row: Peter Frankenfield, Mark Bragg, Brian Dozier, Christopher Cordero, Christopher Hayes, Paul Drake, Scott Keifer, Richard Davis

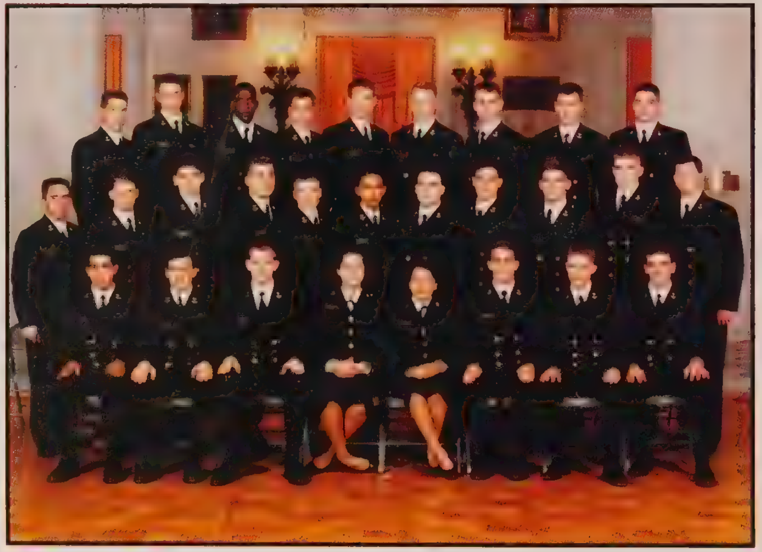


Class of 1993

Front row: Jamey Cates, Christopher Dague, William Hobbs, Susanne Franklin, Karin Rao, Kelly Fagan, Richard Davis, Matthew Kolich; Middle row: Bernard Correia, Mikel Huber, William Hanger, Troy Turner, Jeffrey Boros, Aaron Tellier, Michael Gallagher, Scott Kraft, John Rudella, Matthew Wagle; Back row: Colin Phipps, Kurt Muller, Douglas Baker, Stanley Mangrum, Roger Ouimet], Steven Palmer, Andrew Palm, Alfred Owings; Not pictured: Heath Hanshaw, Devin Lasalle, Nicholas Lee

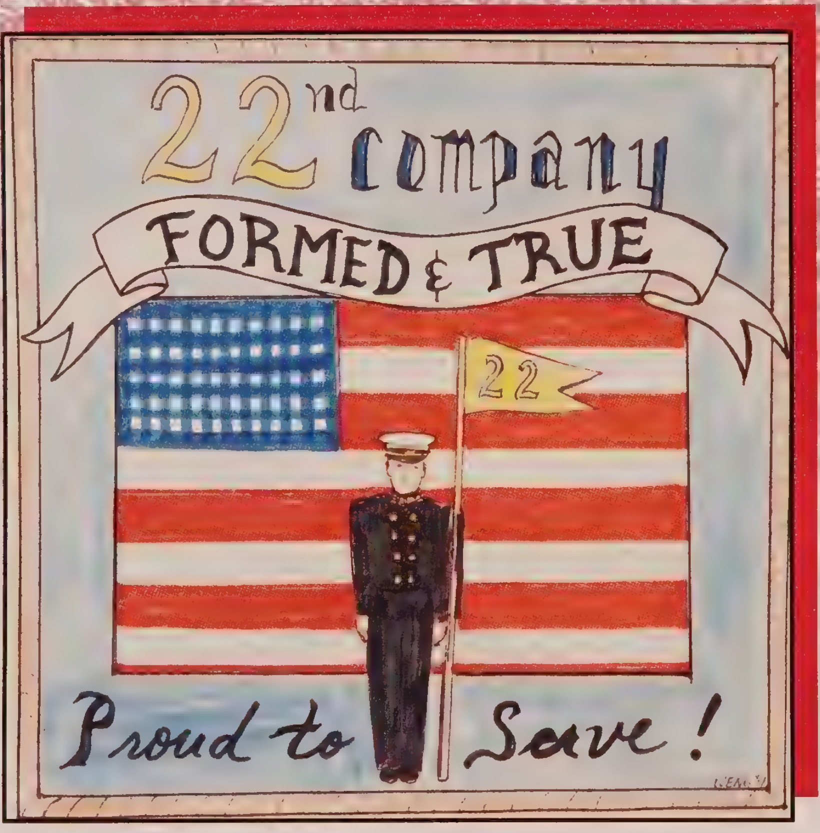


Class of 1994



Front row: Armando Ramirez, Jason Salata, Sean Cronin, Kristen Lopacinski, Renee Delhierro, James Hollingsworth, Joseph Nefflen, Christopher Farwick; Middle row: Eduardo Rizo, Charlton Evans, Scott Vogt, Ed Lotterhos, Benjamin Buring, Paul Algoso, Michael Mattis, Jeffrey McIntosh, John Ross, James Swanski, Armando Garza; Back row: Paul Trudell, Todd Zirkle, Robert Merrill, Bryan Haas, Lawrence Meeham, David Maxwell, Brian Hoffer, Colin Smith, Chad Guise; Not pictured: Laura Herath, James Martin, Brian Santora

Twenty-Second Company



Way to go Diamond Dave!
Am I proud or WHAT! Love, Mom

Dave- May God hold you
in the palm of His hand.
Love - Mom, Dad, Craig & Kew

Our love to the Queen - Mom and Dad

Way to go Grinch!!!!

Gries - The Griersons and Ortweins are proud of you and wish you smooth sailing as you lend your leadership, talents and humor to the future. And
John, Colorado awaits the "snowball"!

Twenty-Second Company Officer:
LT J.D. Skufca,USN

1st Set: Lindley W. Grubbs, commander, Kenneth T. Engle, sub-commander, Orrie R. Doffin, adjutant

2nd Set: James M. Novak, commander, Gary L. Schaap, sub-commander, Jensin Weng, adjutant

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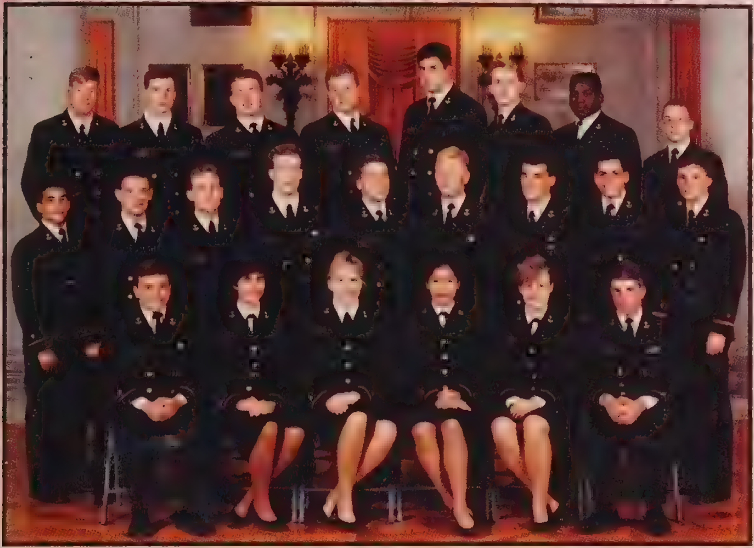
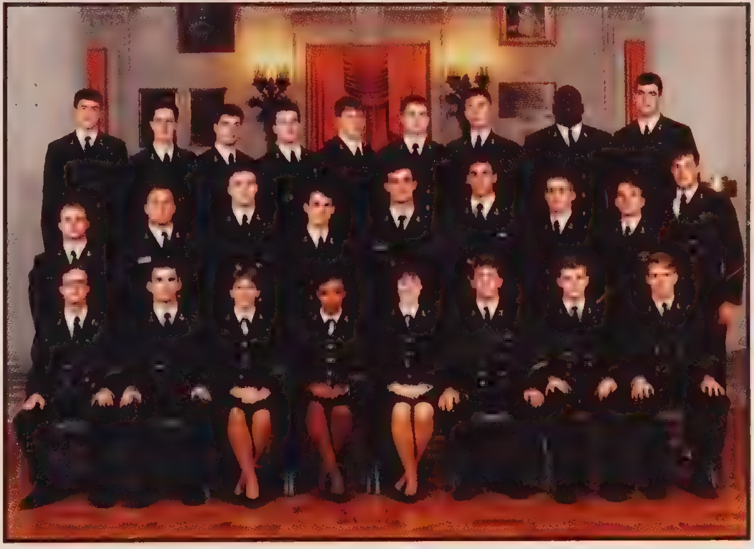
Class of 1991



Front row: Harry Ward, Julie Kohl, Jennifer Lednicky, Jensin Weng, Kimberly Church, Stanley Krasovik; Middle row: Rogelio Alvarez, Jonathan Ciccone, Gary Schaap, James Novak, Jason Whitehead, Lindley Grubbs, Nelson Santini, Orie Doffin; Back row: John Grierson, Scott Carson, David Olson, David Berghult, Gregory Hlatky, Mark Garrison, Christopher Graham, Walter Finney; Not pictured: Kenneth Engle, Stephen Forkel, David Graulich

Class of 1992

Front row: Michael Hocker, Joey Johnson, Holly Dobslaw, Timika Burnett, Kristine Keffer, Milton Sands, Mark Zinser, Jamil Rudkin; Middle row: David Robinson, Scott Hottenstein, Kyle Mathews, Mark McMurray, Eric Reese, Timothy Talbott, Timothy Allen, Brian Luke, Scott Pearson; Back row: Michael Crary, David Patton, Jeffrey Dolven, James Smelley, Sean Donnelly, David Bergstrom, Warren Fridley, Michael Davis, Matthew McLaughlin; Not pictured: Anthony Gray, Shannon Lacy, Marvin Reed



Class of 1993

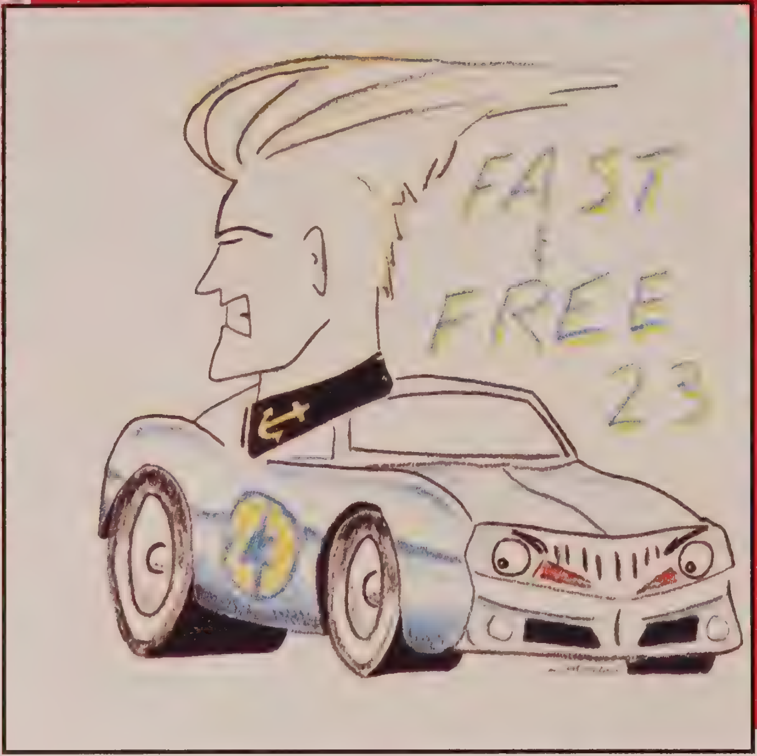
Front row: John Tan, Stefan Brunnschweiler, Patrick McGovern, John Leskovich, John Rue, Brent Larson, Timothy Haper, Brandon Lewis; Middle row: Timothy Sneeringer, Otis Smith, Kurt Scherer, Kevin Harris, Jacob Mitchell, Douglas Phillips, John Poole, Richard Kelly, Garrett Artz; Back row: Karl Prigge, Steven King, Richard Slakes, John Gordon, Wayne Mihialov, William Jewett, Jon Macharg, Michael Moody, Curtis Mueller; Not pictured: Robert Brodie, David Pavlick, Troy Solberg

Class of 1994

Front row: William Warner, Todd Shipman, Catherine Wolo, Deanne Wasielewski, Heather Zwyer, Kendra Williams, James McDonough, Ricardo Cuenca; Middle row: Christopher Walsh-William Jones, Christian Avendano, Douglas Glover, Richard Jordan, Gregory Jasso, Pablo Mir, Tomas Carlos, Anthony Rossi, Marc Schneider, Jamie McGann; Back row: James Hicks, Matthew Bartel, Edward Stout, Aaron Barbosa, James Sherrod, Sean Quinn, Michael Aden, Colin O'Brien, John Downes, William Haxton, Kasey Ingram; Not pictured: Michael Kim, Kurtis Shultz

EXIT

Twenty-Third Company



It is your moment. Your day is new. And the blessing I would ask God is that you be brave, and strong, and true. And that you fill the world with love your whole life through. Soar like an eagle, on glorious wings! Your destiny calls! Do great things! Mom & Dad

Twenty-Third
Company Officer:
LCDR D.G. Green,USN

1ST Set: John H. Pylant, commander, Manuel A. Picon, sub-commander, Thomas J. Teuschl, adjutant

2nd Set: Rex A. Kiteley, commander, Richard W. Gordon, sub-commander, Shane M. Baldino, adjutant

Class of 1991

Front row: Marty Lewis, Richard Gordon, John Wolfe, Shane Baldino, Rex Kiteley, Jeffrey Falcone Middle row: Peter Young, Matthew Hill, Thomas Tueschl, Neil Funtanilla, Gilbert Hageman, Keith Ruegger, Patrick Meagher, Francisco Sanchez, Richard Brophy, Jeffrey Martin; Back row: David Lott, Manuel Picon, Sunil Desai, John Pylant, David Hauth, Thomas Weber, Peter Morse, Matthew Shipley, Jeffrey Kowalczyk, John Debruin

Class of 1992

Front row: Alvaro Lima, Steven Pon, William Stevens, Shirley Eubanks, Paula Lair, Francis Flores, Russell Mosier, Mark Gregory; Middle row: George Philopoulous, Duane Boren, Alexander Ellerman, Timothy Day, Kurt Mondlak, Eric Mantion, Andrew Paige, Nathan Ives, Jared East, Chad Muse; Back row: Sean Rando, Daniel Clabbers, Sean O'Brien (Coast Guard), Henry Gonzales, Demetrius Maxey, William Maier, Mark Best, Gregory Gaskey, Boon Ann Tan, Michael Evaristo; Not pictured: William Burgess

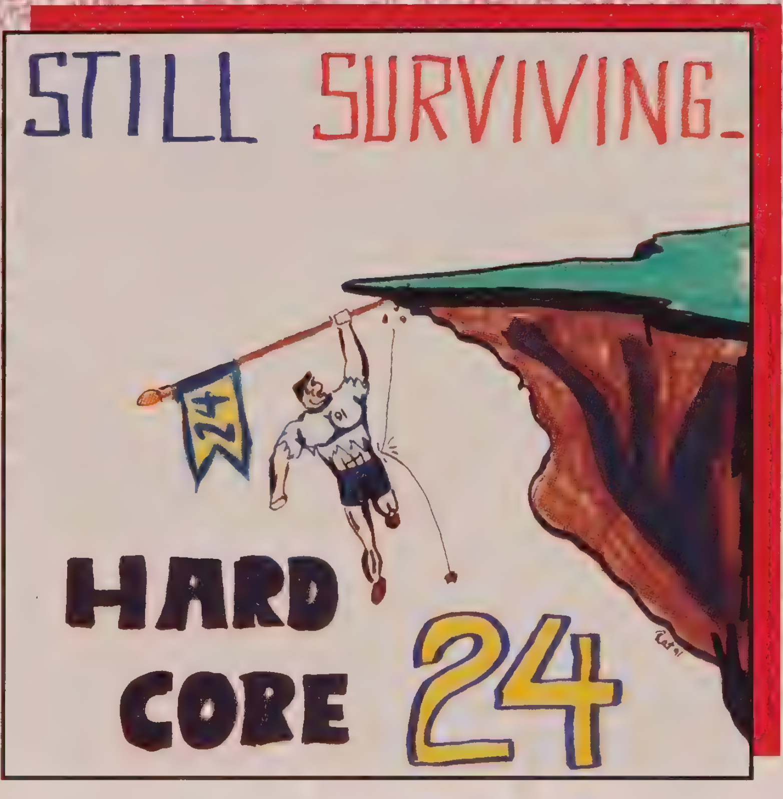
Class of 1993

Front row: Craig Tessin, Jay Matzko, Denise Wolff, Jennifer Browning, Nicole Marasco, Courtney Van Schooneveld, Donald Peacock, Jon Hetland; Middle row: David Williams, Andrew Kimsey, Roy Bartkovak, Dennis Hall, John Rusnak, Patrick Sniezek, Phillip Hansen, Arlen Aspenson, Christopher Hanson, John Skelly, Shannon Tillman; Back row: Robert Moskal, John Petroff, Patrick Lehman, Charles Johnson, Benjamin Brown, Colvert Burgos, Timothy Parks, Samuel Rumph, Daniel Eckerdt, Midn. Gordon, Midn. Jewett, Paul Ostrowski, Gerald Idziak; Not pictured: Scott Cox, Bernard Owens

Class of 1994

Front row: Bradley Gordon, Christopher McCarthey, Julie Preyer, Laura Kratz, Nikki Hunter, Heather Keane, Christopher Swindull, Brian Montgomery; Middle row: Midn. Deralta, William Poage, Brody Prieto, Robert Hartman, Halsey Beshears, Don Hollinger, Gregg Clapper, Thomas Yamamoto; Back row: David Rice, Chris Taylor, Benjamin Cook, Bradly Hanner, John Fitzgerald, Robert Moore, Bradford Baker, Gregory Cisz; Not pictured: Peter Beavis, Michael Brooks, Matthew Henderson, Paul Mentz, Joseph Moneck, Thomas Myers, Charles Patrick, Stephen Peralta, Thomas Scheer

Twenty-Fourth Company



Congratulations, Will! Love, Mom & Dad

Congratulations Ensign Tom Peterson
With love and pride we salute you!
God bless! Love Mom, Dad, and Kris

Congratulations 2LT Jeff Ribel, USMC, '91. If success belongs to those who realize their dreams, then the future is yours. Always remember, to thine own self be true! With much love and pride, Mom, Dad, Adam, and Sampson

Twenty-Fourth Company Officer:
LT. D. A. Duncan-White

1st Set: David T. Peterson, commander Shaun C. Spang, subcommander, Joseph Gottschalk, adjutant

2nd Set: Joseph Gottschalk,commander Dominick Strada, subcommander, Carlos R. Barata, adjutant

Class of 1991

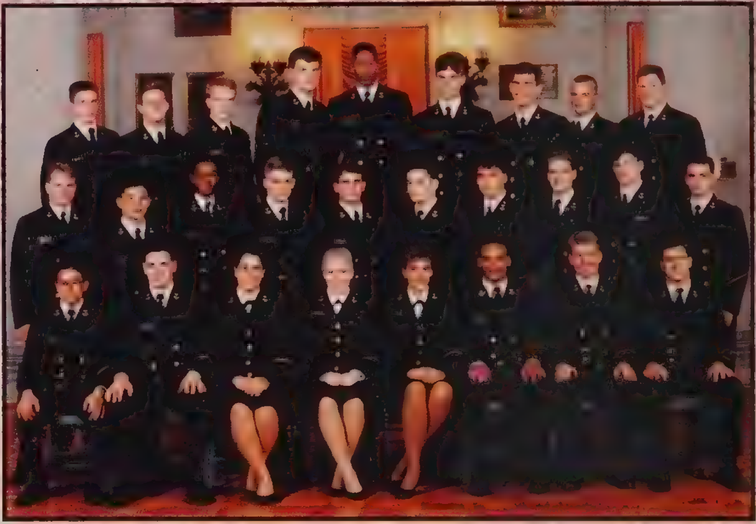
Front row: James Lederer, Shaun Spang, Michael Hamilton, Nana Adae, Penelope Hardy, Joseph Gottschalk, Jorge Baez; Middle row: William Brown, Joseph Dondero, John Bolt, David Peterson, Charles Joplin, John Rabin, Brian Crane; Back row: Christopher Tragna, Thomas Junor, Dominick Strada, Michael Reiners, William O'Connor, Christopher Ericson, Carlos Barata, Jeffrey Ribel, Paul Hagar; Not pictured: Kevin Fisher

Class of 1992

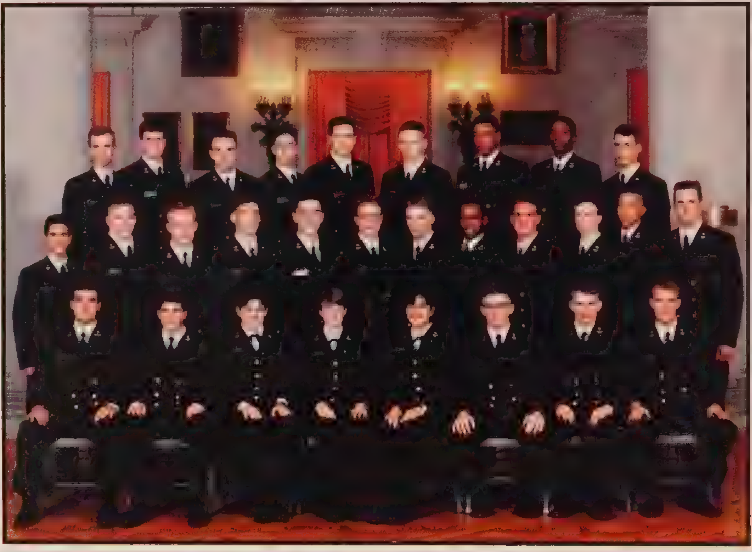
Front row: Kenneth Gustavsen, Edwin Tam, Steven Gauerke, Willard Cox, Joseph Reosti, Lance Muniz, Thomas Muldoon, Judson Johnson; Middle row: Kenneth Brown, James Gardner, Todd St. Laurent, Anthony Parton, Christopher Middleton, David Rudko, Mark Matthews, Patrick Byrne; Back row: Michael Matson, Marc Eckardt, Ivan Thomas, Mark D'Ambra, David Edgarton, Jacob Garcia, Michael Tolero; Not pictured: Jeffery Corder, Gregory French, Daniel Ladrech, Matthew McDivitt, George Papich

Class of 1993

Front row: Danilo Espiritu, Kevin Boykin, Mary Velez, Kristi Olson, Michelle Fix, Byron Jenkins, Gregory Pederson, Derek Wessman; Middle row: Christopher Beaufait, Roy Kim, John Faxio, Christopher Cizek, Noel Griffith, Joseph Hebert, Jonathan Thorp, Michael Gravitt, Daniel Baxter, Val Naftali; Back row: Darren Anzelone, Kevin Smith, Jeffrey Stevenson, Christopher Mang, Robert Catten, Jonathan Shields, Hugh Dorrain, Michael Haas, Lance Luksik; Not pictured: Anthony Cofield, Darrell Graham, Kenneth Kemball-Cook, Joseph Santomauro

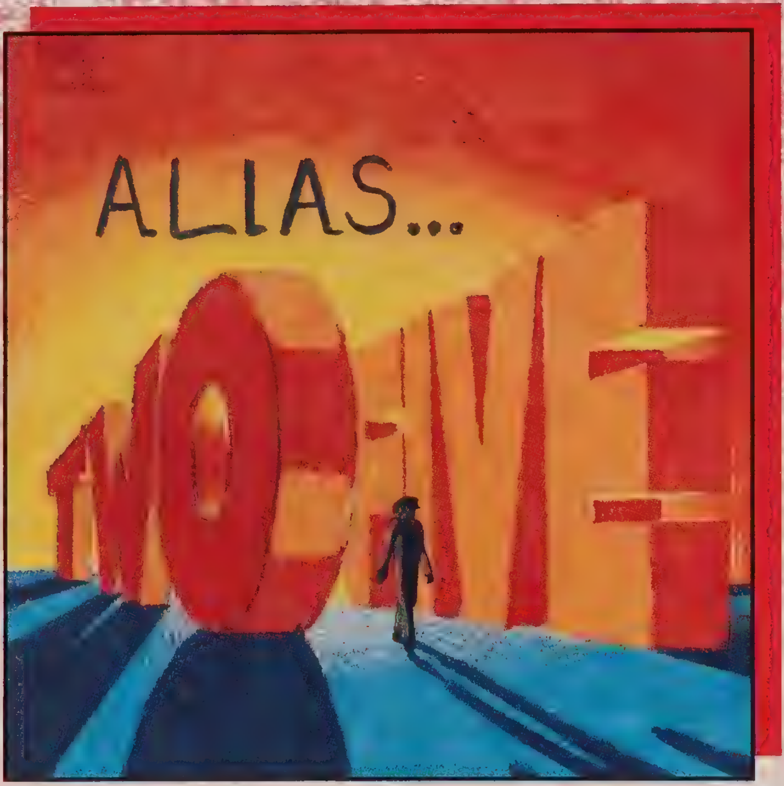


Class of 1994



Front row: Kristopher Moorhead, Patrick Crais, Stephanie Henson, Alison Thompson, Bernadette Quattrane, Eric Severseike, Jeffrey Hockett, Philip Dwyer; Middle row: Steven Olivera, Brent Blackmer, Brent West, Michael Rosenbaum, Erik Arrington, Matthew Watt, Kevin Rowe, Stanley Bryant, Peter McArdle, Henry MacLaughlin, Samuel Reason, Philip Miller; Back row: Victor Argobright, Daniel Sheridan, James Brady, Jay Woodruff, Timothy Schulmeister, Keith Deerkoski, Jonathan Powell, Victor Mickel, Christopher Linder; Not pictured: Allan Cano, David Mickelson, Dion Waters

Twenty-Fifth Company



Dan Olson: No Ka Oi! Mom and Dad

We are especially proud of our son Robert Bryan. May this important step in his life be prologue. Love Mom, Dad and the Chesbrough gang.

Congratulations class of '91. Scott Radke and 25th Co. We're so proud. God's angels be on your wings. PTL, Love, Mom, Dad, Todd, Ben, and Alex

Congratulations Erich & George! May the Lord continue to direct your paths. Love, Mom, Dad,& the Heinz 57

My best Ensign Danil Hodgson
Iam so proud of you, fly high.
Love you, Mom, Dad's with you too.

Twenty-Fifth Company Officer: LT S.C. Mackie,USN

1st Set: Steve L. Cantrell, commander
Scott W. Edwards, sub-commander, Willard C. Burney, adjutant

2nd Set: Willard C. Burney, commander, John E. Passant, sub-commander, Andrew D. Crowe, adjutant

25

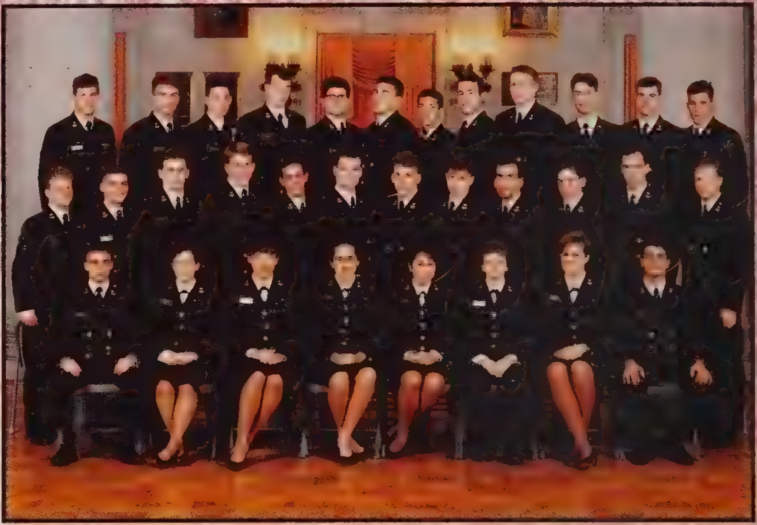
Class of 1991

Front row: Erich Heinz, George Dyer, Carl Bresko, Daniel Hodgson, Robert Brooksheir, Andrew Crowe, Scott Edwards, Dale Eymann; Middle row: Michael Koslow, Arthur Delacruz, John Wiese, Christian Wortman, David Sharpe, Anthony Bruce, Guy Torres, John Passant, Matthew Frost, Steve Cantrell; Back row: John Maxwell, Lee Hunter, Thomas Reilly, Michael Radke, Victor Hyder, Daniel Olson, John Duthie, Robert Cawley; Not pictured: Willard Burney, Jon Duke, Matthew Maloney

Class of 1992

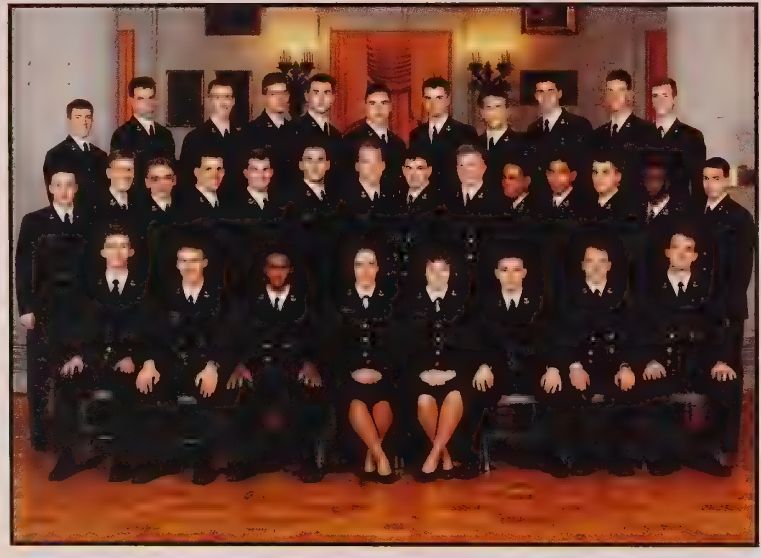
Front row: Herbert Jones, Edward Schrader, Eileen Beazley, Kathryn Christensen, Katie Patrick, John Weber, Tawfik Khattab, Anthony Cox; Middle row: Frank Ogden, Stephen Augustin, John Holbrook, Paul Gomez, Gary Morris, Steven Werve, John Tarzon, Craig Grubb, Brad Gazaway, Vincent Haley, Steven Davis; Back row: Corey Bell, Timothy Wood, Eric Thomas, John Allee, Todd Finkler, Floyd Barry, Phillip Reed

Class of 1993



First Row: Eric Hernandez, Laura Bajor, Grace Gee, Alberta Carpenter, Lori Perkins, Kristin Burbage, Kevin Farrington; Second Row: Matthew Elizinga, andrew Lehman, John Howard, Jeffrey Yates, Clifford Wiese, Christopher Tulodieski, Karl Schultz, Casey Garwood, Joseph Moreno, Edward Balet, David Tandy, Thomas Singleton; Third Row: Jeffrey Kammerzelt, Jonathan Russell, William Brown, James Sprungle, William Kane, John Wallace, Thomas Ellison, Jeffrey Kristick, John Hellman, Ernie Williams, William Burriss, Gregory Rivera.

Class of 1994

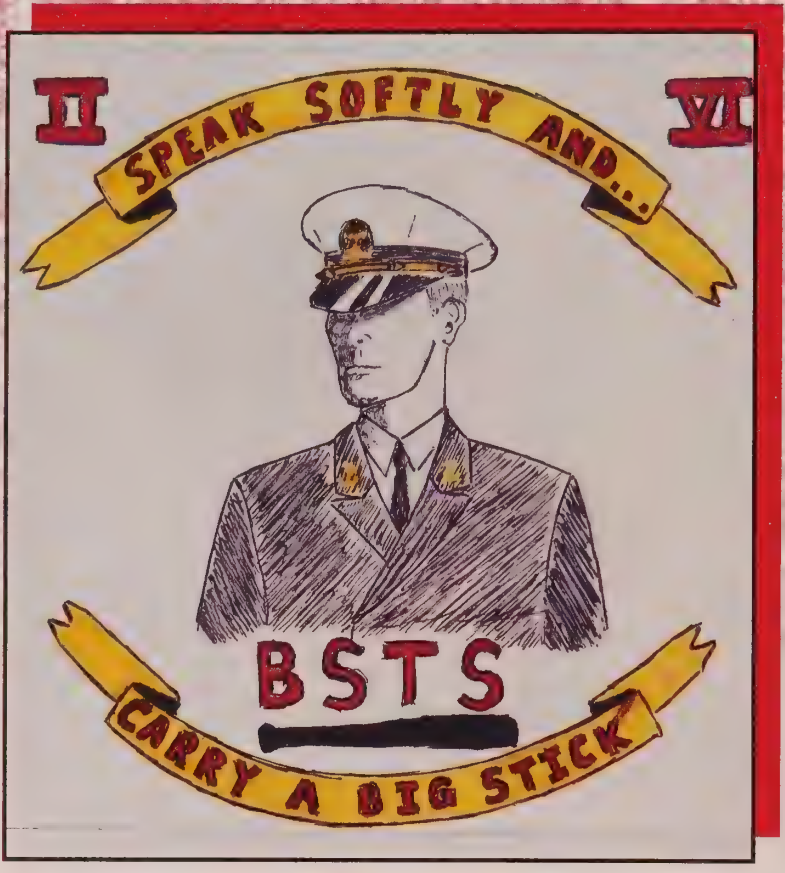


First Row: Craig Newton, Joseph Frantzen, Dave Owens, Raissa Wilson, Heather Cameron, William Pharis, Robert Falk, Sean McKamey; Second Row: William Tansey, Matthew Hartkop, Michael Luckett, William Murphy, Gregory McConnell, James Pettit, Patrick Hooper, John Alcorn, James Gullion, William Gray, Edward Sirios, Adam Finkelshein, David Biddlecom, Ramsey Ayachi; Third Row: Douglas Dyson, Craig Hackstaff, Brandon Hammond, Jason Walker, Mathew Paschel, Stanley Duplaga, Kevin Johnson, Jason Frei, Daniel St. Charles, James Spolyar, Kenneth Broderick.

JOHN PASSANT IV IS:
Courageous, Handsome, Resourceful,
Intelligent, Steadfast, Marine,
Aggressive, Cunning, Daring,
Orderly, Neat, Alert, Likeable,
Dynamic and Sexy
Congrats! Love, Mom, Dad & Ethan

ADC, Awesome what you accomplished. Determined, sure to succeed. Candid ready to give you best. You enrich our lives, Andy. We celebrate your success, take pride in the man you have become. Love, Mom, Dad, and Joanna

Twenty-Sixth Company



Congratulations, Neil! You have our eternal love and admiration.
Dad, Mom, Aaron, Nathan, Ame, and Ross

Congratulations to the Class of 1991 and especially Ensign Casey Moton. You have made us so proud, the cream of the cream, Love Mom, Dad, and Jessica

Twenty-Sixth Company Officer:
LT R.K. Tillery,USN

1st Set: John C. Evarts, commander
Russell J. Berlin, subcommander, Gilberto Escalante, adjutant

2nd Set: Gregory R. Collins, commander, Ronald P. Preiss, subcommander, Thomas K. Weinberg, adjutant

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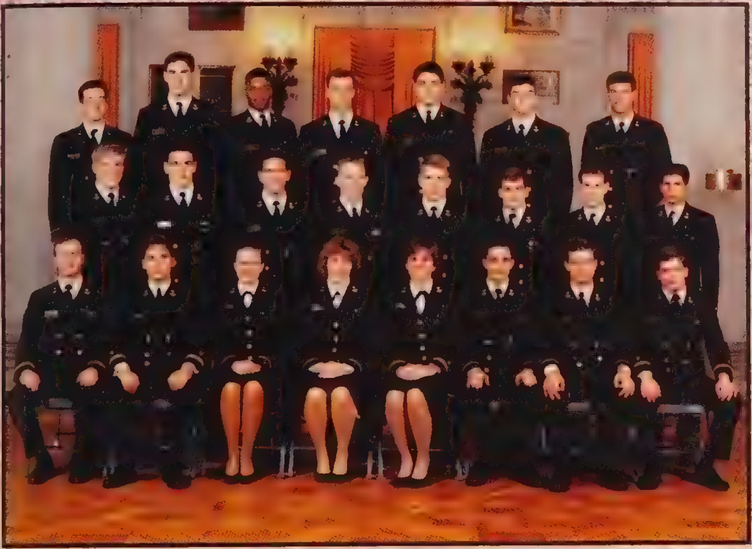
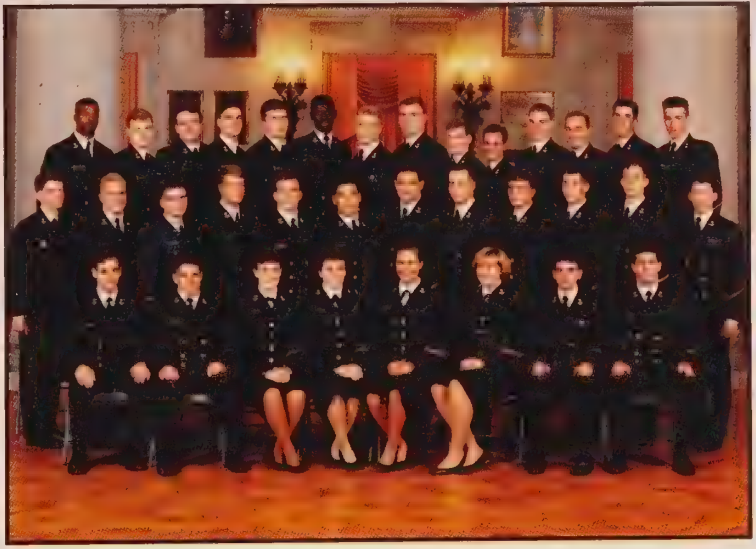
Class of 1991



Front row: John Evarts, Russell Berlin, Mary Mankin, Darla Lamper, Kristen Roper, Casey Moton, Thomas Weinberg, John Meyer; Middle row: Kenneth Price, Gilberto Escalante, Ronald Preiss, David Fields, John Frederiksen Bruce Bosworth, Gregory Collins, Neil Albuja; Back row: John Pereira, Douglas Fee, Jerome May, Eric Verhage, Walter Stratton, James Castano, Dominic Delpozzo; Not pictured: Thomas Chandler, Rachel Darr, Michael Kuypers, Patrick Sullivan

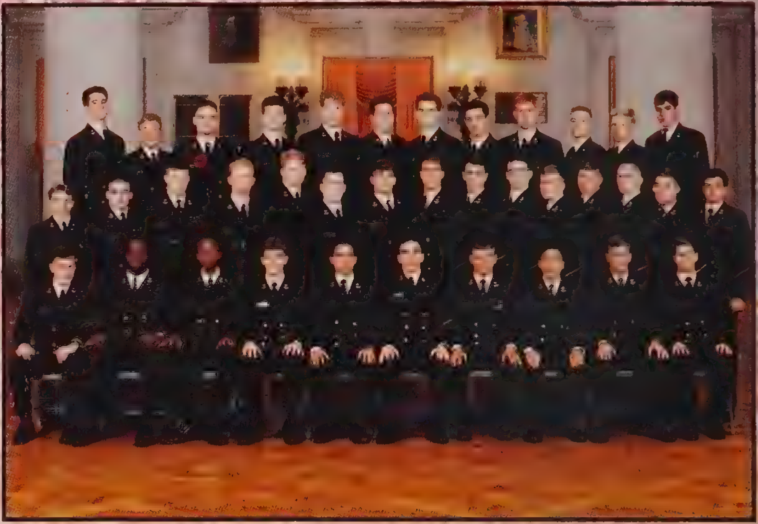
Class of 1992

Front row: Anthony McNease, Christopher O'Balle, Michele Salkeld, Laura Christman, Carmina Amezcua, Amy Lyons, Marcus Camacho, Scott Kish; Middle row: Dirk Renick, Richard Seif, Robert Taylor (Coast Guard), Robert Bruce, Robert Masson, Takeshi Nakazawa, Michael Abreu, Christopher Lopez, James D'Alessandro, Christopher Guidry, Lance Lafond, Carlos Flores; Back row: William Yancey, David Kern, Robert Lewis, Todd Mohrman, John Platek, Baye Khoule, Olin Sell, James Michael, Taylor Thorson, James George, Robert Stemborski, Brady Schildknecht, Darren McPherson, Dave Wickersham; Not pictured: Drew Wolff (Coast Guard)

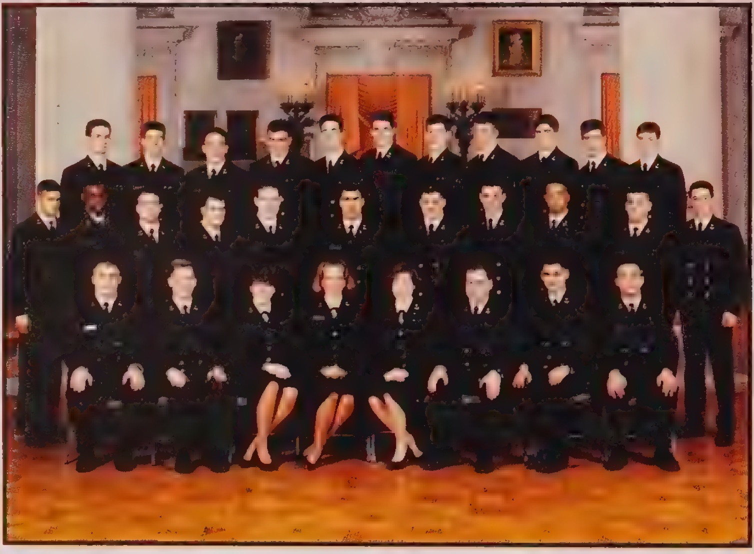


Class of 1993

Front row: Scott Lantzy, Gerald Raines, Larry Parker, Douglas Swisher, Omar Jana, Aaron Holland, Mark Sedwick, Austin Wang, Chad Gray, Paul Kenney; Middle row: Michael Hotek, Christopher Morton, Matthew Feeney, James Erwin, Karl Garcia, Walter Lee, William Kendrick, David Sanfield, Robert Egan, Phillip Adriano, Matthew Lear, Kevin Schmidt, Jay Wylie, Frederick Vincenzo, Tyrel Simpson; Back row: Terrance Dudley, Howard Link, Todd Weeks, Kevin Byrne, Monte Ten Kley, Damon Drysdale, Jeffery Truitt, Brian Brinket, Bradley McMillan, John Osborne, Eric Olson, Steve Bruno

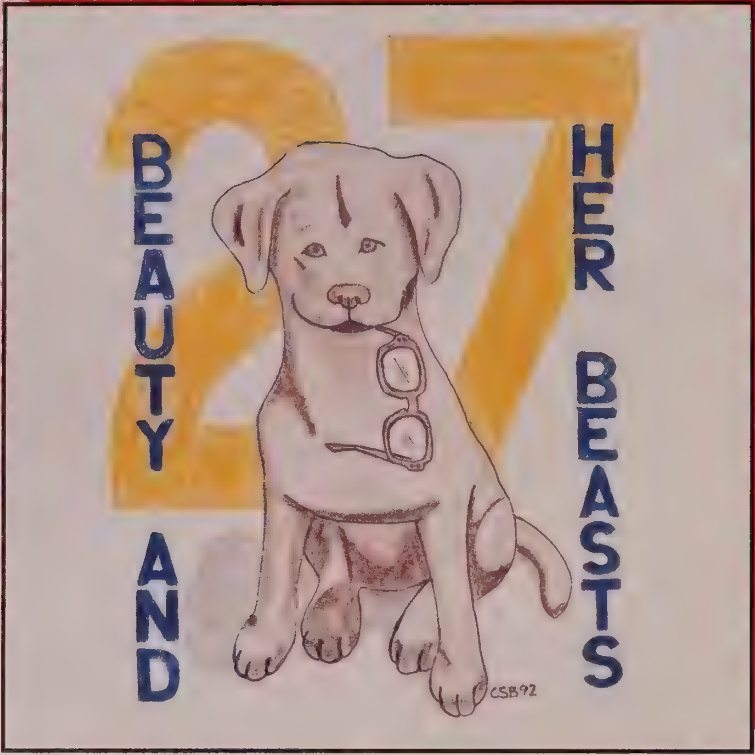


Class of 1994



Front row: Matt Tate, Richard Wrona, Morgen Paul, Jennifer Ogilvie, Sherri Neal, Charles Cohn, Francisco Valdez, Erik Harmon; Middle row: Sjahari Pullom, Arnett Klugh, David Blankenship, Richard Vale, Richard Meyer, Brian Cellili, David Osaba, Jeremiah Ashcroft, Albert Smith, Brian Yergation, Mitchell Conover; Back row: Patrick Padgett, Karl Juthnas, Jeffrey Pelligrino, Alexander Pease, Blake Phillips, John Kelly, Stephen Bates, Jeremy Junnila, Jay Schultz, Vann Walke, Christopher Keith; Not pictured: Raissa Wilson

Twenty-Seventh Company



You met the challenge; so enjoy the victory! With pride we salute Jeff Uhde. Love, Mom, Dad, & Kim '94.

Beachmaster, Mama B, & Robin Q send best wishes to John, Ron, John, Ken, Kevin, Doug, Nate, Craig, Phil, CT, Tom, Joey, et al-SEE YOU ON THE BEACH

Congratulations Ensign J.J. Patterson & Class of '91.
Dreams do come true.
With pride, joy & love, Mom & Dad.

Twenty-Seventh Company Officer: LT N.S. Fitzgerald, USN

1st Set: Mark J. Colombo, commander, Glen D. Galloway, sub-commander, John B. Quinlan, adjutant

2nd Set: Miguel L. Peko, commander, John J. Patterson, sub-commander, Allan A. Coulson, adjutant

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Class of 1991

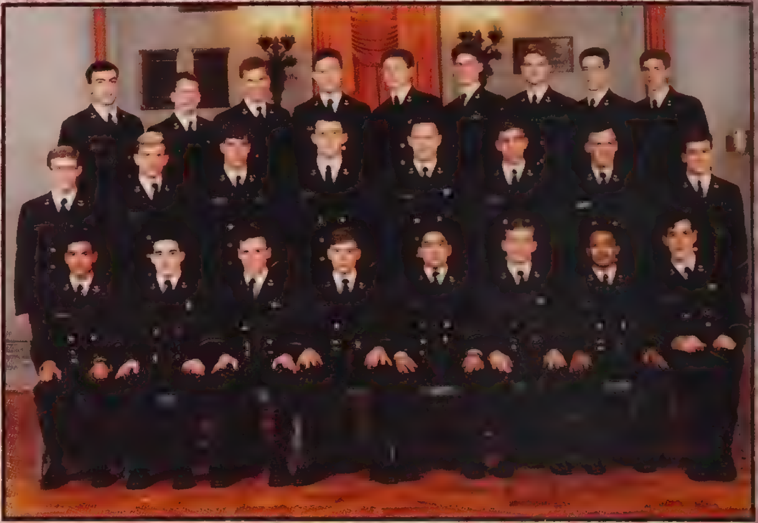
Front row: Darin Liston, Brian Davies, Michael Eilers, John Patterson, Jeffrey Jackson, Jerry Foltz, Donald Zaremba, Jose Melendez; Middle row: Peter Davies, Thomas Caywood, William deVries, Allan Coulson, Karl Andina, Douglas Zimbelman, Matthew Hess, Paul McCambridge, Jeffrey Uhde; Back row: Paul Hogue, Gary McIntosh, Matthew Busch, William Bowling, Miguel Peko, Mark Colombo, Scott Bunnay, Craig Piechnick, Glen Galloway, Edward White; Not pictured: John Quinlan, Nathan Smith

Class of 1992

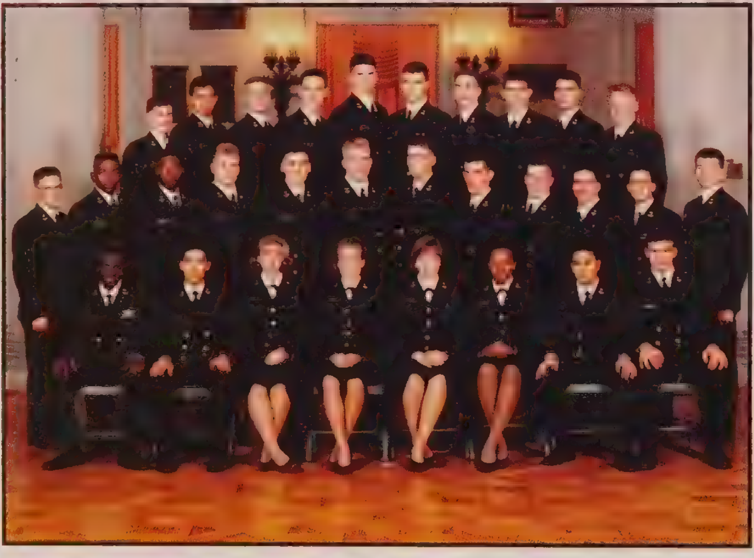
Front row: Thomas York, Krista McKinley, Janet Vincent, Un Hand, Ronald Shaw, Benjamin Atkins; Middle row: John Rousseau, Manuel Burga, Sean Shingler, Andrew Sękela, Michael Haney, Fernando LeDantec, Carl Cirillo; Back row: Patrick Britt, Chad Breese, Joseph Ford, Michael Moes, Michael Trainor, Robert Mathewson, Robert Kennedy, Joseph Taliaferro; Not pictured: Sean Boyer, Bradley Dunham, John McGunnigle

Class of 1993

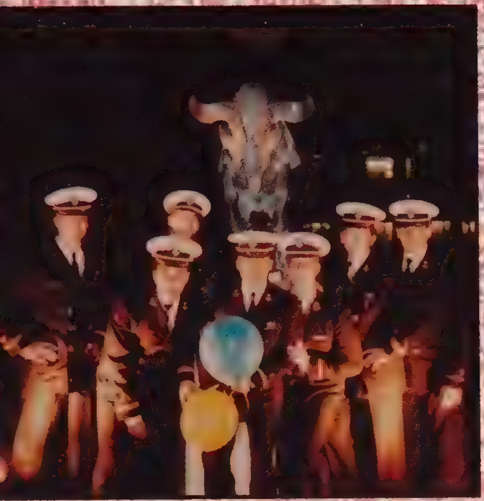
Front row: Salvador Contreras, Stephen Bell, Jonathan Chadwick, James Berghardt, Raul Llanez, Kirk Loftus, Satish Skariah, Charles Walz; Middle Row: Corey Evans, Scott Gooch, Michael Robles, Toby Ream, Marcello Caceres,Jason Pawley, Brian Harris, Bryan Fetter; Back row: Kevin Caradona, Gary Clement, Noel Johnson, Gregory Gallmann, Walter Weathers, Patrick Young, John Campbell, Robert Fails, Glenn Weidner; Not pictured: James Allen, Michael Choate, Frederick Crecelius, Kurt Fricker, James Lenart, Jeffrey Mangar, Jon Martin, Kent Moore, Joseph Staud



Class of 1994



Front row: Arthur Cox, Hung Cao, Andrea Myers, Sarah Loverich, Jennifer Mendel, Enochia Herring, Ralph Baja, Mark Revor; Middle row: Bradford Ligo, Scott Hornbuckle, Ahmed Williamson, Eric Naranjo, Brian Deneve, David Dermody, John Maurer, Michael Riordan, Jason Lamb, Bryce Whiting, Stefan Sidahmed, William King; Back row: Adam Musoff, Thomas Lazo, Michael O'Driscoll, Christopher Kidd,David Phillippi, James Christie, Eoin Dunstan, Dan Gordon, Kelly Shekitka; Not pictured: Geoffrey Harris, Edward O'Neill

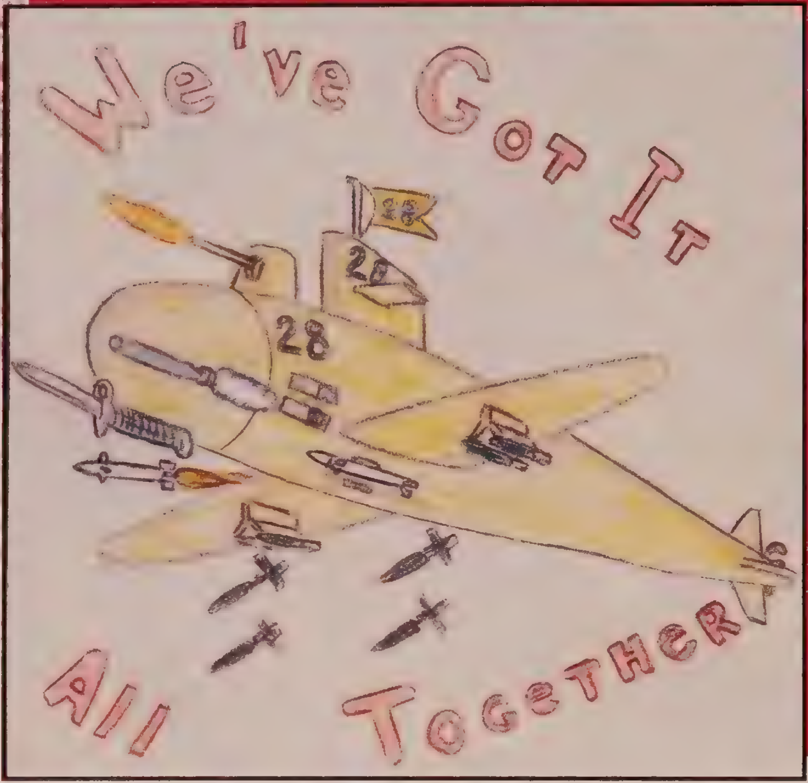


NAVY
MICHIGAN

NAVY SWIMMING
NAVY

NAVY
NAVY
NAVY
NAVY

Twenty-Eighth Company



Sacrifice,Perserverance,Success, WOW!

Great occasions to serve God and His creation come seldom in our lives, but little ones surround us each and every day. Congratulations Paul on a job well done, with faithfulness, determination, and perserverance. Love and best wishes from Mom, Dad, Ed, Tom, Rick, Ese, Mia, John, Nita, Mike, Tim, and Chris. Guam is proud of you.

SEAN PATRICK MAGEE- Congratulations to the boy who hated school. Your love of Navy pulled you through! With love and pride, your Family

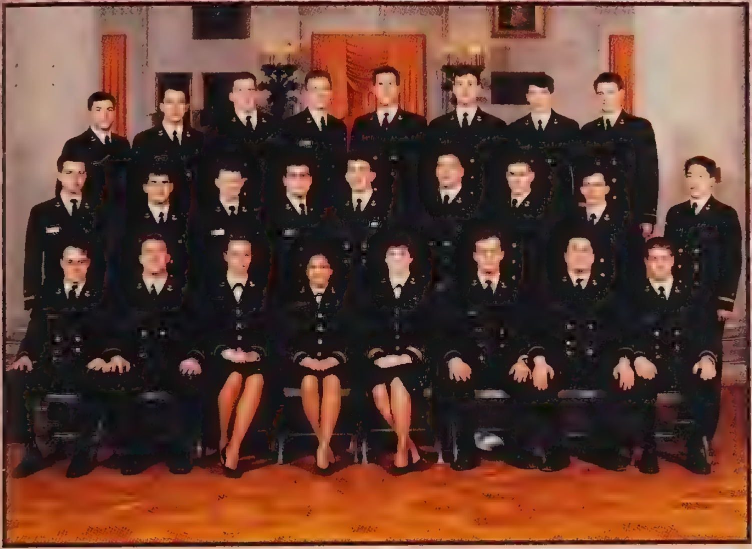
Congratulations and best wishes to the class of '91- From the very proud family of Eric Klepper

Twenty-Eighth Company Officer: CAPT C.S. Wessinger USMC

1st Set: Benjamin K. Hess, commander, Brian M. Gilday, sub-commander, Robert Martinazzi, adjutant

2nd Set: Stephen L. Alm, commander, Donald R. Wilkinson sub-commander, Kristin M. Mawanay, adjutant

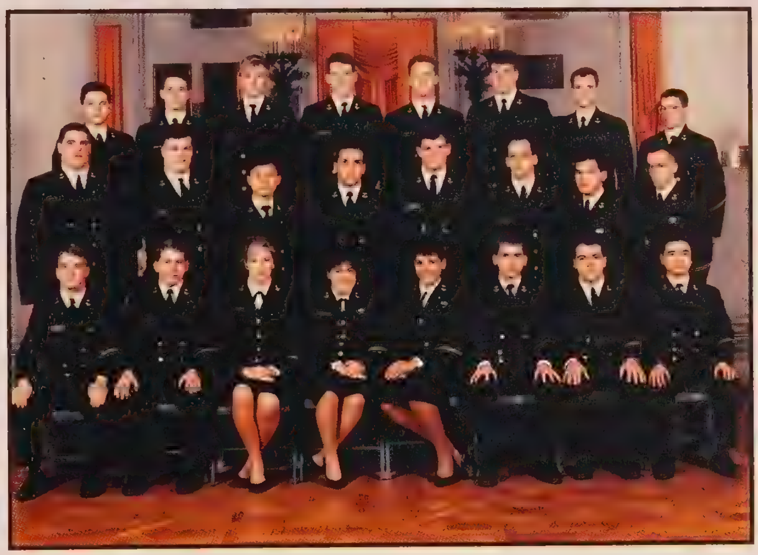
Class of 1991



Front row: Konrad Schroder, Stewart Smith, Tara Lee, Kristin Mawanay, Elizabeth Franklin, Jerry Gordon, Lawrence Kocisko, Bart Bruchok; Middle row: Paul Terlaje, Gregory Calaman, Douglas Lamarca, Robert Martinazzi, Ronald Bishop, Eric Klepper, Michael Gerry, Michael Brunner, Tommy Kim; Back row: John Martin, Benjamin Hess, Eric Austin, Donald Wilkinson, Sean Magee, Stephen Alm, David Johnson, John Lapina; Not pictured: David Christel, Errol Doebler, Brian Gilday

Congratulations Elizabeth! We are so proud of you and all you have accomplished throughperserverance, determination, and hard work. Now on to those Wings of Gold! May God continue to watch over you and always be your anchor in stormy seas. Much love from all your family. XOXO

Class of 1992



Front row: Bradley Garber, Doyle Hodges, Juliana Cleland, Noel Katcharian, Laura Hatcher, Christopher Boyle, Joseph Vaccarella, Andrew Salunga; Middle row: Jenks Britt, Christopher Alexander, Ganghyeok Lee, Dennis Velez, Bryan Gordon, Mark Kleinpeter, Ngan Duong, Craig Rogerson; Back row: Vincent Vanoss, Eric Whitman, Brad Johnson, Robert Sorensen, Matthew Tomlin, John Drosner, Arthur Weiss, Adam Wichman; Not pictured: John Baron, Robert Boehning, Joseph Lienert, Kurt McClung, Christopher Oddo, Hal Perdew, Jacob Skala, Craig Slack

Our love, pride and prayers go with you, ENSIGN John Lapina. Mom and Dad

Class of 1993

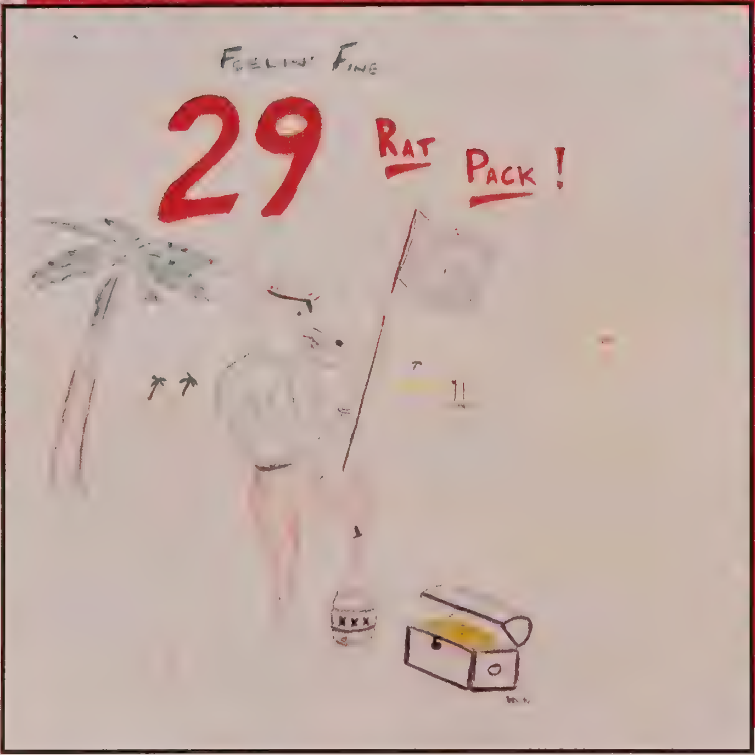
Front row: David Glover, James Pritchard, Heidi Althoff, Melissa Gerace, Margery Leggett, Karen Pray, Mary Beth Sines, Erich Roetz; Middle row: Jeromy Williams, Richard Overkamp, Carlton Elliot, Matthew Labonte, Jay Murphy, Ronald Karun, Kevin Tehan, Aaron Miles, James Pershing, Richard Montgomery, Chad Snyder, Brad Maas, William Kohmuench; Back row: John Haase, Robert Aarnes, Robert Gannon, Brendan Nelligan, George Schlicker, Lynn Gish, John Stubblefield, John McKeon, Kevin Klein, Glenn Harshman; Not pictured: Joshua English

Class of 1994

Front row: Harold Dubois, David Smith, Garrett Jones, Barbara Delaney, Desa Burton, Robert Gentry, Timothy Renda, Lewis Sims; Middle row: Robert Wirth, Shenandoah Sanchez, James Morgan, Shane Correa, Peter Barbour, Benjamin Davis, Sean Clark, Joseph Cannon, John Salmon; Back row; Robert Broadus, Tyrus Lemerande, Jonathan Boudreaux, David Greenwood, Heath Dewitz, Paul Peverly, Andrew Epple, Johnathan Thompson, Jimmy Bishop; Not pictured: David Paxton, Edward Ferguson, Stephen Lipsey, Travis Greene

USNA

Twenty-Ninth Company



Congratulations and wishes for success to Slate and the Class of '91. Love from Mom, Dad, Zizz, and Aim

Twenty-Ninth Company Officer: LT D.S. Ratte,USN

1st Set: Mark J. Lenart, commander, Steven L. Horrell, sub-commander, Peter A. Wu, adjutant

2nd Set: David A. Ochoa, commander, Stephen S. Philpott sub-commander, Alejandro Gervacio, adjutant

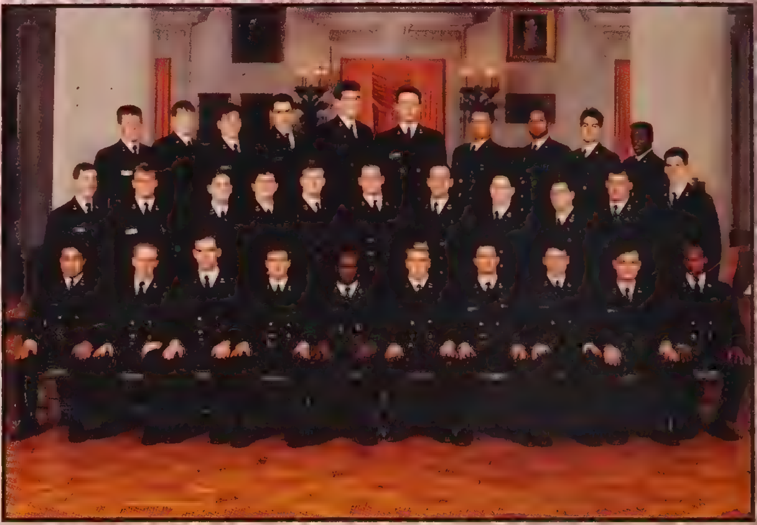
Class of 1991

Front row: Curtis Leyshon, Conrado Dunga, David Ochoa, Michael Collins, Steven Horrell, John Soma; Middle row: Stephen Spencer, David Appezzato, Stephen Philpott, Slate Johnson, Douglas Mewhirter, David Lagassa, Kelly Davis; Back row: Mark Lenart, Nathan Hawkins, Alejandro Gervacio, Matthew Leahey, Paul Diedrich, Alan Abbs, Dru Blanc; Not pictured: Richard Greiner, Peter Tyson, Peter Wu

Class of 1992

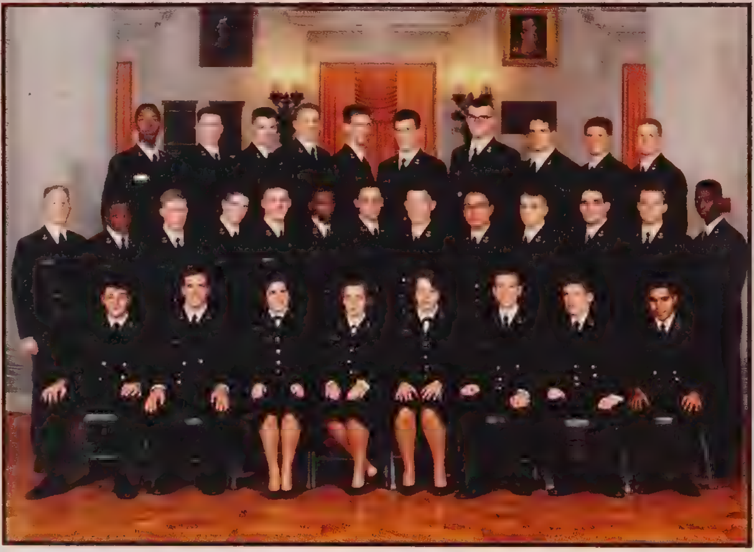
Front row: James Caviness, Alphonso Walker, Hilary Gilligan, Rachelle Smith, Marilee Cowan, Cynthia Swain, Tracey James, Curt Waterman; Middle row: Michael Tinston, Jon Montanaro, Jeffrey D'Alatri, Todd Hamilton, Brett Crozier, Jeffrey Vorce, Brett Odom, Craig Reiner, Wayne Anderson, Domingo Moran, Christopher Linnane, Lee Roy Short, Scott Alexander; Back row: Glenn Takabayashi, William Militello, Eric Hounchell, Scott O'Donnell, Kenneth Crowley, Acie Slade, Scott Pritchard, Patrick Chrzanowski, Malachi Jones, Brian Leep, Bradley Bloye, Jonathan Barney, Michael Waters; Not pictured: David Jones, John Roppolo

Class of 1993



Front row: Jerrico Colada, James Pfieffer, Christopher Turkovich, Richard Arthur, Anthony Glover, Douglas Constant, Richard Lee, Michael Farren, David Whitehead, Christopher Catlin; Middle row: Gregory Fallon, Monroe Howill, Michael Gilchrest, Philip Engle, Beauregard White, Robert Lohman, Travis Done, Christian Peterson, William Johnson, Lawrence Coleman, Jamey Block; Back row: Patrick Keane, Robert Falkenbach, John Reilley, David Beiter, Todd Dudley, John Robinson, Anthony Bolden, Jason Allyene, Patrick Herrera, Brian Proctor; Not pictured: Carl Carlson

Class of 1994

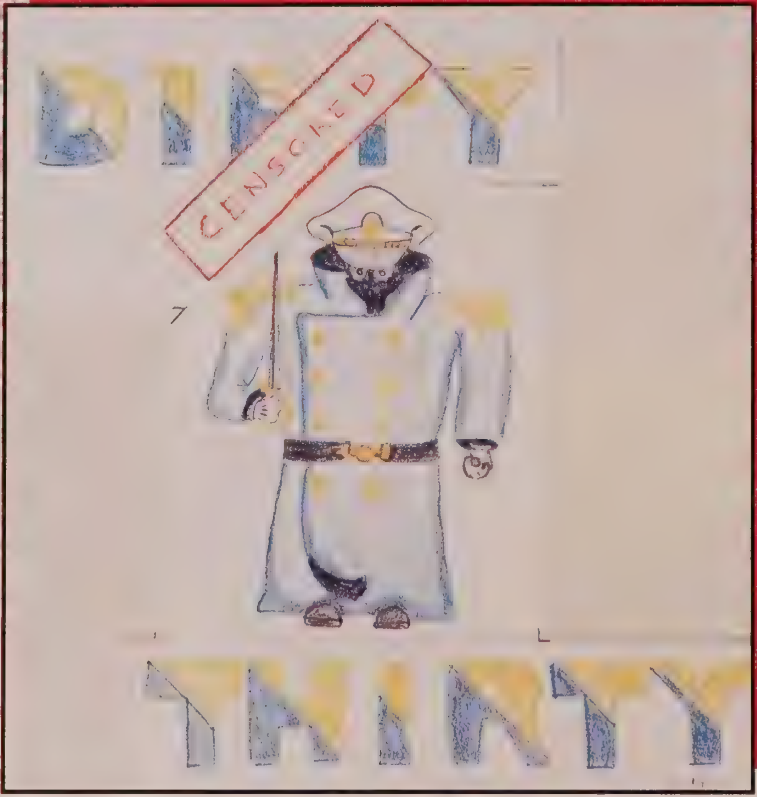


Front row: Robert Middleton, Daniel Emery, Joanna Sprtel, Kim Shook, Wendy Wirling, Mark Bluestein, Bradley Alaniz, James Aleman; Middle row: Andrew Carlson, Samuel Taylor, Keith White, Brian Murphy, Adam Treanor, Mauri Hamilton, Armando Hedrick, Nathan Leonardo, Johnny Meneses, David Lohr, Robert Ballister, Brian Germann, Maurice Jones; Backrow: Gregory Daughtry, Scott Gray, Jason Wits, Brian Wineke, Gregory Hryniewicz, Harry Fulton, Markus Dale, Charles Puglia, Brent Gaut, Brett Nelson; Not pictured: Brian Fish

NAVY

NAV

Thirtieth Company



Ensign Richard Westoff III, "The Lord delights in thee" and so do I. My love can reach places that words cannot. God bless you and the Class of 1991. Love Mom

Big Al- OK, Now for the fun part; Let's go flying! Love, Mom and Dad

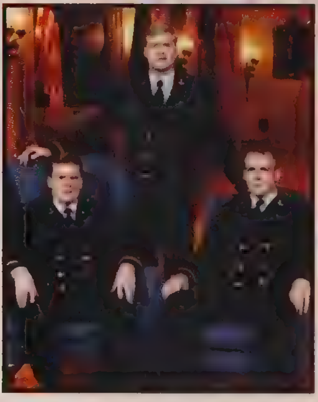
We're proud of you Mike, a job well done-- Mom and Dad Schultz

Chris,-- Our pride in you is only overshadowed by the pride your father must be feeling. We love you and wish you all the best life has to offer.-- Mom, Taylor, and Amy Hale
We're proud of you Chris, Gram and Pap

Thirtieth Company Officer:
LT J.L. Benson,USN

1st Set: Samuel P. Mowery, commander, Jeffery E. Everage, sub-commander, Bryan J. Didier, adjutant

2nd Set: Michael D. Schultz, commander, Richard F. Neitzey, sub-commander, Michael D. Neuser, adjutant



Class of 1991

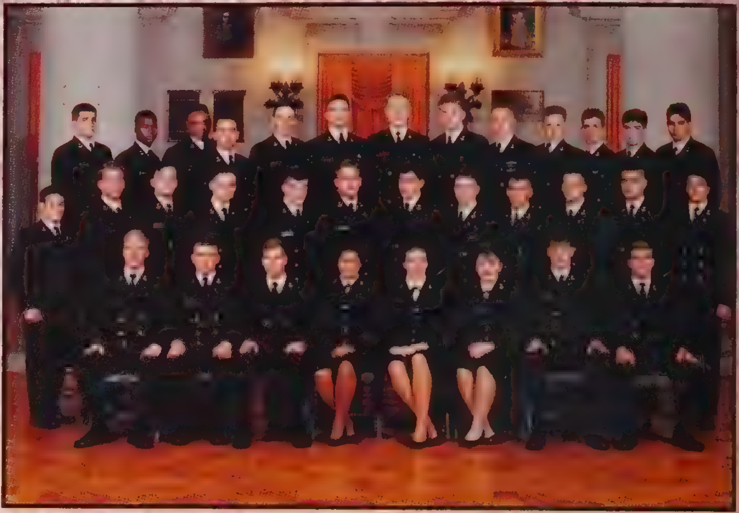
Front row: Marc Hone, Bobby Bray, Cynthia Williams, Gisselle Jankus, David Dromsky, Michael Schultz; Middle row: Alan Bradford, Kevin Mooney, Samuel Mowery, Robert Clukey, Bryan Didier, Christopher Vansickle, Zachary Kitchen, Henry Adams, Jeffrey Everage, Michael Neuser; Back row: Andrew Smith, Rick Neitzey, Daniel Salmore, William McConvey, Christopher Hale, Daniel Imbat, Richard Westhoff; Not pictured: Kenneth Finley

Class of 1992

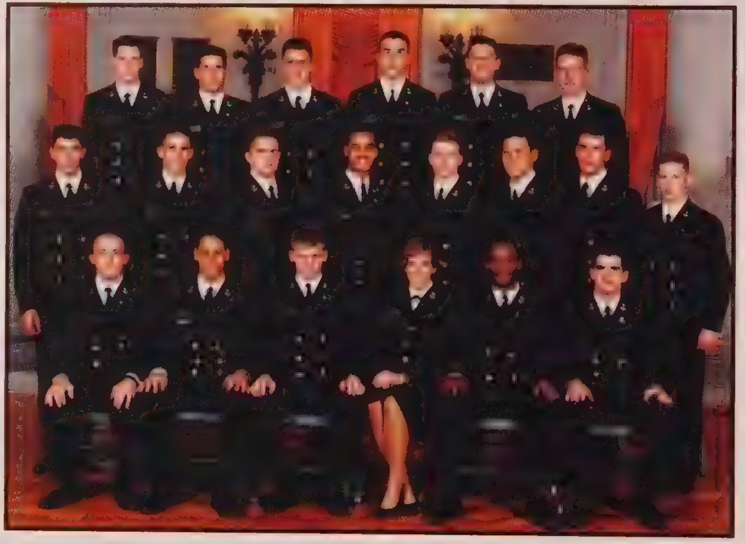
Front row: Christopher Sledge, Wendall Eargle, Darren Banks, David Whittaker, Keith Beiter, Kenneth Baell, Matthew Bogdan, Clinton Cresap, Douglas Brophy; Middle row: Phillip Heberer, Walter Taylor, Paul Kieckhefer, George Smith, Jeffrey Nordstrom, Dale Peterson, Jay Steingold, Thomas Skidmore, Derrick Smith; Back row: Charles Turner, Sean Heritage, Edgar Spielmann, Demetrios Geokezas, Thomas Shanley, Matthew Heisler, Lance Whitewolf, Peter Bozzo, David Samtmann; Not pictured: Randy Roberge

Class of 1993

Front row: David Kliemann, Thomas Novitske, Peter Corrao, Anna Cruz, Bernadette Neglia, Julie Stopha, Chad Reed, Michael Fox; Middle row: Michael Stull, Ara Barton, James Knoll, Stephen Parra, Richard Butler, Bret Bruchok, Christopher Grillone, Kyle Campbell, Christopher Graves, Richard Scritchfield, Robert Carnevale, Albert Rice; Back row: George Chatlos, Michael Braswell, Ernest Haynes, Nacim Figge, David Perry, Tyson Lewis, Steven Roodzant, Francis Notz, Brian Ries, Kenneth Grieser, Gregg Montalto, Damian Blossey, Bruce Stanley; Not pictured: Nora Connelly



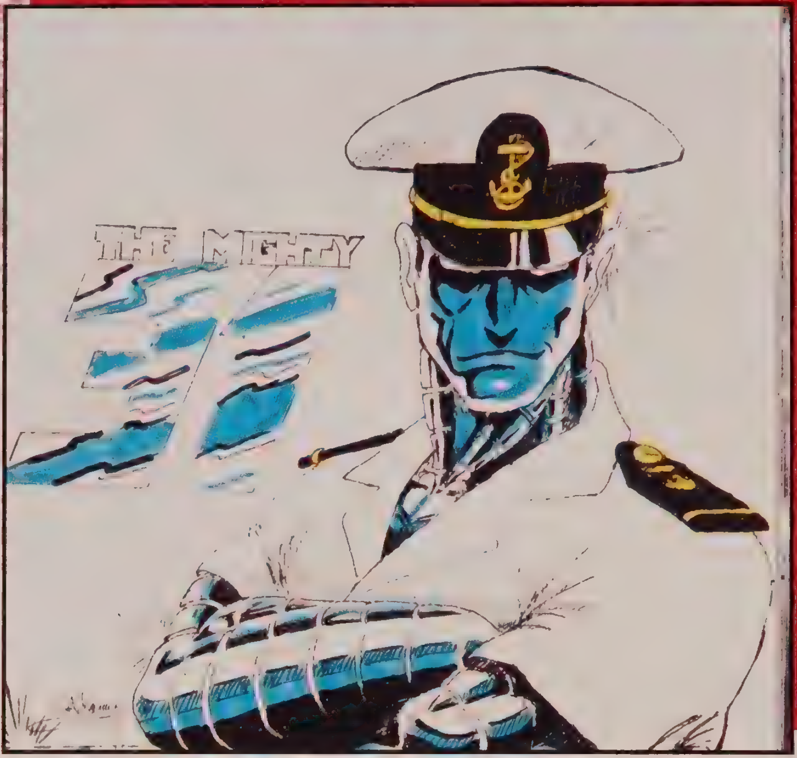
Class of 1994



Front row: Brian Whittam, Jose Lloren, Douglas Marcinek, Rebecca Sherrill, Julian Wilson, Michael Marchese; Middle row: Damian Bess, James Crimmins, Scott Grimes, Keith Fernandez, Bradford Porter, Erik Alfsen, Gregory Foster, Charles Bowser; Back row: John McCullough, Todd Smith, Charles Crase, Christopher Senenko, Jon Gabrielson, Phillip Schendler; Not pictured: Michael Banaszewski, Annette Doucette, Andrew Eanniello, Luke James, Ian Johnson, Christopher Krieger, Michael Moody, Joseph Nowicki, Derek Robertson, Justin Sayre, Yolanda Wigham, Daphyne Williams, Jeffrey Williams

Area Boundary
Do Not Ski Beyond This Point

Thirty-First Company



Congratulations J-Mom, Dad, Amy, Brian

To our "favorite" son and brother. We are proud of you. Love, Mom, Dad, Lia and Laura

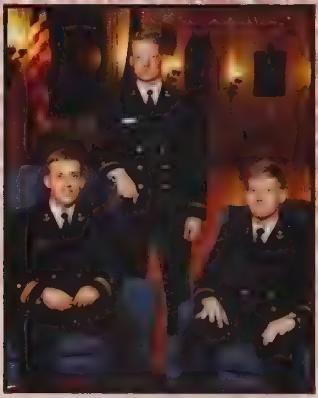
Michael, You've "Run the Good Race" (Heb. 12:1-2) I-Day to Graduation. GOD BLESS   Mom and Dad

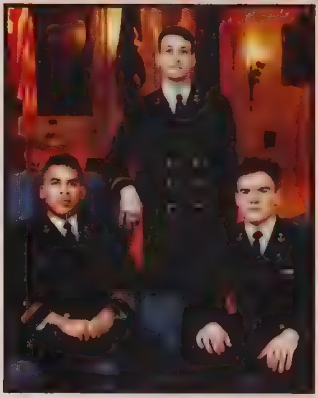
"Yeehaw!!" You made it, Doug!! The Brawley Bunch-Dad, Sue, Scott, Steve, Cindy, Cheryl

Thirty-First
Company Officer:
LT W. Melhuish,USN

1st Set: Johnathan Shoemaker, commmander, Justin Shineman, subcommander, John Enfield, adjutant

2nd Set: Jason T. Jorgensen, commander, James H. Adams, subcommander, David R. Leroux, adjutant





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Class of 1991

Front row: Christopher Downey, Jeffrey Boschert, Gary Pinkerton, Jonathan Shoemaker, Jeffrey Faga, William Boss; Middle row: James Adams, David Leroux, Justin Shineman, Jason Hackerson, Jason Jorgensen, James Dawson, Robert Morelli, Joseph Britton; Back row: Elton Parker, John Enfield, Richard Brawley, Todd Porter, Christopher Nickels, James Kosowski, Kale Moberg, Dave Kennedy, Matthew Boyd; Not pictured: Michael Conover, Raymond Gonzales, Brandon Fausti

Class of 1992

Front row: Mark Matthys, Thai Coughlin, Waqar Khan, Jennifer Stania, Nichol Sturdevant, Amy Semeraro, Mara Motherway, Kurt Kilgore, Luis Nicolao, Richard Bassi; Middle row: Carl Voss, Gavino Rivas, Rory Dickman, Terry Obermeyer, John McLoone, Christopher Stewart, David Mundy, Fernando Argeles, Kenneth Poorman, John Mohs, Robert Schult, John Phillips, Donald Donegan; Back row: Geoffrey Graham, Steven Ralph, Maximilian Clark, Peter Eisenhauer, Thomas Fulton, Charles Taylor, Edward McDonald, Robert Jezek, Reginald King, Everett Marshall, Jerry Berman, Hans Waldraff, David Newcomb

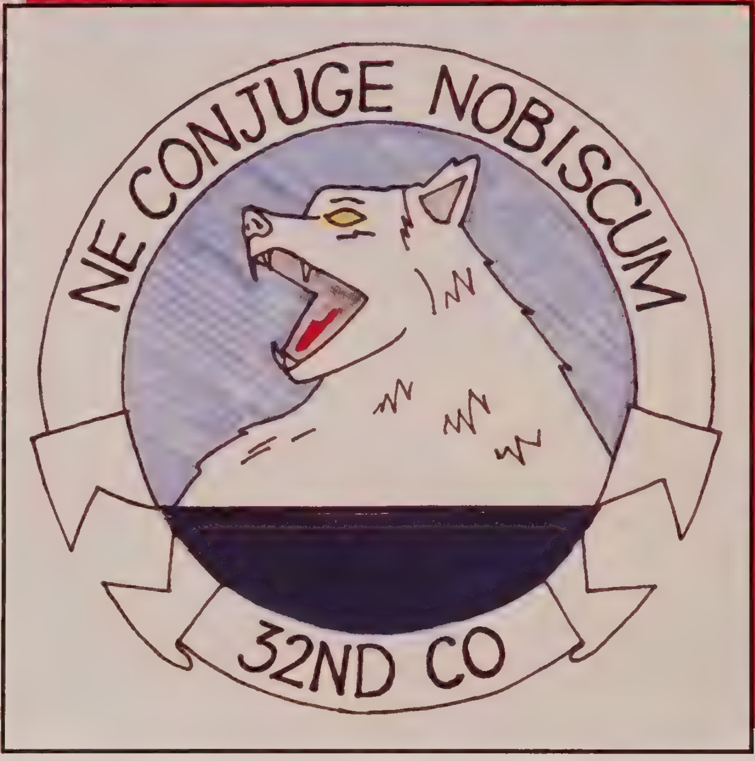
Class of 1993

Front row: David Schlesinger, Arnoux Abraham, Stephanie Brill, Tiffany Zallnick, Cynthia Schowe, Tara Young, Robert Federal, Shawn Basil; Middle row: Alan Orr, Matthew Reuter, James Roots, Rick Radonich, James Brown, Thomas Plott, John Neidigh, Steven Adams, David Larsen, James Marsh; Back row: Joel Moss, Fernando Garcia, Gary Loberg, Todd Hofstedt, Christopher Escamilla, Thomas Kait, Thomas Welborn, Joseph O'Brien, Wyatt Ulrich, Steven Potochniak; Not pictured: Brady Brady, Benjamin Mansalis, Thomas Welborn

Class of 1994

Front row: Kevin Jankowski, Goddard Hampton, Ernesto Gamboa, Tara Kalafus, Catherine Morgan, Paul Stangl, Christopher Fisher, James Butler; Middle row: Kent Terrell, Mark Raybeck, Michael Schnable, Jason Embree, Chester Hom, Peter Antonacci, David Bolduc, Gregory Ezell, Leland Lutz, Richard Weeden; Back row: David Cox, Mason Parker, Christopher Hannan, Gregory Zettler, Geoffrey McDaniel, David Garcia, Anthony Miller, Brian O'Rourke, David Fowler; Not pictured: David Lopez, Veronica Rodriquez, Anthony Romero, Joseph Sawtell

Thirty-Second Company



Congratulations Jerry Dawson. We are very proud of you, not just because of your achievements, but because YOU are our son. Love Mom and Dad,(and all the rest of us.)(SMILE)

Congratulations, Class of '91, and Especially to Ensign S.U. Mowery,OUR SON, our sunshine. Mom and Dad

Congratulations Ensign Brett Howe- God bless you. Love Mom, Dad,Scott & Louie

May you find ways to serve others, recieve satisfaction from serving, and have children like yourselves. Keep in touch. Godspeed, Chilsons

Congratulations to Shawn & 32nd Co. May you fly in peace & may crabs always be in someone elses boat. Semper Fi! Love Mom, Dad, & Darby

Thirty-Second Company Officer: CAPT L.D. Nicholson USMC

1st Set: Patrick L. Neel, commander, Quincy Fleming, sub-commander, Michael Hannan, adjutant

2nd Set: John A. Suazo, commander, Marximillian Lucas, sub-commander, Scott V. Mowery, adjutant

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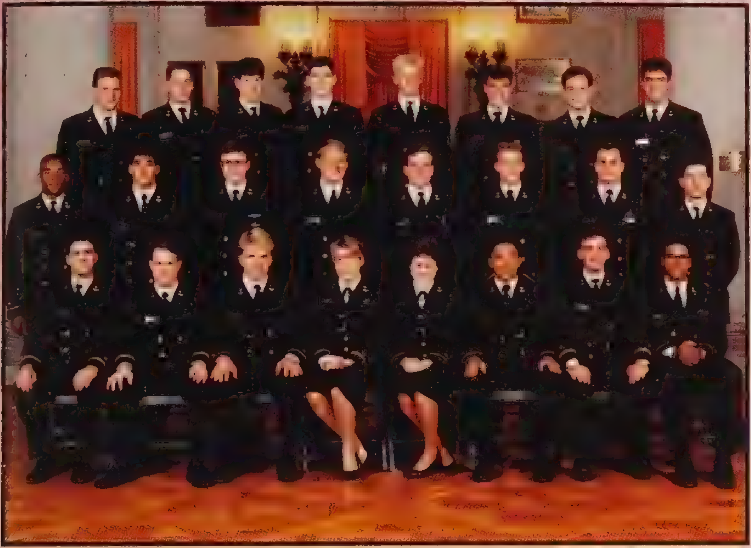
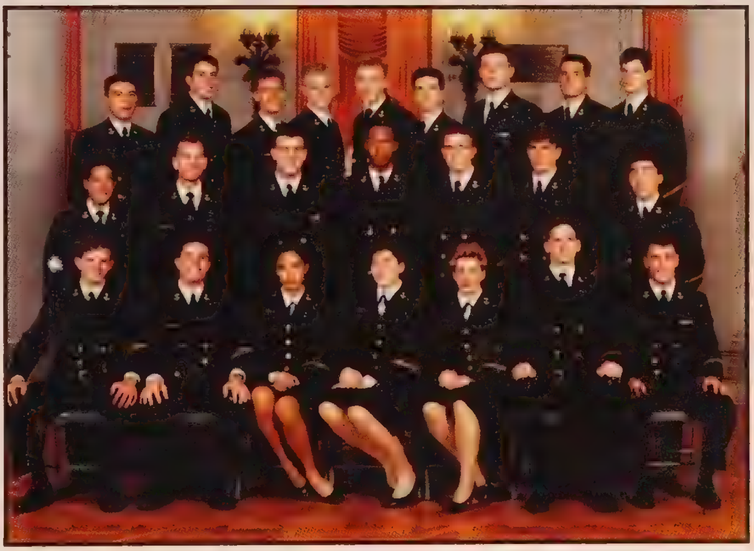
Class of 1991



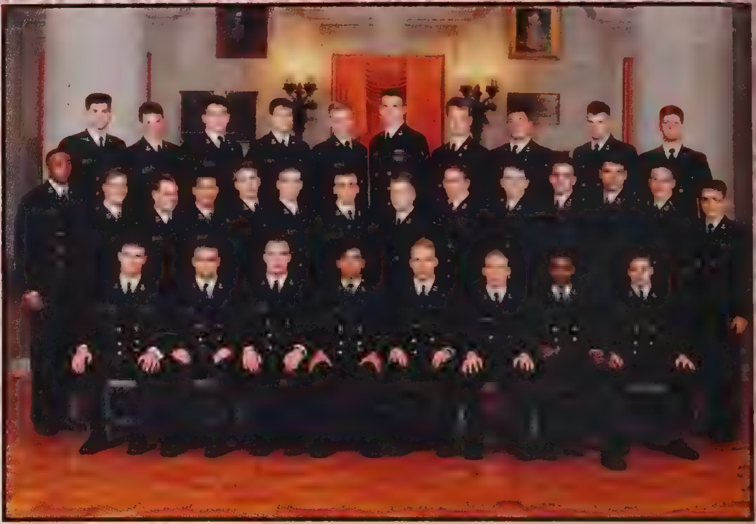
Front row: Thomas Terneus, John Chilson, Scott Mowery, Quincy Fleming, Kathryn Graves, Marximillian Lucas, Michael Hannan, Raymond Pearson; Middle row: Jerry Dawson, John Suazo, Mark Knollmueller, Clinton Neuman, David Little, Robert Baker, Keith Salisbury, Jonathan Cole; Backrow: Patrick Neel, Brett Howe, Paul Hanover, Kelly Biggs, Shawn McKee, Michael Stephens, Anthony Gilbert, Robert Sehnert; Not pictured: Maureen Magnan, Van States, Enrique Rairan, Lisa Bachman

Class of 1992

Front row: Andrew Lynch, Jerald Rushing, Martha Dunne, Stephanie Dixon, Carol Prather, Samuel Cook, Erik Viafore; Middle row: Glen Viado, Daniel Stimpson, James Joyce, Johnny Fox, Lawrence Kistler, Sean Murphy, Michael Tsutagawa; Back row: Adolfo Ibarra, Daniel Holsberg, Andrew Kettering, Robert Pothier, Mark Kochalka, Matthew Berg, Samuel Meckey, Scott Kuykendall, Ronald Cochran; Not pictured: Jerome Deren, Matthew Edic, Susan Minton

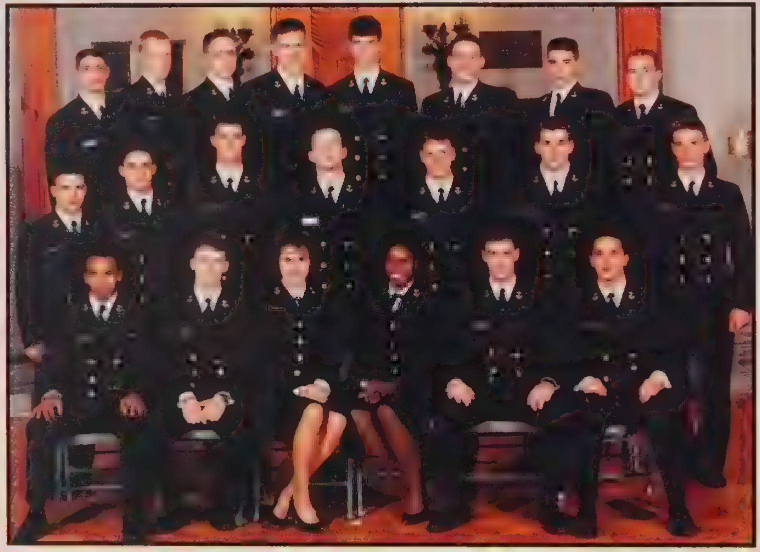


Class of 1993



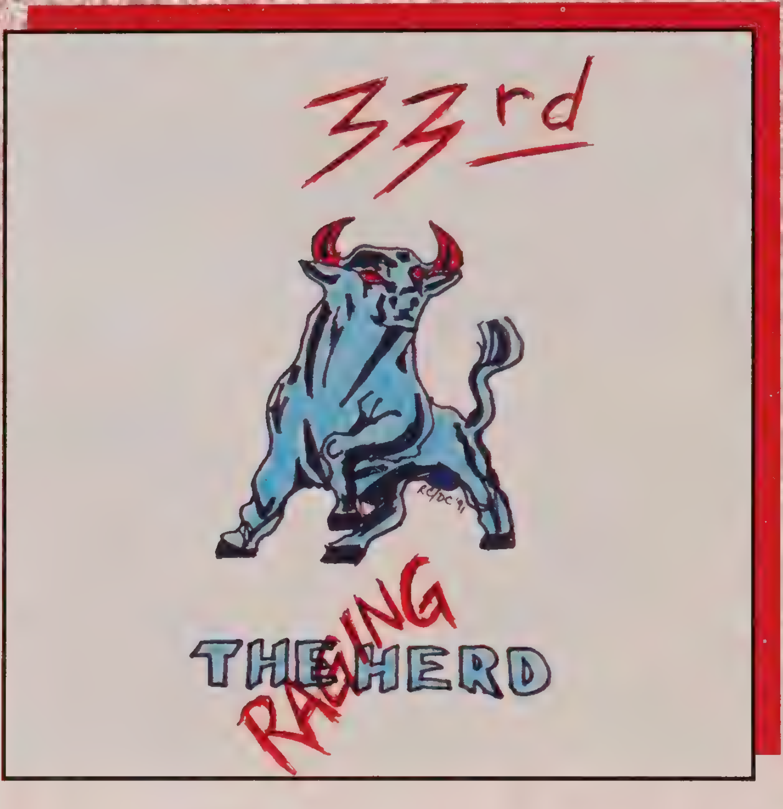
Front row: Mark Peters, Timothy Spicer, Michael Wolfersberger, Michael McCord, Erik Patton, John Polidoro, Phillip Paschel, Colin Smith; Middle row: Crispus Powell, Steven Konkoly, Jeffery Jurgemeyer, Rey Ross, David Duncan, Paul Miller, Robert Barthel, John Hussey, Wade Hooper, Joseph Clark, Daniel Seidensticker, David Souza, Darrell Ingram, Paul Bernstein; Back row: Richard Kincaid, Matthew Hyde, James McCall, George Korol, Gregory Chapman, David Bretz, Michael Saling, Ward Jones, Michael Seeberger, Kenneth Krueger

Class of 1994



Front row: Cezar Jackson, Samuel Brooks, Patti Nichols, Aletha Williams, James Hamill, Daniel Clevenger; Middle row: Lee Baird, Michael Graham, John Knox, Christopher Harrell, Brian Lester, Dante Marzetta, Thomas Sydnor; Back row: Cledo Davis, Chris Palmenberg, Gregory Blake, Michael Balow, Van Chappell, David Taylor, Christopher Browning, Christopher Dennis; Not pictured: Anthony Drummings, Joe Emmert, Jeffrey Howell, Zachary McMechan, Leah Nelson, Robert Pugh, Neil Rapawy, John Schedel, Brian Singleton, Michael Steve

Thirty-Third Company



Congratulations, Jeff Mitchell! Thanks for many wonderful memories of your accomplishments. With pride and love- Mom, Pops, and Grandmama

Mark, Praise God you did it and did it well!! We all love you. Dad, Mom, Tsion, Lola, Desta, Sailor Sam, Becky & Mindi.

Congratulations Ensign Roger Anthony Sanchez. You were captain of the H2O polo team-7th in the nation-but number 1 with us. Good luck at SEALS and '91 tops. Love Mom, Dad, and everyone.

Love and pride to John Jones. Fly with the angels! Mom, Dad, Kristi

Thirty-Third Company Officer: LT L.E. Creevy,USN

1st Set: Hugh P. Everly, commander Zubin R. Clemente, sub-commander, Mark H. Oesterreich, adjutant

2nd Set: John H. Bruggeman, commander, Jeffry D. Guerrero, sub-commander, Bonifacio Vinfrido, adjutant

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Class of 1991

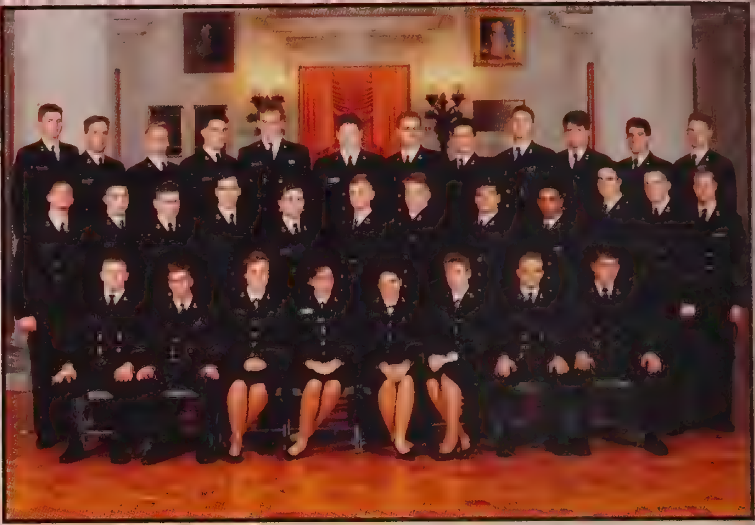
Front row; Bart Larocca, Michael Dowling, Paul Nylund, Carlos Patino, Zubin Clemente, Benjamin Davila, Joseph McInerney, Dennis Ylagan; Middle row: Gerald Graham, Jeffrey Sychterz, Larry Creevy, Russell Coolman, Duane Carr, Bonifacio Vinfrido, Robert Sandri, Mark Palmer, John Jones; Back row: David Scheu, John Bruggeman, Robert Steiner, Roger Sanchez, Jeffrey Roth, Jeffry Guerrero, Daniel Robertson, Michael Carey, Mark Oesterreich, Scott Creed, Hugh Everly, Jeffrey Mitchell; Not pictured: John Kern, Robert Mook

Class of 1992

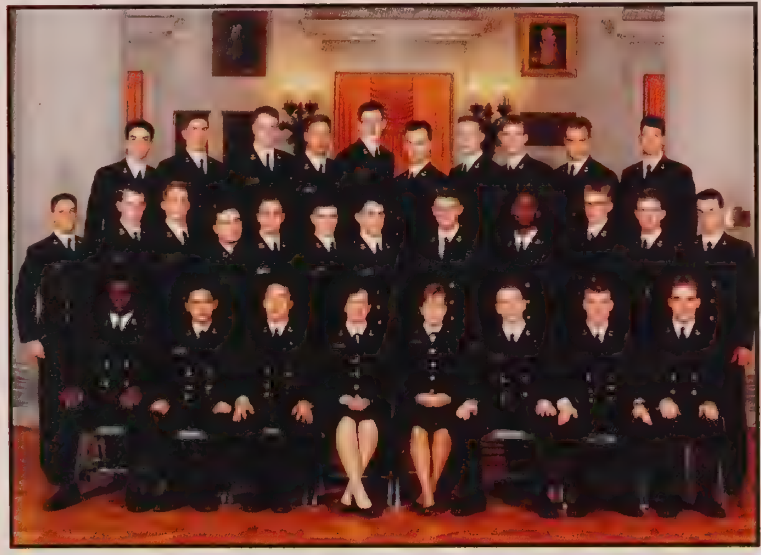
Front row: James McCall, Sam Eisenbeiser, Krista Lamoreaux, Lori Vanscoy, Talley McIntyre, Elena Skucas, Amy Lawless, William Mason, Timothy Cornell; Middle row: James McPherson, Shane Bishop, John Kindley, Thomas Dell,Lance Lee, Joseph Reed, Anthony Bonato, Jeffrey Craig, Stephen Erb, Ronald Jacobson, Lawrence Gonzales, James Marks; Back row: Dale Hanson, Edward White, James Peaco, Clayton Kendrick-Holmes, Matthew Cervarich, Mark Smith, Shaun Francis, James Nadalini, William Hearther, John McFadden, Michael Burns; Not pictured: Rodney Purifoy

Class of 1993

Front row: John Mattioloi, Richard Morrison, Melanie McGee, Tanya Wallace, Anne Say, Kelly Eubanks, Scott Babbitt, Brendon Dibella; Middle row: John Stevens, Joshua Price, Norman Solis, David Kiick, Lee Pearce, Timothy Tenne, Wayne McCool, Theodore Burk, Arther Wallace, Ryan Kuchler, Vincent Sivillo, John Sharpe; Back row: William Bartle, Christopher Sumner, Michael Groth, Michael Geismar, Jeffrey Durdin, Robert Braun, Thomas Prieur, Michael Sullivan, Chandler Nelms, Jeffrey Register, Charles Sites, Brad Donnelly; Not pictured: Steven Seoane, Samuel Smith



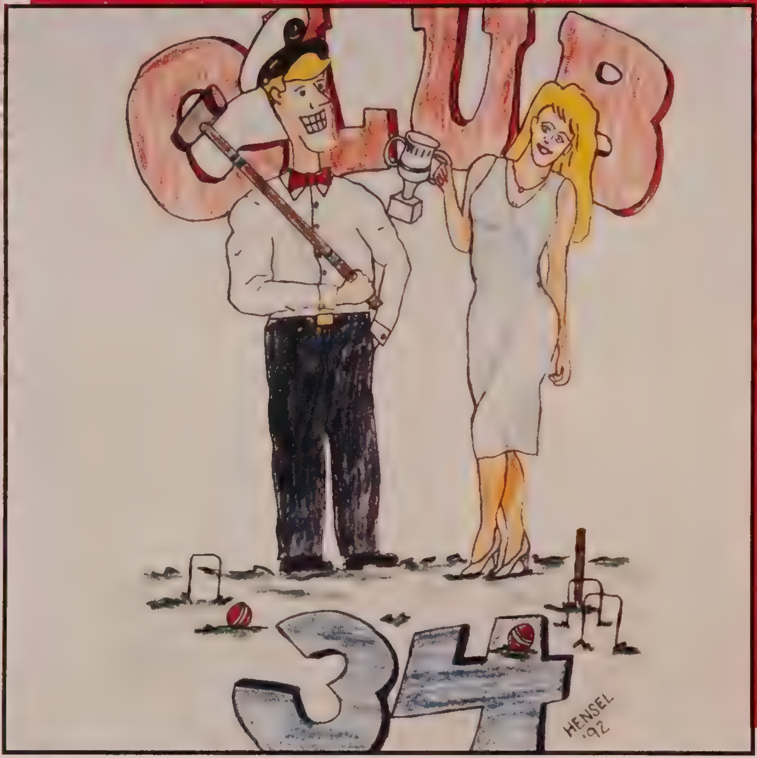
Class of 1994



Front row: Cleavon Smith, Chong Hong Yap, Robert Kohl, Leah Cassorla, Stephanie Kogler, Frank Wittwer, Christopher Baker, Curtis Holiway; Middle row: Christopher Howard, Brian Goldschmidt, Mark Schafer, Michael Jones, Russell Crow, Michael Gardner, James Screen, Chad Sweazey, Tremayne Criner, Kyle Colton, Kevin Quinn, Christopher Peterson; Back row: Paulo Prada, Matthew Scull, Matthew Bancroft, Keith Hartman, Shannon Wade, Christopher Bradner, Jonathan Sweeten, Matthew Weaver, Gerald Burghardt, Mark Early; Not pictured: Brian Lee, Matthew Niedzwiecki, Justin Reeves, William Rothenbach, Lisa Schule

Menu
LUCKY DOGS

Thirty-Fourth Company



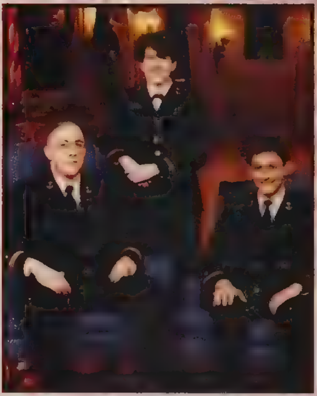
Dear Peter,
As a son you are terrific,
As a brother you're special too &
As a Grad of USNA We are so proud of you, Love
P.J. Ryan Family

Rob and '91 "CLUB MEMBERS" Congrats! We are so proud of you. Go Navy! All our love, Mom, Dad, & Scott

Every man must have a dream. Wes yours has come true. Congradulations Wes, Pete and Paul. Step confidently into your futures... and new dreams! Love, Mom and Dad

Walker A. Matthews III *USNA 91* Congradulations & Well Done!! Keep your Aim High & never doubt your own ability. Good Luck in NPS & beyond. Love-Dad, Mom, & Pam

Congradulations! 34Co.*Class of '91* Good Luck!! Walker and Wanda Matthews



Thirty-Fourth Company Officer: LCDR R. Spillane, USN, not pictured

1st Set: Paul B. Quimby, commander, Gregory L. Williams sub-commander, James G. Baker, adjutant

2nd Set: Kelly P. Houlgate, commander David K. Guluzian, sub-commander, Margaret A. Gibson adjutant

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Class of 1991

Front row: Paul Quimby, Stephen Jennings, Jennifer Taitt, Suzanne Defeo, Margaret Gibson], Angela Hart, Garry Baker,David Guluzian; Middle row: Robby Schimelpfening, Brennan Copp, Eric Peterson, Christopher Barnett, Jason Kutsurelis, Daniel Thorsfeldt, Lawrence Legree, Charles Stuart, Peter Ryan, Wallace Schlauder; Back row: Eric Cash, Daniel Berenbaum, Gregory Williams, Michael Boyd, Kelly Houlgate, Jason Pace, Jonathan Nolan, Robert Gaucher, Walker Matthews; Not pictured: James O'Donnell

Class of 1992

Front row: Wayne Jang, Mark Uhler, Richard Jones, Tony Clinton, Jeffrey Rickenbach, Edward Sung, Juan Falck, David Hopkins, William Stevens; Middle row: Marshall Harpe, David Lower, Todd Ferry, David Ramsey, Christopher Kaiser, Michael Lane, Peter McGowan, Kyle Weaver, Karl Rauch; Back row: Michael Sipe, Marcy Dupre, Christopher Powell, Rhett Fisher, Matthew McLaurin, David Anderson, Gregory Vergamini, James Arrison, Jefferson Adams, Paul Creighton; Not pictured: Barth Boyer, Keith Beck

Class of 1993

First Row: Walter Wrye, Karl Hill, Mark Welch, Kevin Hanson, Luis Yepez, Darrell Platz, Stephen Bishop, Stephen Delanty; Second Row: Anthony Hatok, Justin Butters, Garrett Linton, Ted Dinklocker, Matthew Finney, Mark Vannoy, Jason Waldron, Michael MacArthur, Alan Hern, Kenneth Ubial, Shogo Contrell, Mario Montalvo, Michael Purcell; Third Row: James Wais, Matthew Dunnaway, John Baltes, Patrick Hittle, Jason Wladron, Matthew Weber, Andrew Lamorie, Mark Holtzrichter, Joseph Mayback, Dave Johnson.

Class of 1994

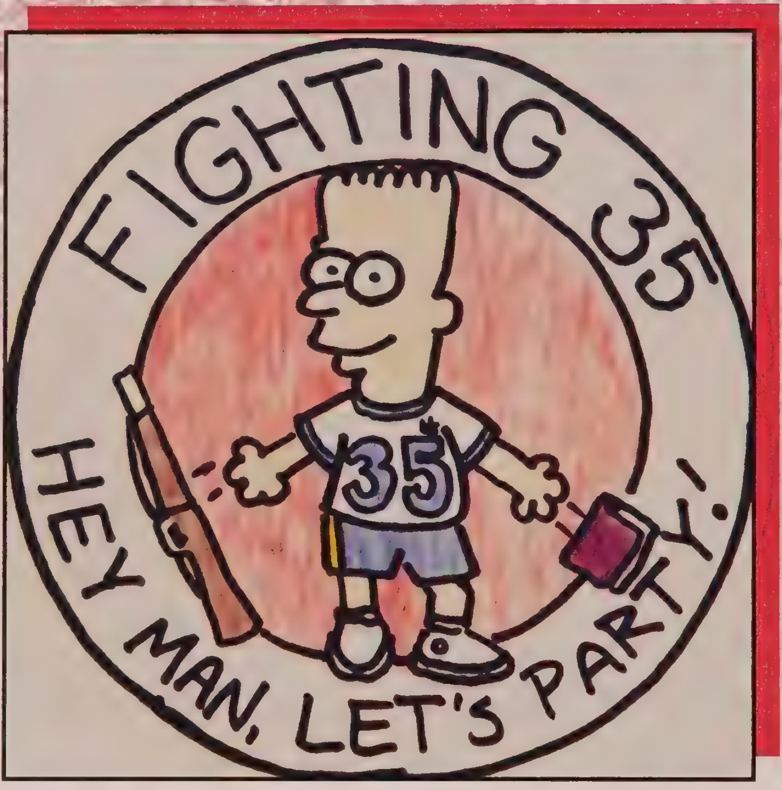
Front row: Michael Kupetz, Doyton Calhoun, Charlos Washington, Laura Reagan, Shawn Smith, David Dutrow, Mark Gerspacher, Robert Kaminski; Middle row: Keon Lindsey, Joel Korkowski, Mario Correa, William Oley, Anthony Garcia, Brian Rivenbark, Jeffery Lopes, Kevin Boardman, Matthew Rick; Back row: Michael Leydig, Thomas Tennant, David Yoder, Michael Hillegas, Donald Marks, Craig Abraham, Mark Albright, Marc Alexander; Not pictured: Larry Boener, Cary Butcher, Phillip Greene, Richard Kelly, John Rucci, Suellen Sack, Brad Stramanak, Jason Wallace

ADMINISTRATIVE BOARD
NAVY
NAVY
USNA

A7120
A7124
A7183

BUD LIGHT

Thirty-Fifth Company



Brett- you did it- breaking 50-40-then par; The first hoop-the first dunk. And the BIG ONE-5/29/91. We're proud, '91! We're with you! Love Mom, Dad, Karen, and Molly

Carmen, Praise God! Love Mom & Dad

We salute you Ensign Lenz! Best of luck to the Class of '91 and the 35th Company. We love you. Mom, Dad, Renee, and Paul.

Best wishes for a wonderful and exciting future to Eddie and the entire graduating class of '91. Mom, Dad, Laura, Thom, Barbara, and family.

Thirty-Fifth Company Officer: LT C.P. Melcher,USN

1st Set: Brett E. Fillmore, commander Edward T. Casuilli, sub-commander, Peter K. Malecha, adjutant

2nd Set: Christian J.Lenz, commander, Matthew W. Amstutz, sub-commander, Margret A. Nauck, adjutant

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Class of 1991

Front row: Cristobal Demier, Ana Vaughan, Samanthia Maez, Margret Nauck, Tracy Hansen, Carmen Campbell, Edward Casulli, Mark Brazelton; Middle row: Brent Goodrum, Carl Flores, Craig Moringiello, James Verrees, Mark Burcher, Craig Robinson, William Abrams, Peter Malecha], Joseph Dunn, Henry Harbuck; Back row: Steven Howell, Matthew Amstutz, John Kelsey, Scott Zellem, Todd Finley, Christian Lenz, Patrick Zaleski, Erik Koonce; Not pictured: Brett Fillmore

Class of 1992

Front row: Stephen Sterlitz, Anthony Orefice, Patrick Caldwell, Margaret Mullen, Lyn Yatko, Alyce Campbell, Mark Veltri, Roland Bolado; Middle row: Joseph Hornbuckle, Todd Severance, John Kennedy, Alexander Chalmers, David Polatty, Robert Witzleb, Todd Boehm, Jason Wolfe, John Lewin; Back row: Richard Doyle, Marcine Wheatfall, John Moulton, Eric Peterson, David Detwieler, Scott Blundo, Brian Endersbe, David Jones, Hung Ba Le; Not pictured: Karl Pugh, Corey Stapleton

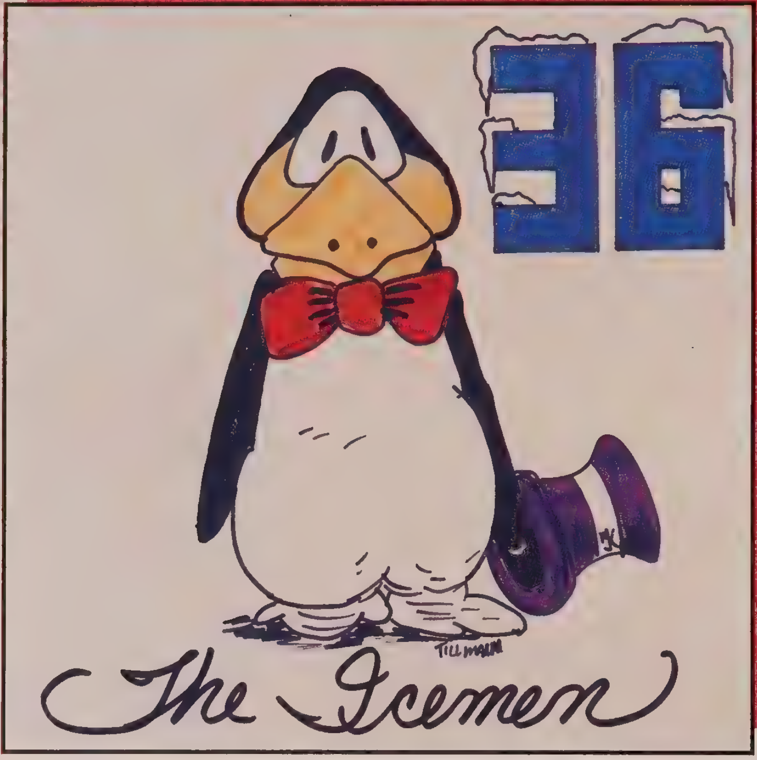
Class of 1993

Front row: John Turner, Juan Silva, Catherine Santos, Colleen Salonga, Stacia Ulissey, Jennifer Dougherty, Matthew Zerphy, Devan Cross; Middle row: Robert Reid, John Delia, George Futch, Andrew Gregory, Cory Howes, Harold Ellsworth, Kenneth Ferguson, Michael Pierce, Matthew Morse, Jason Bennett, George Kollar, Jeffrey Scofield, Glen Desbouillons; Back row: Richard Schilke, Eric McGowan, Winston Heron, Brian Sittlow, Eric Conzen, Brandon Honeycutt, Gregory Hubbard, John Barranco, Jeffrey Fogarty; Not pictured: Michael Mollo*han*

Class of 1994

Front row: Beatrick Cannon, Lionel Hines, Erica Niedermeier, Katherine Hallman, Jenna Hausvik, Charles Bassel, Jason Davis, Ryan Murphy; Middle row: Andrew Lahaie, Mark Asahara, Michael Troup, Justin Gans, Bret Shockney, Michael DelGrosso, Gordon Miller, Victor Rodriguez, Ryan Hurt, Michael Makela; Back row: Ronald Dowdell, Stephen Thaeler, Richard Kreh, Gregory Wise, David Lohr, John Kochendorfer, Stacey Yopp, Michael Harris; Not pictured: John Attaway, Michael Barker, David Cole, Gary Crader, Antonio Martinez, Ernest Robinson, Friedrich Rochleder, Phil Whitmore

Thirty-Sixth Company



"Make bright the arrows, O peaceful and wise! Gather the shields, Against surprise." We love you Jan! Mom and Dad

Keep your feet dry sailor.

Critter- Are you having fun yet? Ahora comienza el futuro! With pride and love, Mom, Dad, B.J., Laura

Congratulations to Kevin and all the Class of '91. We are so proud of you! God Bless you. The O'Connor Family

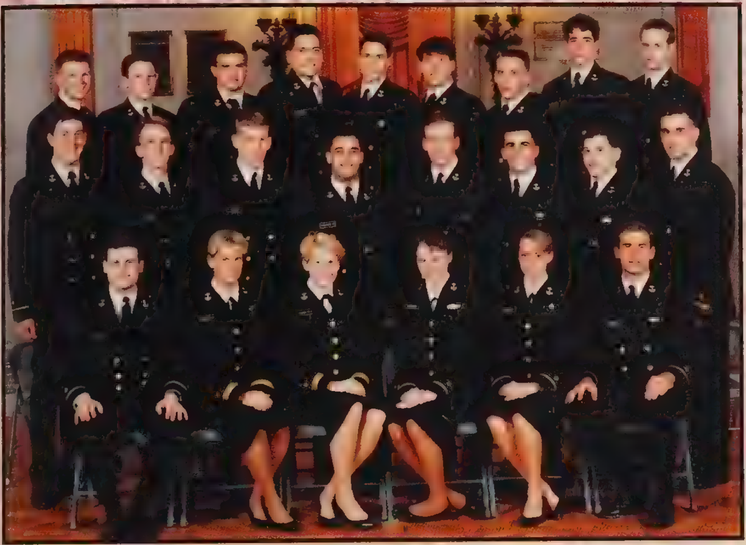
Matthew Scher, your family and friends salute you!

Thirty-Sixth
Company Officer:
LCDR J.A. Gattuso, USN

1st Set: Anthony J. Monaco, commander, Kevin M. O'Connor, sub-commander, Christopher Schneider, adjutant

2nd Set: Michael R. Lagow, commander C. Schneider, sub-commander, Kimberly Livingston,adjutant

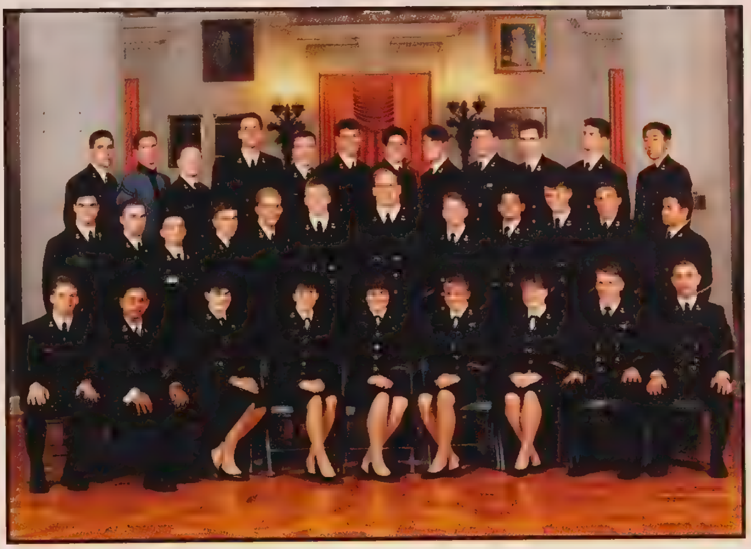
Class of 1991



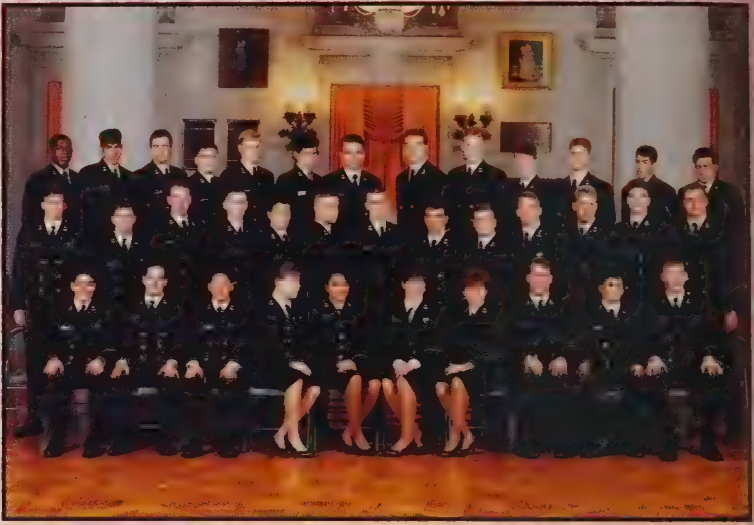
Front row: Robert Keefe, Charla Gallaher, Leigh Kline, Kimberly Livingston, Carrie Soyland, Christopher Languell; Middle row: Edward Fay, Michael Tanner, Steven Jacobs, Ronald Mobayed, Kevin O'Connor, Michael Lagow, Matthew Scher, Anthony Monaco; Back row: Keith Reams, James Wolfe, Michael Rentz, Raymundo Villarreal, Dwayne Davis, Mark Hurvitz, Neil Kearney, Christopher Schneider, Gibson Armstrong; Not pictured: Susan Slaven

Class of 1992

Front row: Wesley Beadle, Kenneth Aguilar, Bonnie Roberts, Juliane Gallina, Christine Niebuhr, Cheryl Herrick, Amanda Manges, Daniel Silbermann, Robin Dreeke; Middle row: Charles Boutin, David Sullins, Raymond Hufnagel, Samuel Wagener, Ryan McBrayer, Karl Riebs, Brett Mietus, Peter Twining, Edwin Lucio, Scott Chesbrough, Brad Collins, Timothy Gutierrez; Back row: Rafael Bobenrieth, Scott Campbell, Sean Gillespie, Andrew Hess, Brian Finman, John Casey, Douglas Lamb, Richard Bishop, Robert Fulford, Anthony Nelipovich, Gerald Dearie, Myung Hobson

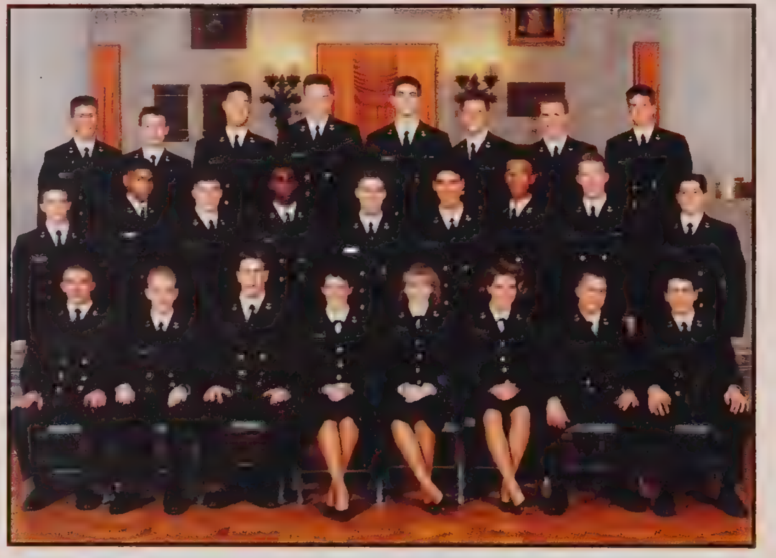


Class of 1993



Front row: James Deen, Vaughn Pangelinan, Michael Itakura, Typhanie Kinder, Cynthia Viernes, Corrine Jones, Samantha Saxton, Duncan Ingraham, Edward VanBuren, James Quann; Middle row: Charles Young, Bryan Cochran, Brian Burke, Todd Washburn, Jesse Sandoval, Erik Eldridge, Shawn Jones, Benjamin White, Scott Troyer, James Cummings, James Frotsch, Lance Reinhard, Timothy Giebels; Back row: Mickey Walker, Aaron Bird Bear, Daniel Houting, James Caskey, Matthew Provencher, Robert Denton, Andrew Kiss, James Ellis, Jason Wathen, James Polickoski, Jeffrey Oettle, Derek Nisco, Brad Rockwell; Not pictured: Bart Denny, Charles Smith

Class of 1994



Front row: Jason Bell, Jamie Rakow, Jeffrey Wissel, Traci Benjamin, Lori Rickert, Jennifer Lane, Benjamin Bierly, Gregory Sleppy; Middle row: Matthew Clay, Dana Barnes, Adam Moore, Sinclair Smith, David Pawlowski, Edward Kruk, Chico Manning, Craig Monroe, Anthony Staffieri; Back row: Jonathan Siegler, Marvin Carlin, Leon Hsi, Timothy McDougall, Kevin Havens, Byron Newell, Christopher Volk, Clark Sarge; Not pictured: Michael Cooper, Justin Jones-Llantzy, Brian Metcalf, Erica Niedermeier, Michael Riggins, David Shaw, Jamieson Slough, Darryl Wilson

NAVY

NAVY
NAVY

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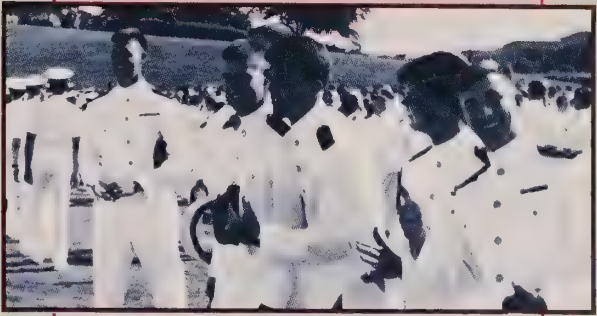
NAVY

IMPACT

The Class of 1991



The class of 1991 was brought together four years ago, bringing influences from around the country and around the globe. Now we leave some of what we came with as a legacy for those who follow us.

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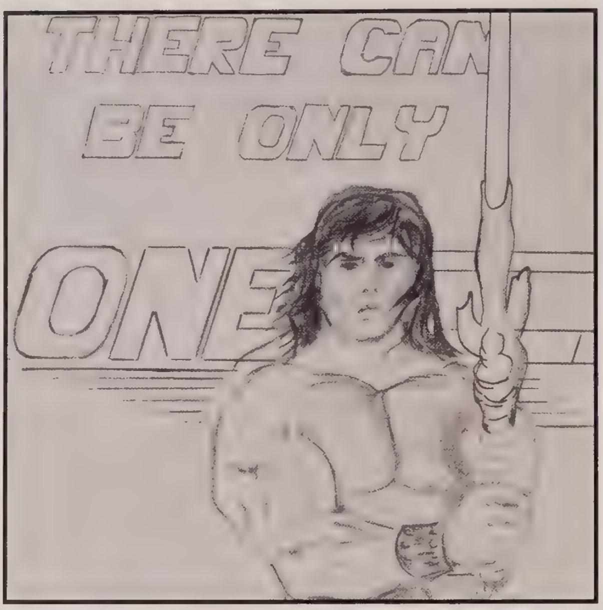
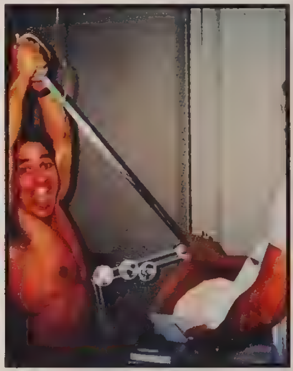


Albert Thomas Caesar
Rosemont, Pennsylvania
Naval Flight Officer

Albert Caesar came to USNA from Philadelphia via Route 95 and has never looked back. Al argued his way through plebe year in Fourth, and then used his finely honed forensic skills to clinch a berth on the Navy debate team. Fall of 1988 brought him to Fun One. After a slow start youngster year, the excellence which earned Al debating honors kept him out of trouble at the local colleges. Hood, Goucher, Georgetown, he did it all. Never one to scorn a chance to broaden his mind, Al chose to participate in the Cox Fund. First class year brought him responsibility, VGEP civies, and A NEW CAR! All set now to tear up the ladies at P-cola, he will soon don his brown shoes and join the proud ranks of Naval Aviation (Just like Goose!). JPN AND JAN P.S. Never mind the wax job.

Ivan Garrick Carlson
Morris, Illinois
Naval Flight Officer

From the wildlands of Morris, IL, Ivan came barrelling eastward to USNA summer of 1987. As a plebe among the Icemen of 36, I.G. quickly made a reputation for his leathers, tuck, and devotion to the girl back home. Youngster cruise brought a host of experiences including an almost tattoo and the loss of said erstwhile girlfriend. He returned that fall to a new home in Fun One. That first semester, fall of 1988, produced the wackiest, wildest, wierdest conglemeration of pure, unrivalled fun yet to be equalled. Hood, Maryland, Goucher, Mary Washington, Georgetown. We came, we saw, we got REJECTED, but we never gave up and had more fun trying anyway. Talk about aggravation: begging for cars and searching for parties! Where are my shoes? Dave, where'd you get the black eye? I don't wanna go to 'Nam! Juice, try these noodles. That fall, my boy found love again in the arms of NT and never looked back. There was always the bench, though, and the hard work paid off. As you go off to earn the Golden Wings, I wish you the best. Give-em hell, Juice.

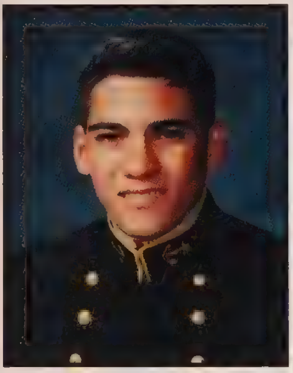


Donald Charles Chipman
Lynchburg, Virginia
Marine Corps Pilot

This blond haired, blue eyed, Vanilla Ice lookalike arrived on the scene from the thriving metropolis of Lynchburg, Virginia. Having not an lick of musical talent nor an once of rhythm in his body Chip was still quite the ladies man. During second class summer Chip discovered Hoopers, Ocean City, P-cola, Air-Chipster basketball, parties with the twister board, and dancing (whatever that was you were doing on the dancefloor) in the bars. Although Chip's not a baseball player anymore he can still be found with a pinch between his check and gum. The other four of us know that this wanna-be jarhead will make one hell of a pilot, because Chip "knows how to treat 'em". Good luck from the boys in fun-one. RQ, JM, GW, and JN. DCC see you fellas.

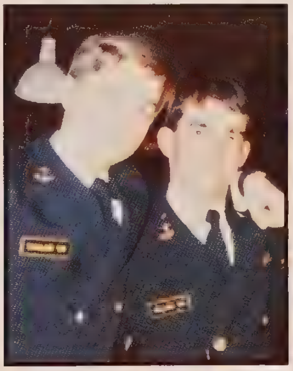
Marc Russel Delao
Marysville, California
Surface Warfare

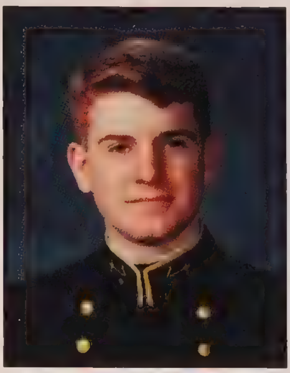
After his plebe year in 4th Co, Marc Delao made a smooth transition to 1st Co thanks to roommates who produced such advice as "if you sleep 12 hours a day, you'll only spend 2 years here." For the most part, however, Delgato ignored this advice and chose instead to work at meeting the expectations of inspired mentors such as the Rocket. Fortunately, his classes posed few problems since the material covered consisted largely of prerequisites from nursery school. Thus, he found ample time for adventures in faraway places like the Bahamas and England, where he distinguished himself (with my assistance, I like to think) in unprecedented ways. For example, he has the record for most expensive sprint across Nassau, and his generosity on this occasion earned him many friends among the island natives. In England, his talents enabled him to win a tube of hair remover from Roy Orbison even after we were bitten by a pair of Scottish snakes. Even the cruel shoes couldn't discourage him on that occasion. These and other triumphs have earned him the right to proudly claim the title "Dope," and he's been a great friend and roommate as well. I'm glad I had the chance to share in his exploits, and for now will end by saying: Later on Ron, and I don't mean... WSD Hey Dope, why you sleepin under the sink? JMT



William Scott Dillon
Radnor, Pennsylvania
Naval Flight Officer

Illin' came to us from the land of the Steelers and the Pirates. As a plebe he spent his days on 3-4 as a member of 6th co. I'd seen Freddy around many a time but it wasn't until second semester youngster year that I got to know him. During that semester Scott and I grew to become good friends, especially during our trip to the Bahamas over spring break. That week was, "a little out of hand." Clad in the most obnoxious bright red Hawaiian shirt and an equally annoying straw hat, Illin' proceeded to offend an entire nation in just 6 short days. No worry though, because in the process "Wild Thing" was able to prove that his camera really was water proof...Sort of. As a roommate, you couldn't find a better one. Scott and I had many a late night laugh, and Scott was always there to set me straight when I needed it. Scott is the most brilliant and gifted person I've ever had the privilege to know, and I know things will only get better for him in the future. Good luck William S. and stay in touch. I especially want to hear from you when you finally figure out the sound of one hand clapping. I'm glad I got to know you Scott, and I hope our frienship extends long after graduation. You certainly are no Pr...! MRD No McDonalds Cokes!!! JMT





Jeffrey Scott Dodge
Bremerton, Washington
Navy Pilot

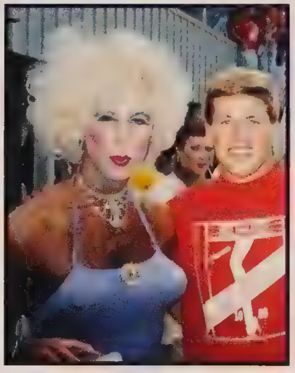
Jeff started his naval career by deciding to leave La Jolla for the Academy. The results of this choice have traumatized him, leaving him unable to make major decisions. Although a runner at heart, the Artful Dodger found sanctuary on the debate team from the plebe year hell of Capt. Schupp and 9th Company. After a youngster cruise that left him glowing, Jeff came to his senses, dropped debate, and moved to Fun One. The little spare time he had outside of chemistry labs was spent trying to answer the question Schupp had asked him plebe year, "If you're so smart, what are you doing here?" Never much of a ladies' man, Jeff managed to find a girl, and stayed with her for two years. But it was too much work and not enough play that allowed the Doge-man to miss Supe's List with a 4.0 and a C in PE. The years with Al made him only too glad to get out of the Hall, so it was not surprising that after buying his car, Jeffer was seldom seen as he was often off to Tracey's (or Mary's?). Despite the sometimes crushing pressures of being number one, Jeff has always maintained a boyish enthusiasm and a cheerful smile. As he leaves us to be a pilot, doctor, or flight surgeon, it will be these two qualities that will bring him to the forefront of everything he does. TAD

Daniel Lee Forry
Columbia, Pennsylvania
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Dan came to the Academy from the civilian life of Penn State ("Happy Valley") and departed via GWU (the murder capital of the world). This PA farmerboy, travelled south to the Naval Academy to become a Naval Officer. After a REAL plebe year in 27, "Mr. Intensity" was ready to see the fleet. Dan discovered the nuclear submarine and from that point knew that he would return to the depths of the sea someday. Returning from his trip to his new "home", FUN ONE (or NO ONE depending on the year). He became a studious youngster, but never after Midnight. Second class year came and went in a flurry (can't forget Air Force Week & living with a Zoomie). Then, at last the end was here, his last semester at Navy. It was time to relax before the tolls of Grad School, Nuc School, & Prototype. VGEP started and Dan was seen scurrying back and forth from CIVLANT each day. The four years by the bay are over and its time to venture into the future. Now Dan is ready to go wherever God leads him. ETWPA (MARK 12:30)

William Gibson Freehafer
Raleigh, North Carolina
Navy Pilot

Born in Ohio, raised in "God's Country" (?), Bill knew from toddler days that he wanted to be a navy pilot. It took him a year of "playing" Navy with NCSU ROTC before he found his way to our fine institution. As a pleber on 2-4, 4/c Freehafer was always mistaken for another classmate or for someone's father. He found himself one of "The Five" at the end of this year, then moved to Fun One. He served with distinction in Men's Glee Club: expeditions to the Alaskan Bush Country, power tours through London and Rome, "picture spots" at Disney, mecca to Margaritaville, Barbershop, starred as "Juano" in West Side Story. He played guard, center and forward for team 3068 in glory days over team Aero, and goalie in fieldball. Labor days on Lake Gaston included tubing, gorilla basketball, Ralph's, and Bill's awesome slalom skiing. He was a stockholder in the 3M company and company CDR twice. Bill did plebe detail twice and got to spend time in Gitmo, Cuba. He also sailed to Bermuda (read: New Jersey). Bill will be remembered for his ugly tan cap ("That dog can hunt") and his notion that the South will rise again. Good luck in Jets, Bill, but don't call us 'cause "Can't you see we're trying to read the paper."



James Owen Godwin
West Islip, New York
Surface Warfare

How can you catch on paper the man who couldn't be caught? not in class, not at drill, and not in uniform.Our special guest for spring semester 91 is Jamie Godwin, author of The Art of Taps, Creative Musterboards, and How To Win Section Leaders and Influence Friends. His own personal renaissance has left us with a performance jacket as amendable as the constitution and as heavy as the rosetta stone. In it is found the rumored biographical data of his antics, trials and tribulations at USNA. Jamie never made it to a PE board, but the other boards kept Jamie spending fewer weekends away from USNA than summer leaves during his "5 years by the bay". Nevertheless, a light hearted soul and philanthropic attitude made it possible for anyone to find comfort and consolation in the warm bosom of a room on 5-3. Jamie and Richie did earn their check-offs for their room PQS's. A fractured academic bone in the closing days of the 89 season sent Jamie on a 2 year poli-sci sabbatical where he was able to "find himself" and "see the light". Now he's back(although he never left our hearts and minds)and destined for great things. Success, which he owes much of to his time-tried mother and father, will follow him wherever he goes[SEE ALSO 8th Co. 89] RHx2 PB BF & 8th-90

James Miguel Gomez
Sandwich, Massachusetts
Surface Warfare

To think that we used to sift fecum together (except with Uncle Andy, of course), and you ended up as company commander. Just left ol' stubob in the dust. Alex, you'll be late for school son. No school today, mum. I've got a pain in the gulliver. I'm going to sleep it off so I'll feel right as dodgers for this after. We've had some pretty good times Jim-bob. One thing's for sure: I don't think I will ever go to another Korean club party. I don't think the rental car's door handles could take it. Dang those windows for not opening all the way, anyway. Hey, who is Omar? Good Sir Knight, you have proved yourself worthy. Will you JOIN me? Don't ever forget those official Navy seals in Baltimore harbor during 2/c summer. Words of wisdom for you Lloyd: Stay away from girls named Sophia. I hope you get stationed out west so we can continue the Famed Liver Experiment. Take care Jim-bob, and I'll see you out in the fleet. CPS. P.S. We will all miss the BB Yo-Yo lover. JMT.

Grover Lee Heiskell III
Spring, Texas
Surface Warfare

Our young longhorn friend made his journey to the bay from deep in the heart of Texas. Passing up scholarships at some of the best music schools in the country, he decided instead on pride, professionalism, and the Naval service. Hoping for the best, he immediately got the worst . . . 19. On the 365th day, he rose again and ascended into Fun One. Where he sitteth on the right of Diamond Dave Almighty. Here is a fellow member of the class of No One, I first met our mild mannered hero. Little did I know that we would soon move into the 'communal room', a three semester political experiment on the effects of communism at USNA. Living with Trey was an experience. Proof that entropy does indeed increase . . . the room soon became home of the black hole, the pit, and the avalanche. Sounds of Steve Martin, YES, and Supertramp could be heard almost constantly. (Just please God, no country). We all wish him the best on his target, and Trey . . . I'll meet you at Caper's. KFS

Thomas Brent Mayne
Glen Burnie, Maryland
Navy Pilot

Thomas Brent Mayne travelled ~~to USN~~A from Glen Burnie to spend four years with us by the Severn. Tom signed on with the Black Hole Company...sort of. He was usually at football and personified the "invisible plebe." Even after Christmas, upperclass frequently asked him "Are you in this company?" This was perplexing to his classmates due to Tom's overwhelming presence. The winds of youngster year carried Tom to the First Company, where he rejoined with his old roommate. It was this year that Tom "discovered" women, and his outlook on life changed. His goals of being a NARC shifted to the General things in life. He began to frequent the weight rooms and soon became a STUD-just ask him. The only time Tom stayed up late was on the weekends. Theresa to Danielle full circle back to a different Theresa and then Tracy-Tom lost touch with his shipmates. After seeing the light, or lack thereof, in his relationships, Tom came around. He began to realize the advantages of many concurrent short term relationships, and left a string of broken hearts behind him. Tom was no longer one to be tied down except by his dreams to be a Navy pilot. Tom visited the U.S. Capitol one night as a firstie, and his qualities may one day return him there for a longer stay. DEK JAN

Shawn MacGregor McGehee
Arlington, Virginia
Naval Flight Officer

Shawn "Mad Dog" MacGregor McGehee came willingly from his hometown of Arlington, VA. When the days at poolside, were over, he saw nowhere else to turn but USNA. He was drafted by Big Sticks and embarked on a challenging plebe year. He took this challenge without mental reservation or purpose of evasion-for he knew his calling was of a higher order. This was Naval Aviation. Professionalism at Sea started early, with the first of three YP cruises for Stallion. His next three years by the Severn brought him to Fun One and roommates who didn't enjoy the same rigors of plebe year. Young McGehee set a difficult course for himself in Aero Engineering, which left little time for social endeavors. His prospects were limited to tennis court rendezvous with a high school hopeful which ended in a straight sets defeat. Shawn spent his free time getting a pilot's license to go along with his gold rack wings. Stallion's love for a cute Zenith led to late nights with Super Calc 4 and wind tunnel. Fun continued firstie year with EE Part III. Shawn had rounds with a Clemson Tiger and the VA Police for many moving violations, but windsurfing was his escape. Stallion's overbearing attitude and drive for success will reward him greatly. We wish you the best, GOOD LUCK!! JAN TBM

James David Mulik
Raleigh, North Carolina
Marine Corps

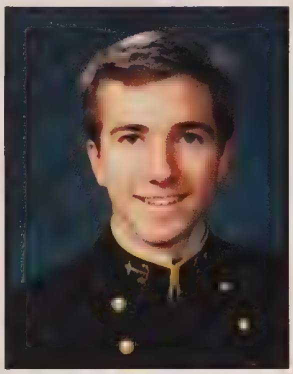
Between soccer and skipping classes, Mules did his utmost to lead a normal college life. However, after thirty days restriction and a comearound with the Admiral, any semblance of Chapel Hill was left in the dust. That's OK though, since Jimmy liked the challenge of a 9:1 ratio. May the force be with him. The late-night guest appearances by the Judge will definitely be missed, as well as flying squirrels and happy dances. If you couldn't find Mulik at UNC or on the soccer field, the next best bet was between the sheets. We hope the Corps is ready for Jimmy. The Other Four are sure he can make the most out of any situation, but if not, he sure could make one nuclear batch of Tang! RJQ,DCC,GBW,JFN,JDM

Jon Frederick Neumann
Yakima, Washington
Surface Warfare

Jon came to us from the apple orchards of Yakima, WA. His dazzling personality earned him the nickname N*. A fine athlete, Jon spent 3 years on the Varsity football team. He sat out his senior year to expand on a new hobby: wheat and barley. Jon feels the only way is underway. Jonny N*'s counterparts will be lucky to keep him from making 30+ knots with his hair on fire. Excluding Norfolk, Chapel Hill, Daytona Beach, and College Park, he is a morally sound person. He has every bit of a command voice (which keeps the other 4 awake with ears ringing). Jon has come a long way since his arrival from the Northwest and has been a great friend. GBW, JDM, RJQ, DCC, JFN.

John Pollard Newton Jr.
Winchester, Tennessee
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Johnnie came to USNA from the backwoods of Winchester, TN, to trade his whiteworks and Huckleberry Finn hat for whiteworks and a dixie cup. Newt doesn't talk much about plebe year in Roaring 20 but it did drive him to be an English major. After plebe year, John shook the dust off his shoes and headed to sunny CA for summer cruise. 3/c year John signed on Diamond Dave's Company O' Fun where his country bred curiosity lead him to join the roving patrol on his first trip to Hood. 2/c year dan tried to show us the Lighted Path for a semester but gave up. Army/Navy '89 found Juice beating up plebes and next week saw him on restriction. There was Wrestlemania every night and life was good...then he met Her and everything changed. The wild, daring, adventurous mid of yore was now settled down, mellowed out, and had a date for Ring D. 1/c year was calm as his Shining Star left for France. There were $200 phone bills, 21st birthday extravaganza, tailgater and subsequent rampage, deck 1-0 Arctic blasts, the battle for a cleaner wardroom, and Army/Navy '90. Hey Bad Dog, come out and play! For Service Selection John graced Nuke power with his oath of love & loyalty. Good luck at NPS and shred many waves on your sub sail, Little Dude... say, you know what would be really cool right now?...IGCLUCK!! JAN TBM



John Andrew Norfolk
Huntingtown, Maryland
Naval Flight Officer

John Andrew Norfolk came to us from the distant lands of Huntingtown, MD. He arrived here an innocent young lad and was quickly subsumed into the Naval Academy kiln, emerging from his incubation in the Black Hole a finely tempered sword of Naval professionalism and leadership. His aspirations to track stardom were vanquished by his addictive consumption of junk food and abstinence from working out. Nevertheless, under the 'Body by Norf' program, he only ran once a year. He took a casual approach to Aero, applying Norf coefficients only as necessary to be in the rack by 12; to the glee of one roommate and disgust of the other. Norf's life took a turn for the ? one night at Annapolis Mall with a perky YOUNG retailer. Two years, and one hi-school graduation later, they are still going strong(Bells?). He frequently forsought his shipmates for the company of K. Despite this distraction he slowly evolved from a fledgling windsurfer to a true boardhead. Once submarine bound now only his board will be nuclear powered. Norf's amazing methods worked at USNA and will surely carry him through a fruitful career in Naval Aviation. GOOD LUCK!! TBM, SMM, Juice, TMSHRD

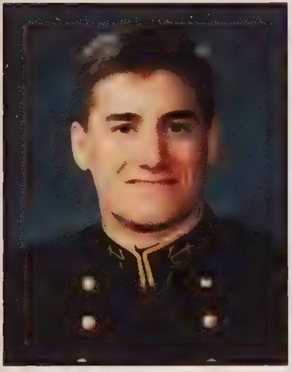
Robert John Quigley
Geneva, New York
Surface Warfare

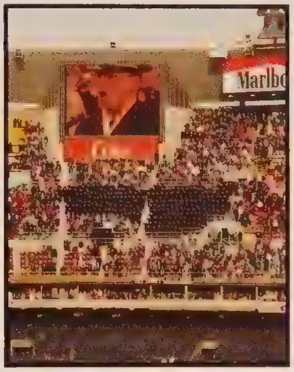
Quiggs arrived on the scene from the booming metropolis of Geneva, NY, with a guitar in his hand and a blanket over his shoulder. Though visions of rock stardom danced in his head, his magnificent little brain kept his priorities in order: sleep, guitar, lacrosse, golf, study...Usually a morally upright person, Quiggs ran smack dab into Moses during his first class year and was forever changed. Though everyone thought he was a little angel, the Four of Us know he was really the devil that never got caught. DCC, GBW, JDM, JFN, RJQ

David Michael Ruth
Corpus Christi, Texas
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Son of an aviator, Dave was born in P'Cola. After hopping from city to city, country to country, he decided to settle down with Mother B. His 4 years by the bay represented the longest amount of time that Dave used a single zip code. Life at Navy threw Dave among the Macho Hairy Chested Men and the sweat began to pour. PTing with Warner, Airborne, and Saturday night studying, characterized Dave through his plebe year. Rooming with a Starr and one of the five made him relax a bit. However, this new laid back attitude did not mean he would allow himself to wear a v-neck t-shirt with his SDBs. During his last two crazy years here, Dave dabbled with crew, clarinet, and congress. His 2K, 3K, 4K, and 5K did not keep him from being 2/c DepBrigCdr, and 1/c 1stBattCdr. Volume was not a problem when Dave taught us math (whether we wanted him to or not). Spring of '90 brought the shackles of a girlfriend who helped him through Bulldog. From pilot, to SEALs, to NFO, to grunt, to subs went lchsqb16. Who knows what the future specifically holds for Dave, but we know this heavy metal head-banger will be a huge success wherever he goes. Stay Hungry!MWS, WGF

Michael Webner Smith
Galion, Ohio
Naval Flight Officer
Hailing from a locale which few ~~could~~ even find on a map, Mike is a fine NFO candidate. This government official's son spent his first and easiest year in 6th Batt, but then found bigger and better challenges moving to Fun One. After experimenting, Mike finally settled down with two of the most difficult people to live with in the company, yet these two vagabonds helped Mike to see that Navy was the place for him and immediately he began to shine. In the musical arena Mike travelled 15 states, 3 countries, and 1 territory, with the Men's Glee Club; starred in numerous productions; was elected Glee Club president; and peaked musically when his voice was heard world wide singing the Army/ Navy Natl' Anthem (did you trim those nose hairs?). Uncharacteristic of a single E major, Mike saw days of heightened stress; nonetheless, he was always eager to lend his FDBs to a friend. He also achieved a 21st birthday of justice. To his good fortune mike settled with Kristi during his final two years. You've been a great roomate, Mike, and we know you'll do 'real good' at whatever you do! WGF, DMR





Kurt Friedrich Studt
Monona, Wisconsin
Nuclear Power-Submarines
Kurt (aka STUD T) came to USNA from that hub of greater civilization known as Badger Country with a fondness for Wisconsin Hockey and Showtunes (to the eternal annoyance of his roommates). He also had the propensity to listen to "90125" until his ears bled. Stud T is known for such witty and clever phrases as "Yeah, right, whatever," "I was duped," and the ever popular "Slimeball." A physics major, Kurt endured being a plebe in Stalag 17 and having JAFA as a roommate. Youngster year landed Kurt in Fun One where his weekend plans did not endear him to the resident Nuke SWO sheriff. As a result, he did time with the rest of the Academy's hardened criminals in Smoke Hall. The rest of his time in 1st Co. was spent in Capers or studying (which ususally didn't begin until after midnight). This certifiable night owl decided to sell his soul and seek a Nuke sub billet which he did receive. Those who know him (and will still admit it) wish him luck and good fortune. Remember Kurt, you're buying. GLH & JMG

Julius Monroe Taylor III
Beaufort, North Carolina
Surface Warfare
Juke booked the first flight out of summer school chemistry with the Wolfpack to enjoy fun in the sun as a maggot in Good Times Ten. After a loveboat cruise to the totem pole parks of Alaska, Juke ended his youngster summer scooping nuggets from the bilges of a YP with a bucket. After a change of companies, he and the other gut from Beaufort coexisted for a few glorious years experiencing the stress relieving characteristics of bust, and the fall from decency, thanks Gomz. Not even a blizzard could stop Juke from getting away for a long weekend to visit the mountain boys. Academically, he skated past the Killer and the Rocket with a little help from his friends, especially Mr. Coffee. Juke will sure remember flying, Barracuda wrestling, and houseboat escapades. By the way, Juke, why are you so bitter? DWW, JMG, WSD, MRD.

David Wesley Way
Beaufort, North Carolina
Nuclear Power-Submarines
Dave emerged from the booming metropolis of Beaufort N. C. after a stint in Texas. After an exam skipping plebe year in 25, he and the other guy from Beaufort roomed together for a few glorious years. In this time, Dave greased many landings, surfed the wind and waves of the Severn, and mastered the art of renting a car for those "GO AWAY!..." weekends. His strong desire to fly (submarines) led him to the wind tunnels in the basement of the SSN 709. By the age of 18, he had fulfilled the dreams of many men by sailing the ocean blue (not chunx) to the Bahamas. He endured five days of salt spray and nastiness without a shower, unlike one weekend at UNC. First class year taught Dave many lessons, as he quickly adjusted to city life making many new friends in Philly (BEAT ARMY?) Dave, we always knew you were right. Hang ten and take it easy. JMT JMG. Hey Dave... "I DID WHAT?!?..."

Gregory Boyd Williams
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Supply Corps

Grog came to us on a soccer scholarship from Woodbridge, VA via NAPS. Our friend's escapades in high school and NAPS gave a new meaning to word, "carnivorous". The Naval Academy's greatest cartoon character tempered his flames after meeting the girl of his dreams, however. Grog's heavy involvement in ECA's almost led to a separation from the other four, but his innocence prevailed. After the shock of a belittling plebe year, Grog finally came out of his shell(and his body cast) to aid Mules in introducing N-star to the wonderful world without underwear. Grogs future is with the Corps—Supply, that is. The only thing in between Grog and $70,000 a year is the next five. Grog is off to NAPS first to coach soccer and then to Athens, GA. But first he has an appointment at the Naval Academy Chapel. Tanya won't have to work to hard to keep him amused; he can do that all by himself. Black Hole-Infinity-One More. JJRD—thanks, GBW.

Alan Bryant Clevenger
Kingsport, Tennessee
Supply Corps

Bryant entered the Academy with most of his habits from Kingsport, Tn. intact, so it makes sense that he would finally end up with a hick roomate that would at least listen to his country music. And who could ever forget the thousands of flannel shirts and the famous cowboy boots. Bryant also brought with him an athletic ability that led him to become one of the best discus throwers in the history of the Naval Academy. With him came so many "sure-fire" ways to win at the track and in the casinos that he spent most of his time counting up all the money he would win instead of studying. Even though we spent most of 2/c year making sure our plebes knew the teams in all of the major NCAA conferences, Bryant impressed enough people to become Company Cdr and led us admirably for one semester. And the whole time with a doctor chasing him and a chair in the air that he'll never forget. Most of all he wrote the book on having cheap fun, with Keystone Light from Rips, the Moose Lodge, and the California Inn coming to mind. We'll never forget Mongo, Grape-Ape, camping trips, and all the close calls. Bryant has been a great friend and someone we will all miss. As he has already shown us, he will succeed at whatever he does. —Zepp

Rodney Scott Coleman
Evansville, Indiana
Naval Flight Officer

Rose, looks like we've finally made it! It's hard to believe that 4 years have gone by! Shall we reminisce? Rodney Scott Coleman, All-American boy from Evansville, IN, home of his favorite dessert drink, Sustacal. Rod was so homesick plebe summer that he took a weekend to go back and play soccer. I guess it's only right that you left a slack company like 24 to come where the wild things are in good 'ol Yo 2! Second class year you were most feared by many plebers, and most of them still think you were insane. 1/c year saw a bionic right leg and the rebuilding of the Tank McNamara jaw. Oddly enough, you kept your sense of humor. Halloween 2/c year was a blast! Here's wishing you good luck in the back seat! P.S. You can be my wingman anytime! -Shag

Dan Basil Drake
Alamo, California
Navy Pilot

Drake,Dan Basil came to USNA from DANville, Cali, via the attitude express. While plebe summer activities such as standing in the corner of the room (which left him standing in T-court) bolstered his enthusiasm for the military life, he never abandoned his guiding principle of freedom of expression. Indeed, ac-year plebedom saw Dan the man come into his own as a low-budget, marathon shaving, hammock sleeping, jarhead dreaming, "A" performing court jester. Previously unwise to the ways of women, Drakester was soon half-stepping into the heart of every girl. Don't worry Dan, it's all part of the cycle. 2/c year was the dawn of the legendary postmaster general. With a disc in hand, Dan became armed and obnoxious. While the rest of us wore our class rings and tapped the local watering holes, Dan sipped milk while searching for assembly instructions to his ring. As a short-timer 1/c, Drake was still a teetotaler and everyone, stop looking for the fountain of youth—Dan has found it! Dan, during our 4 years by the bay you've been irreverent, underage, and the devil's payrolled advocate. More importantly you've been a truly great friend. Whether you fly or float, you're sure to make Naval history. —Zak and Rod

Curt Douglas Ellingboe
West St. Paul, Minnesota
Surface Warfare

All the way from Minnesota, straight to us, came a bouncing baby Curt. He entered the Academy with visions of grandeur but soon realized that he would have to deal with plebe summer and the like. Plebe year brought some slugness and with it a traumatic lockout. On to youngster year and a new company where Curt met a couple of roommates who had trouble with Curt's sleeping habits. That was immaterial when his new and longlasting roommate showed up with a different perspective of things. Next, Curt was promoted to Midn 2/C which brought fresh challenges in the form of his roommates's friend becoming Curt's EE prof. After being fixed up for the ring dance, Curt decided there were too many weird females in the world and that he would wait it out. Finally, first class year arrived, and Curt continued to plug along towards obtaining his goals, most of which remain a mystery. Physics with "black magic" type stuff continued to permeate Curt's world, again for no apparent reason. If he had studied here on earth, he might have gotten nuc. Oh well, swo for Curt fits hand-in-glove, and so it's off to munch some (a large number) doughnuts. Good luck in the Navy, Curt, but they'll probably need it more than you. DJR

Damon Scott Fetters
Spotsylvania, Virginia
Naval Flight Officer

Undoubtedly, Damon S. was the most feared 2/c since James Webb. Plebers didn't breathe around him, and for that matter, neither did we. All joking aside, his sense of duty was consistently well kept and his high standards were an inspiration (and frustration) to us all. He made for a tough one-two punch with Yuri as company XO. I'm sure loose deuce will never be as tight again. Rugby and fieldball kept him lean and mean for all the women to gawk at, but he only had eyes for a single, seraphic, young woman from Utah. Honestly, a better match may have never been made before. Here's wishing you two all of the best in the future! Good luck in P-cola. P.S. Stay gold, ponyboy. -Shag

Elizabeth Anne Fitzpatrick
North Brunswich, New Jersey
Civil Engineering Corps

Liz blessed the Naval Academy with her Jersey style, often finding herself defending her beloved home state. But she wasn't alone, as people soon found there were two of her. From upperclass (I've never seen you before in my life, sir!) to classmates (she's the brown...no, the blond one!), Liz was unique. She could cheer anyone with her funloving spirit. Between M&M parties plebe summer counting weeks done to firstie year parties counting weeks to go, Liz amused herself with yogurt runs and poison controls. While running cross country, indoor, and outdoor track, she earned eleven varsity letters, blazed her name in the record books, and became track captain. Liz's enthusiasm also paid off in academics; she made Sup's list five times, and won the Dutton's Award for Nav. But her escapades away from the academy led her to be termed "flighty." In one summer, she flew to Hawaii, Virginia, New Orleans, Pensacola, San Diego, and Ohio! She also liked the sun, (sailing, the Med, Hawaii), the cool (skiing, Vermont, the Poconos), and John. Getting these places was sometimes a problem for Liz, though; the 79 Buick rewarded her with a $115 speeding ticket, 8 parking tickets, 2 towing fines, and a misjudged pole. The Mazda helped things a bit, but Liz, EVERY car needs its oil checked! Liz, thanks for being a special person-you know what I mean-KAT

Joseph Rex Gadwill
Eau Claire, Wisconsin
Naval Flight Officer

From the illustrious Farragut '87/Braddock '86 alumni came Joseph Rex Gadwill. Plebe year was kind to him and gave him an 8th wing experience in 36. Fate landed him in Form 2 3/c year, and none of us will ever be the same. We feared the ominous, flattopped, Aryan gunge pup who had a short-lived love affair with Newton as well as the Marine Corps. But the Bulldog influence was evident as JRG took on the job of XO. The phrase "damn XO" took on an entirely new meaning, and Deadly Deuce was born again strong under his iron fist. All nighters were not uncommon to Yuri, and he has the CPU scars to prove it. Study breaks were literally "breaks" as Tornado Joe tore thru 1-3 and drove us to bolt down everything in the rooms. Jopa, another colorful nickname, was similar to "Beetlejuice," except you only had to say "Jopa" once to get a full dose of the Ugly Bubba. His sea stories kept us up late (Ishmael would be jealous). Hopefully the fleet will receive Joe with the same attitude that has kept us friends for such a long time. I hope all of your wishes someday come true. I guess I had better watch my six. Your comrade, Shag.

Bridget Ann Gies
San Anselmo, California
Navy Pilot

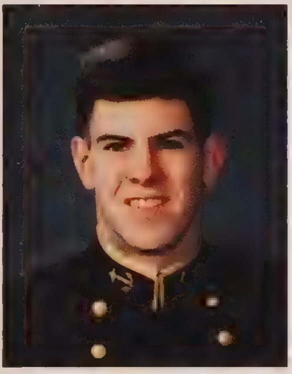
Bridget (aka B, Bridge, Baggies, Goose, Gus, or London) fits the California stereotype: blond hair, party girl - definite aviator material. She even came to us from a real school: USC. Did you work hard, or hardly work, Bartles? She was Tony's personal project plebe year in the 18th Co and could always be found rowing one half of the engine room: by the end of youngster year, the dynamic duo had been found - The bow never learned to appreciate her humor or reverberations, and I don't think Franny O's will ever be the same... Laughter helped her through 2/c year, along with weekends at Liz and Rod's or beers at the Darcy's, and 1/c year she was Batt Admin and coach of the novii. She even went the extra mile to become a centurion. From Aunt Mary's to the Katesters you never failed to find the good times - don't forget leading the trio across the canal or the Brickskeller (but next time remember your white shoes), Army Week snow angels, stoli, ergs, porcelain bus, Boston, and the Lethargitron. Thanks for being my best friend and I wish you the greatest of success - Navy Air all the way. DLL

Gerard Joseph Hernandez
Madera, California
Surface Warfare

He is the Brown Man, the guy with the never-ending tan. The G-Man, the perfectionist that he is, has always managed to keep things interesting for his peers here at boat school. On the few occasions that he was able to take his weekends off, Jihad was our constant source of cynicism and Greaseman impressions. When not expanding his mind with Stephen King or some other great philosopher, G kept busy by finding ways not to study. Youngster cruise was a wonderful time for G. He learned every avenue of both Military Circle and a girl named Beth. Second class year and a hernia operation later, he was still going strong. His new hangout became HJ's. Although he was older than virtually everyone here, G always seemed to be the one who got carded. (remember the cop who asked you if you were older than 18?) G-man, whose dream it was to fly for Navy, will be gracing the Surface community soon, with much enthusiasm (not!). G, who brought his own little slice of California with him, will always be remembered for his great wit and undeniable taste in music. Good luck SWO man; stay away from those HJ chicks. SSC

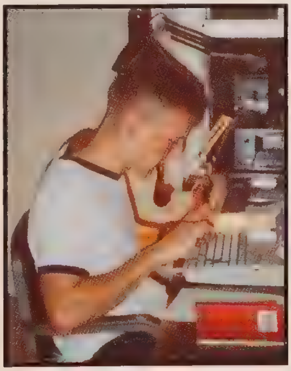
Brian Francis Hussey III
Long Valley, New Jersey
Marine Corps NFO

No one really knows from ~~where~~ Brian entered USNA, but sources have narrowed it down to RI, CA, or NJ. After spending plebe year in Fighting 14, "Hussa" settled down in Big 2 for the last 3 years of his reign. 3/c year brought Brian a most difficult leadership challenge; class company commander. Even with all of his work, Huss still spent quality time with his roommates- every 5th period to be exact. Brian came in like a lamb, but he left like a lion. He began this transformation during 2/c class year, where he could be found either shining his boots, getting his hair cut, or practicing grunting from the diaphragm. 2/c year also included innovative training techniques, sports trivia, powerball tourneys, and of course, the Ring Dance with his "one and only". After taming Bulldog 1/c summer, Brian was ready for a real challenge. This journey included 4 stripes, a Trident project, and only 5 hours of class. This time Bri's versatility was displayed for all to see. Something else which sets Huss apart is his loyalty. What other reason can there be for following both the Patriots and the Red Sox? Brian is a true friend in every way, and I will never forget him. The Corps is getting one of the best in Brian, I'm glad to see he is being rewarded for his hard work. Good Luck in everything; you have definitely left your mark. —RJR



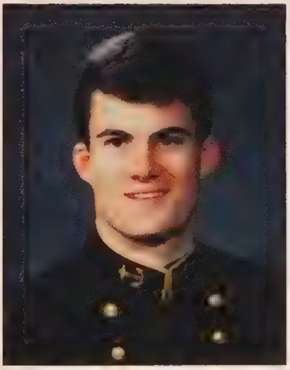
Robert Steven Johnson
Ruston, Louisiana
Surface Warfare

Rob, once just a simple little country jock, came from a small town in Louisiana. Somewhere in between taking 3 showers a day and visiting his favorite townie (you never fooled anybody with that running gear scheme), he turned into a cultured, well-mannered hoser. He arrived at Big 2 his youngster year after enduring Captain America. His most memorable trait was his "colorful" language incurred from his Southern heritage. When he tries to yell (like every real airborne should be able to do...not the 3 jump chumps on the 8-month extended plan) he sounds something like Barney Fife. Semper Leggus! His last semester proved a bit crowded due to his voluntary(?!?) move to 1-3 but his jovial attitude pulled him through. Dr. Darling decided that Robby really didn't want to be an NFO, but instead had a greater desire (ha! ha!) to be "haze-gray and under way." Scheiss Robby...just think, in one week you receive your diploma, commission, marriage certificate and custody papers!Fond memories: the stroller in the trunk, the candle burnings, the blow-torch massacre, "deep freeze", "huh? huh? oh!", "buh-hea?!", the name game, and of course your Elvis impersonation. GCN,KIM,TWW



Todd Allen Jones
Michigan City, Indiana
Surface Warfare

Todd turned down several major league baseball contracts to travel from the American heartland (Indiana, God's country) for a four year stint at Canoe U. Plebe year saw him safely tucked away in eighth wing before the inevitable tide of scrambling swept him closer to Main-O. An unfortunate bout with Shakespeare kept him in for a good part of youngster year, but he emerged unscathed to lead the cause in splashdowns and hoops, and was soon back to his old self, titrating away in Michelson, relentlessly pursuing academics, and getting to bed before taps. Senior member of the lonely hearts club, his Ring Dance date's sister convinced him to continue his two-years-and-counting search, but to never call back. Rough seas and Mexican food convinced Taj that surface was for him, so he's off to make the world safe for chem majors and bandwagoners, as long as there are no deer between here and SWOS. Todd inspired us all with his definitive music collection and bold fashion statements. He was, and is, a true friend and I knew I could always count on him. Good luck in the fleet, Jonesy. - the schwartz



Robert Trevor King
Spring Grove, Illinois
Surface Warfare

"Trevor washed ashore here on the Severn from a small suburb of Chicago, with a short layover in the Bridgton Academy. Dead-set on sitting in the cheap seat (NFO), he was lured into the glamour of the Y.P. Squadron. He has never been the same since. Then he met HER. Then we never saw "the King" on weekends except for taps. In our 4th year here by the bay, Trevor peaked as he earned his small-craft pin and took the conn of the Navy's great grey fleet. Trevor will be puttin' in his time somewhere between the flying bridge and the O-2 level aft. Never at a loss for words, his sea stories and his economic insights were enough to dazzle the most casual observer. The wardroom will never be the same, and future classes should only hope to have a wardroom prez with such a capable fiancee for tailgators. Heavyweight football was the sport of choice, and many a bruise was felt around the Batt with Trevor's name on it. We all hope that the fleet is ready for Trev, because we know that he is ready for the fleet. Here's wishing you and Robbyn fair winds and following seas. —Shag and Trav

Terrence David Ladau
Levittown, New York
Naval Flight Officer

Schwartzie, our time has finally come, and at this time I think it's only fitting to say a few words on your behalf. But since there aren't any, I'll go with these. As the one and only surviving aero major in BIG 2, you served as both an inspiration and frustration to us all. Your shortness was not limited to your size alone—let's not forget our temper with TAJ and our waking hours. Ah, what memories—the only man to take a knee during study hour. Remember how you got da woop by default? Dabbling in disc and coaching a victorious fieldball team were not your only preoccupations 1/c year. Alas, the song, "Blue Spanish Sky" is ringing in our ears. As far as our predictions for your paltry yet unsung future, the command of a SpaceBalls shuttle mission to the deserts of Mars to retrieve a lost nickel came to us in a dream. Here's wishing you fair solar winds and following universes. May all your daydreams come true. P.S. Beware of panther HOFNARS! -Shag, TAJ, Squeals.

Kim Travis McNealy
Dallas, Texas
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Kimbo came to the Boat School straight from Cowboy Country. He even brought his boots and that duster with him. After TAD in Semper Five, he was given orders to Loose Deuce. The epitome of professionalism, Squeals used more masking tape on his uniform than we used towels trying to wipe him down. But all his efforts paid off as he continued the next semester as class company commander. Not only did he keep the tape industry in business but I do believe that Haagen-Das owes him a thank you as well. Second class year found him in the Wild Blue Yonder, but he soon returned with those wings that Wubenstein didn't like. Kwantiko left the "Full Metal Pocket" with no hair as he "rolled" down HWY 50 and right into first class year. As head of the aerobics club, KT was destined to replace Heinz Lenz by the year 2000. Kim, you were a great roommate and you did a lot for me. I wish you luck in all your endeavors. I'm sure that you will command that sub with a tight fist; just don't try to change the oil. Remember, life is better down where it's wetter, under the sea. TW

Charles Christopher Mulieri
Severna Park, Maryland
Surface Warfare

Mulls, the brain vain, pinky wort, 10 miles from home-home boy. After working all his life to accomplish his goal, Chris finally made it to USNA. Although he received a personal invitation from the Supe to attend after his H.S. education he turned it down for a chance to attend a school of higher naval thought and military expertise-NAPS. After a year of study and debate with the other great naval tacticians such as DE, MD, RM, ED and TS he entered the boat school. Hailing from Severna Park, his parents took on the role of sponsoring these and many other mids during our four years. Those who entered the house were touched with many memories of quarters, uniform trashing, wiffleball, SO-CO, MD 20/20 and a live in comic. In addition to computer hoops Chris excelled at lacrosse where he was a four year letterman. The SWO field will be blessed with such a naval mind. Possibly his greatest feat was attaining a higher GPA here then in H.S. The good times we all have shared are many: College Park reveille in the road, touring Philly for 5 hours, Naps, 'Cuse lacrosse trip '89. It sure has been a hilarious 5 years and this roommate will miss the times we had. Good luck to a great person. TJS

Gilbert Charles Niedenthal
San Antonio, Texas
Surface Warfare

Gil found his way to Loose-Deuce after three years of soap-on-a-roap. Prior bubblehead service made him the oldest guy in the company, 25 (that's also the number of women he has strung along). He was first in the company to "earn" a Black N (it's OK, now; he doesn't run from cops anymore!). As an Easy-ographer, Gil spent many long hours studying... the back of his eyelids, that is. Huh?Huh?Oh. He had an intimate relationship with his rack that superceded all else. "Five more minutes, man; all I need is just five more minutes." When not socializing with the Sandman, Gil was giving burnt offerings to THE GOAT, keeping R.J.Reynolds rich, or thinking of reasons he deserved a "reward." He ruined my pilot eyes by maintaining an eternal Dog Zebra, so I retaliated by keeping him in "deep freeze." Like I always said, "Better you than me." I learned a lot living with Gil: the word "hoser," how to sing a duet (for instance, Chingos mongos wash your mochos in the bathtub with a wash rag), why not to call him a boy, and how to count Sesame Street style. Well, Glib, it's been real. Boy howdy, five and dive! Take care, bud. P.S. (Do you still have that dead-gum map?!) RSJ

Joseph Thomas Phillips
Oakridge, Tennessee
Navy Pilot

Joe came to the Naval Prison ~~from Oak~~ Ridge, TN, bringing with him his wit and distorted sense of humor. Perhaps the radiation at Oak Ridge got to Joe before the Navy did. Who else could be known for so many things? Joe may be the only person to quit a bad habit for what is probably a worse habit, as he transformed himself from "smokin' Joe" to "dippin' Joe". At least this habit was less annoying to those who lived around him. We could never forget Big Zeppe, Lou Holtz (the anti-Christ) ears, and waiting through a few bottles of white zinfandel to see who Zeppe might insult. Joe must be the unluckiest person in the world when it comes to gambling. Laurel, Pimlico, and Atlantic City used to drool (and local gamblers groan) when they heard Joe was coming to town. After a brief stint as an actor in Fatal Attraction everyone was glad to see Joe finally re-open his eyes again and unite himslef with what may be "the only person who understands him besides his mother. "If Joe is anything he is a survivor (definitely not a studier). Joe will make it in anything as long as there isn't a revielle bell. We all owe Joe thanks for the crazy memories we will never forget. Good luck to Joe and Liza as they take on the world, however they decide to do it.

Richard John Ramassini
Maumee, Ohio
Supply Corps

Rich came to the Naval Academy as the pride of "Da Perkiomen School". He was a native Pittsburgh-ian who moved to Maumee, OH then Tomahawk, WI—two of the more exciting metropolis' in the Midwest—in the course of his four years here. You could have sworn he was born in Roma, Italia though. Did you ever learn Italian after all those books and lessons youngster year? Fetticini, Ramassini, fetticini! Amore! "Ramahh" was a hard worker who reached champion narc status before age 21. By the time he graduated, he was perhaps the most culturally enriched midshipman ever. Ahh, Bach. Sorry about the leg—it was great watching you play. You never lost your sense of humor. There are many fond memories. There's nothing better than the Indy 500, is there??? A man can't complain. Knock knock. Who's there? Land-shark. Semper Fi-what a Marine!! Goood morning! Mass with Father Mac. Cheers at 9. Women—you can't live with 'em...pass the beer nuts. Bedtime 10:30. Youngster rack 5th period—leave us alone, we all have a problem with revielle. The infamous Spring Break in Florida—J. Emit's. Rich, you taught me more in three years than the Academy did in four. I will never watch a Steelers game, listen to a little Beethoven, or wear a Union-suit without thinking of you. You are the best friend I ever had. Good luck &God Bless. —BFH

Richard L. Reeves
Battle Creek, Michigan
Naval Flight Officer

They told him he could be President of the United States, and he believed them. His campaign trail led him to Crabtown for 4 years by the Bay. He spent his first year at the Academy in Fighting 15 with Big Mitch & Cholo learning how to deal with Life In The Navy. Being the ambitious one, the Rickster soon learned his way around the system, and also the local bars. But then again, you can never beat the System, and he found himself spending time in Bancroft Slammer. He fumbled his way onto the 150's team and was lucky enough to find a blue sweater his last year. Although he was on the mailing list of just about every girl between here and Battle Creek, he could still be found in the caverns of HJ searching for the quintessential schlice. When he wasn't playing with his boats he was pretending to be on a ship, his favorite evolution being "darken ship". He was very popular 2/c year (not just because he had the Brown Hornet either).He found the perfect roommate in G-man, who kept his life in balance between the books and the biddies. We wish you well in your travels thru the air. How's the view back there? SPOT, TW

Drew James Reiner
Willow Grove, Pennsylvania
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Coming from the big Navy town of Willow Grove, PA, Drew found a home at beautiful USNA, but not before having to prove his desire to be here by attending The Peddie School. Plebe year matched him up with P.T. This monster made little Drew look exceptionally meager in size. But the giant was not match for Drew's tendency to become obnoxious. Being one of Al's boys, Drew skated through plebe year, laughing all the way to Herndon. Youngster cruise made Drew realize that locking himself in a cylindrical tube was the life for him. Youngster year, Drew's baby brother came to the Academy following in his footsteps. Drew made every effort to take the pressure off his brother mostly through stereo time. Right from the beginning Drew distinguished himself academically. Almost any night you could find him in his room working his little butt off doing his engineering problems. Second class year, thanks to Al, Drew finally threw in the track towel. He then took on the hunt for the woman of his life. He thought he had her and invited her to the Ring Dance but that sweet little thing turned sour so Drew's quest continues. During the summer he reaffirmed his committment by cruising with the Silent Service. As a firstie, Mr. Reiner met petite D. Having fun while it lasted, Drew had a run in with the girl's parents. Best of luck. Aooooooooooga! Dive, Dive. CURT, CAP

Sherif Samy
Alexandria, Egypt
Foreign National

In July 1987, I met Sherif after he had the express hair cut. I thought in my mind that he had to be from another planet. Well, I was right—his real name turned out to be BATTEEKHA! He managed to learn the earth language in few days, but he never did understand what the phrase, "Don't blow off your upperclass," meant. Consequently, his weekends during plebe year consisted of some good workouts with his rifle. As an upperclass, he continued to learn numerous earth customs—except how to drive AVIS cars and where to throw his roommate's stuff. Battheekha was a very peaceful alien, who loved switching rooms (and companies) every semester, earth showers, buying Narc tables, doing homework (on time!), and grandfather's music (to death!). I must admit that he earned my trust in every way (except with my car) and I will never forget him, not only as a friend, but as a brother. Sherif, I wish you a very good future with the Egyptians, and most of all—GO SUBS. . .FIGHT! —W.A.Y.

James Richard Sinley Jr.
Ft. Collins, Colorado
Surface Warfare

Jim came to "Canoe U" from the "real Navy" via NAPS. A veteran Bronco and Buffalo fan, you'll now find Jim in one of two places: in front of his souped-up Zenith-248 or on the lax field. Most of his non-studying time was spent running after the lax-team. Thanks for all the time and effort behind the lines and with the equipment: you're the man with all the gear and none of the glory. Hey, somebody's got to do it; we're glad it was you. Sinbad, the computer whiz-kid, master-mind, genius programmer, was the first guy in the class of 1991 to land on a carrier. Due to a crash and burn, however, he decided aviation was not his cup of tea, and instead concluded he was a born SWO-daddy. Jim's destiny, however, is to become a computer legend. With his outstanding contributions to 2nd Co. and to the Academy, he's already well on his way. Deciding after plebe year that Capt. America was his hero (NOT), Jim moved back to 4th Co. area. There he remained for the rest of his USNA career. His last semester was definitely his best, for it was only then that Sinbad found any roommates who were of his high caliber (ha!ha!). Good luck and remember us when you're rich and famous. CCM,TJS,GCN,RSJ

Timothy Joseph Spollen
Northport, New York
Surface Warfare

Basically, this man can hoop with the best of them. After turning down a basketball scholarship at Georgetown, Spoll decided to accept a lacrosse scholarship to Navy via the prep school in Newport. A lacrosse goalie by trade, Tim hails from Northport, Long Island. Spoll managed to stay out of trouble at NAPS, but wasn't as fortunate plebe year. I knew he was in trouble when I saw his high school buddies drive into 6th wing parking lot with a half keg, as if they were at a Yankee game. Who will forget the many trips to College Park with Errol, Dave, Mike, Bobby, Denny, and Duth, and the nights in Baltimore, Clarkes, Gunthers, and my house? Times have been tough for Spoll academically. He started off a mathematician, but when he found that it wouldn't be a challenge he became a scientist, a field in which he has since excelled. Spoll will be attending SWOS after his wedding to Mandy. Tim, the three years we spent as roommates have been the best. I couldn't have asked for a better roomie. We've had great times and tough times, remember to always look ahead and never back. You will be a success in Surface Warfare and later in life, thanks for everything you've done for me. CCM

Sheila Mary Stallings
Cincinnati, Ohio
General Unrestricted Line

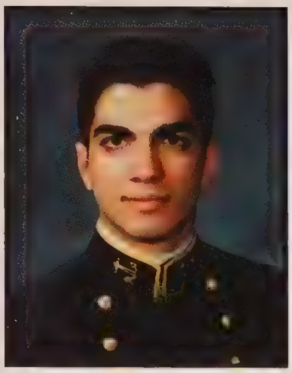
Sheila—Well, it seems as though our four years by the bay have finally come to pass, and I am glad to say that you will be in many of my memories of USNA. Remember I-Day? Even then you seemed to appear in many of my pictures. Maybe it was meant for us to become good friends. Remember the crew we had at basketball games? Erik said it really helped. And let's not forget our lectures, calls, and any other type assemblies we deemed boring. You were supposed to keep me awake, and MANY times it was the other way around. I will miss your conversations, especially those with Erik. And of course, I will miss you. Maybe in the near future, we will meet again. God bless and take care. You will always be in my and Shelly's thoughts and prayer. —DJS

John James Vourliotis
Broadview Heights, Ohio
Navy Pilot

Johnny V. came to Shipwreck ~~Tech~~ via Cleveland. After a short tour in Sweet 16, he was found just puttin' in time with the gang of 'Yo 2.' John had the audacity for bright colored clothes and never turned down an invitation to a local pub. On week-ends, he was usually found somewhere between Cleveland and Atlantic City or rocking with whatever heavy metal band was in town. Football season found him down in the pound and Hammerjack's was the hangout of choice for the Lonely Hearts Club. All kidding aside, Johnny V. seemed to attack every job he took with a "Fever", a nickname whose origin will remain up in the air. We're sure that it will, for it is a perfect call sign for P-Cola. Who could forget?- Boyajy, Fletch, "I can't hear you!", Iced teas at Fuh Mei's, Airborne, and of course, the 1,000 Fathoms. Oupa!-TW, Shag

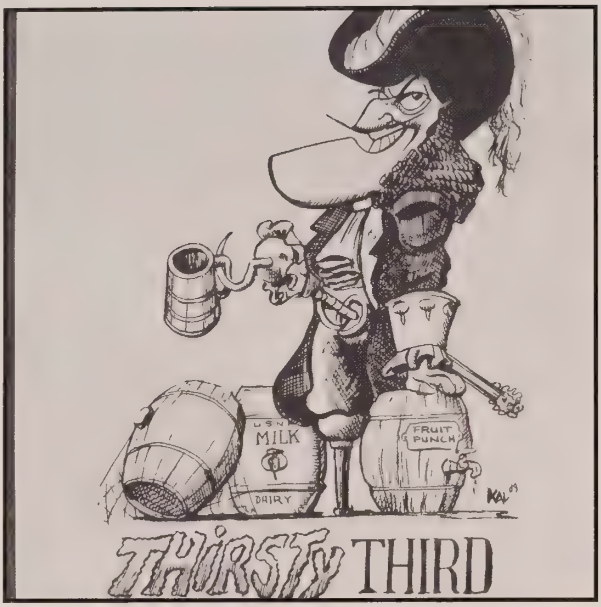
Travis Wingate White
Pine Bluff, Arkansas
Naval Flight Officer

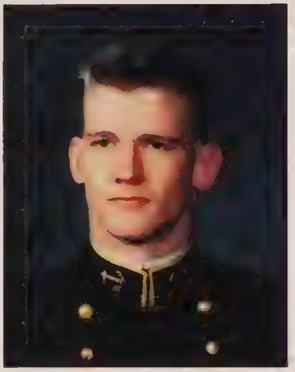
Hailing from a suburb of Texas, that is Ar-Kansas, Pine Bluff's BEST left the worst rated city in the USA bound for Bancroft. First Batt was where it was at. After a short stint in Thirsty Third, you were upward bound to Loose Deuce. Academics took its toll on your golfing game and pre-dawn SEAL workouts, but the Mech E never quit. You rode the Rocket and tamed Wild Bill despite Capt Fundy's words of wisdom plebe year. Women, whether they're a blond, brunette, or redhead, adore you, your dimple, and your silver tongue. When there's red on the head.... But there is only one "biddie" in your life, your sweet and southern belle, Sandi White—Sandi White what? Wingate, you are a living legend. Just ask the VP, the Supt, and Archie. With the help of your friends the Justice Brothers, you muscled your way onto the green. Known for a good swing, hi-flyin balls, and a strong shaft, you were destined for the PGA tour, but the Navy prefers a sea tour first. Whether your sails head to the skies, the seas, or the radio waves with Grease, we wish you well. SHASTA TW, you're the greatest. Squeals. RSJ. RLR.



Waleed Abdulla Yousif
Abu Dhabi, United Arab Emerites
Foreign National

Waleed, the Arabian Ninja, saw coming to USNA as the chance of a lifetime. So he packed up his turban, shaved his mustache, and moved to Mary, land that is, leaving behind the sun, fun, and virtuous women of the desert kingdom. As a plebe he won a letter in boxing. Youngster year brought a new company, life with T-Dog, and a little red baby Ferrari; or was that a go-cart? He found his calling as a Narchitect and never looked back. That is until he hooked up with De La and opened up All Calls "R" Us. Waleed always found a way to motivate people, "give to CFC damneet", "take Arabic lessons they're free damneet." Between spreadgeeking, wife shopping, and changing into and out of civvies in Hardees' head he found time to eat at Fettoosh and not eat during Ramadan. What do you mean you don't like Public Enemy? What's up with the Roy Orbison bandwagon? Speaking of bandwagons, we're glad to see you got the car situation correct with the Grand-Am (I'm glad to see that you still know where you stand with me.) Where'd you learn to play basketball? Can I borrow your car? Too bad British Airways removed your luggage and ruined our terrorist attack. That's real cool of you to never wear Ensign boards and make us live with a LT(jg), sir. Now that Narchitecture will consume your life keep the Faith and remember Mecca is that way. Peace. TAJ RPG





Brent Kenneth Andberg
Lilburn, Georgia
Marine Corps

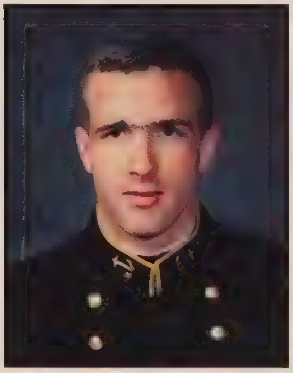
BKA..alias SPIKE is a Florida boy with a touch of Georgia mixed in but now the USMC has him (as if his haircut ever hid his intended service selection). You could tell he was destined to be a future Marine when he took HEATHER repelling and yelled at her for getting hurt. Plebe year began in 8th company & never ended for this motivated gunge pup. Seriously, did you ever notice that you're not a plebe anymore? Mother B. saw BK constantly windexing anything that shined, dusting, waxing, & falling asleep. He looked sharp but summer school called his name and AC boards loomed over his head. Marines are resourceful, maybe not intelligent so a little smacking went a long way for Brent. Power first went to his head when he got XO on the YP cruise. Plebe detail..bilge buckets, the pit & 0515 attitude readjustment periods..could you be one of the NAZI twins? Youngster inspections as SUB COMMANDER of 3rd. The NJ turnpike and your VETTE sure won't forget your morning nap..have you gotten your car back? Who said you could eat all the cookies? At least you got your GOLD WINGS..how long did it take? Remember the O-Club, Franny O's, parking lots, hot tubs, the Simpsons, U of DE & shopping cart, barf in a cup, & snot on the wall. It's not the size of the wave but the motion of the ocean..congrats and SEMPER FI do or die. JRC, SK

Hillary Ashworth Brooks
Savannah, Georgia
Navy Pilot

After a year in the REAL Navy, Hil came to USNA to fulfill her dreams of becoming an actress/singer/juggler/scholar. Savannah's loss was Navy's gain, as she is the bright and charming talk-aholic everyone came to when in need of a heart to heart chat, a hug, or a backrub. In her Southern, cuddly, witty, wily ways, she's won the loyalty and admiration of all who know her. Since youngster year, our room has never had a dull moment: Goose has been there with quotable quips (including Willie Wonka and the Wicked Witch of the West), outrageous spontaneity (the shower show sing-alongs), and also a few UNprintable antics. Yes, she's got a special place in my heart and always will. And now USNA's loss is the Fleet's great gain (AGAIN!) as Hil will no doubt reach unheard-of heights in Naval Aviation!! Get 'em, Goose!!! Your Sister forever, TMM

Timothy Allen Brooks
Ft. Myers, Florida
Marine Corps Pilot

Redman (also known as oldman) came to the USNA after a tour at University of Flordia and one in the Army. Not many 4/c can say that they qualified for social security as a plebe. Speaking of money, it's a good thing that the Marines will judge him on his leadership vice his finances. By the way, do you still owe me money? As a mid, Brooks did nothing short of excelling at everything. I guess TAB wanted to be extremely well rounded because he had 3 major changes as well as a variety of sport changes. He couldn't even decide on a service academy so he went to "Hell on the Hudson" for a semester. Brooks wasn't sure about USMC air until he saw the light (no other service wanted him). Timmy always knew that he was destined for big stripes, but he never thought that he would be filling a watch bill. Tim also had that ever popular, "I can't date just one chick," mid-syndrome. The question is, "who dumped who?" As successful as he may be, (2yr. Oxford scholarship, 4.0, shiney shoes, etc.) he'll always be a leg. Good luck in Britian, don't go too broke, keep your left up, infantry rules, Semper Fi, ... Spike



James Richard Carlson II
Manteca, California
Navy Pilot

J.R. hails from the pages of an L.L. Bean catalog, or was it Britches? It's a good thing that Jimbo's name is on his uniforms or he would have been attacked, long ago, by a group of Tom Cruise groupies. This aspiring swo switched to pilot when he found out swo's really aren't cool. If it weren't for certain incriminating photos & a dozen or so huge bar tabs, one would think he was the model midshipmen. Some of us know better. Jimmy was also quite the scholar. In between weekend meccas to all-girl schools, Carlstein found time to go to E.I for Rocket's class & EE! JRC was never the guy to keep sponsor's around for long. The Benson's moved away from him & the fat ones kicked him out. It's a good thing the Col. & Mrs. C. moved to VA... where else could he have his famous 21st B-Day Party. Once he got off the sidelines, he became quite the pro, and I don't mean driving. By the way, Jim, where were you when we were cleaning up?! Let it never be said that JRC (the only mid I know with personalized calling cards) was a one woman kind of guy. Don't forget the flying lamp/projectile, the printer of justice, & our video library. See you in Dec... Spike, SJK

Frank Kong Chong III
Ceres, California
Nuclear Power-Surface

Chongmaster came to Severn University from a small grocery store in Series (world), CA. Raised in a rich heritage of Chinese sulture, Frankus learned the importance of coupons, family tradition, and thank you notes. During his distinguishing Career at USNA, he encountered the theory of diminishing returns with respect to unmanned pop-tarts and the ancient art of bayonet/sword manual. Frank majored in Economics and became proficient in the "M" supply of marginal benefits/food. He has also gotten involved with NAFAC, which for Frank meant...Never A Forgotten Academic Course..Yes, this man from the unknown town could remember every course he ever took-right down to his 6th grade math homework which he kept in his closet. He will be leaving behind the Jacobson family (i.e. advice and friends) and OCF (i.e. fellowship and friends)...a tough combination to beat, but with Frank's attributes new friends will be made easily. Shonger will be going to nuke school to learn about intricate concepts and how best to apply them to the coaching of a 3 on 3 team. Remember all of our talks...and that there is One who will always be near...Your Bro...slh

Thomas Aloysius Darby
La Jolla, California
Surface Warfare

Tom came to the Boat School from La Jolla, California, and arrived with sand in his shorts and a desire to drive boats. Although well prepared for the physical challenges thanks to Coach Stock, he found the Academy quite a challenge. He spent a grueling plebe year at the end of the Brigade, an event only made worse by amorous relationships. He fought back through boxing, in the process acquiring some of his distinctive mental and physical character. He was also helped along by a group from LJ, great sponsors and trips to Pisgah, MD. After a summer of parachutes and oriental ports-of-call, Darbs moved to 3rd Company, and suddenly life became more enjoyable. Tom Decided not just to get through the Academy, but rather to experience it. Trips to Europe, sail cruises, and plebe detail were events that allowed him to get the most of his time by the Severn. Although he has concentrated more on life than on school, Darbs proved them wrong as he wound up with his choice of ships. He has lived life to the fullest, breaking hearts and taking names (Christine, Laura, Nicole, Lynn, Wendy, Sarah,...) Through all of this Thomas has displayed his own mixture of idealism, conviction and self-confidence, traits that make an important influence in other's lives. His quest to find himself is never ending and will lead him to success and happiness in life. JSD

Stephen Davis Demeritt
Springfield, Virginia
Nuclear Power-Surface

Flyin' Sunbird...sd Squash captain? yes finally team captain...pop a few motrin and indeed you are flying! A local from Springfield, VA, and a Navy brat, Steve was destined to go to USNA. Plebe year in 8 Ball...how about the hot love letter that you shared with all the plebes or the time you "let the ice get cold" while watching TV in the wardroom...and thanks for being the Navy's bastion of professionalism. How's that knee?...shoulder, back, foot, ankle...did I hear 'Go Supply Corps'...Tried to NPQ yourself but you never managed it and now you are a Nuke! Imagine that! A future SWO Daddy. Donuts, donuts, more donuts, mid-morning snacks, mid-afternoon snacks, midrats, cookies, nuts...do I sense a man who likes to eat and has serious LOVE handles? All the more for for KIM when the two of you tie the knot! or is she still too independent? So you finally got the Conduct job... Demeritt-Conduct I'd say it was destined to be. We knew the greedy, power hungry, reg enforcer in you would come out someday...just max them is your motto! Mr. Innocent is not so plain... you are quite surprising from your party attitude, sleeping attire and music selection. Who would have thought you are so obnoxious! Semper Swodelis! Get some, study some and have some more coffee and donuts! JRC, DH

Dennis Alforque Espiritu
Miami, Florida
Surface Warfare

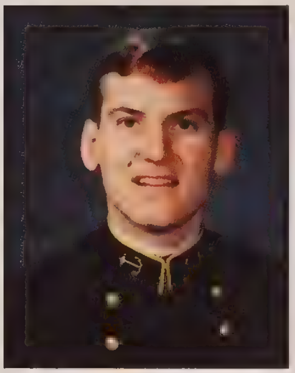
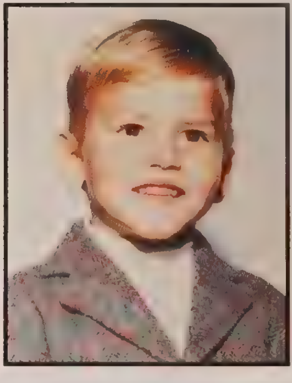
"Tell us about the Chop..." Known as the Godfather the Barkada syndicate, Dennis came to USNA with a mysterious past. Records show a D. A. Espiritu appearing in such places as Naples, Gitmo, Newport, and, most recently, Puerto Rico. Leaving behind him a trail of gambling debts and broken hearts, the Chop set his sights on the big time, Atlantic City. After taking too many L's at the craps table, he resigned himself to becoming a model midshipman. In his eternal quest for gambling money, the little man earned his dolphins, became weekend eligible, lifted general science to a new level, engineered the car of accessories, and became a celebrated equestrian of dead horses. The small bulky one managed to spend as little time "in this hell hole" as possible, and while he wasn't here, he was busy earning pink slips for his performance record, sneaking around town out of uniform, or lookin for a bargain. A man of highest virtue, el luis pequeno could easily be persuaded by a 69 cent taco bell meal, or a bag of tostitos with salsa. With his combination of imagination, wit, and general sneakiness, Dennis will surely take the Surface Warfare community by storm. Tear up Chop. Remember these three years by the Bay. JKK MCM RPW

Paul James Fallace
Stony Brook, New York
Surface Warfare

A mold was broken when Paul James Fallace entered this world via Stony Brook, New York. With large dimples, a brilliant smile, and a love for Parmesan cheese and pasta, Paul is affectionately called "Cheese" by his closest peers. As Cheese tackled the rigors placed upon him with the utmost of diligence, he became a powerful force on Navy's Varsity Lacrosse Team. Known by his teammates as "Fallach", his speed and agility have made him a vital player for Navy's team. When Paul was not going to the cage, and his books were set aside, Fallach would be on a mission. Thanks to the supplies and shelter from John V., Cheese always accomplished his missions. But Paul never went on an adventure alone: J.D., Duke, Pete, Giggs, and JIM proved to be his faithful wing-men. What the Academy loses, the fleet will gain as Paul ventures forth into the real Navy. However, no one will miss him more than his roommate and mission accomplice, AMM.

George Robert Friedenberger
Idaho Falls, Idaho
Supply Corps

Freedy came to 3rd Co. via a two year vacation in sunny Chicago. (Ha!) With a warm personality and a winning smile, George made friends easily. Unfortunately, two weeks into 2/c year, he discovered that he and the o-course had different ideas as to which directions the human body can move. However for the next 14 months, George's life became a blur of EE labs, whiteworks, rack, and weekend excursions into other wards. We will always remember weekly phrases like "I looked into her eyes and nothing else mattered." And who could forget those Sat. morning decisions to drive to exotic places like Toronto and Atlantic City with BH. During 1/c summer, George tried to fish using his class ring as bait. (I guess Golden Pond does exist.) But then Kim came along and the world stopped turning, except for in his head. Now George stays awake until 2am to call his fiancee. The real corps is getting a fine officer and a great friend. Say hi to Jeff in Athens and don't forget to call AM and say "nah nah-na-nah nah." MG

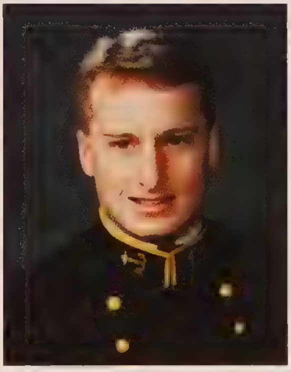
William Michael Gallagher
Pinopolis, South Carolina
Surface Warfare

"That which does not kill you makes you stronger." A fine motto for a mid, and especially the CO of the ill-fated Seal Team 3. Disciplined in the use of numchucks and water uzis, Mike could often be found standing in the corner on his head. No one will forget the night run on the Quantico O-course, the mad dashes at night to swim at Santee Basin, or pull-ups from 8-4. Mike's ability to have his knees operated on each semester has caused him to lead a life of white works and eternal chits. That's OK, there's always Tetris. Don't forget it's only a "2 year stay if we sleep 12 hours a day." Look out for cabs in DC, especially with your new stealth Mercedes. Mike your great ability to communicate well, even to Joan's cat, will serve you well in the fleet. "Am I in Charleston?"- Not yet, so go SWO and go South my friend. May all your dreams become reality.GRF

Christina Beth Glaser
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania
General Unrestricted Line
T-bags came to us as a gungy youngster from 32. At first Third seemed like a bad idea, but after awhile she made her mark and many good friends. "Why do all my friends end up leaving?" Tina was destined for stripes for she adamantly tried to fix everything that she found was wrong. Thank goodness she only got five because anymore wouldn't have fit on her collar (...and his relief). Always involved (How large an Xmas tree?) she was constantly in a state of controlled confusion, however, never too busy to chat. Talk long, talk fast, talk often is her motto and does she do it well. Our Company Officer thought I was too quiet. No, there just wasn't any time to get a word in edgewise. Graceful is not an adjective to describe Tina. She has the ability to make her presence known by always falling down stairs, most notably in T-court during Marine formations and during Black Studies Club meetings. "Hi, my name is Tina and I hate my hair!", was often muttered by her. Wanting to change her appearance she got a butterfly tattoo. "I'm not being forward I'm showing you my tattoo!" As a Synesthete and lover of Imponderables, she always had some off the wall topic to discuss. Being an Astro she needed to study long and hard, but not until after taps. She was too busy socializing until then. Thanks for always being there!!! (I still owe you for Danimal). Samantha

Samantha Joy Green
Dale City, Virginia
General Unrestricted Line
Sami came to USNA with the many NOVAs who invade the academy each year. After spending a year in "laid-back 6th Batt" she made a move to the other side of the world and found a home in 3rd. An aspiring mathematician, she decided, after a "chat" with the Supt., that maybe she should learn to like General Science. Sam mastered the concept of "gravy" and always (usually) squeaked by at semester's end. She also mastered the concept of "rack" and could often be found polishing up on this skill. While not wooing men in Cuba, Dale City or Bancroft (she ALWAYS got the roses in the room), Sam was roughing up the guys on the 3-on-3 court, getting a manicure, bumming food or worrying about grades. Too bad there wasn't a course on Cosmo; you would have validated that. Together we fretted P.E. tests, PCRs and life in general. Do you want to run?—No—Me either—Ok, let's go. And all those study breaks: "Let's chat, shall we?" After making USNA her summer home for 4 years, she decided to stick around for Plebe Detail. "Reeeport!" Adjutants will never be the same! Whether it was taking dancing lessons from a squad leader, sneaking in her sister, or just making "the long trek" together, Sam made it fun. Service selection? "Whatever is left when they get to me," she'll tell you. Don't worry , wherever you go in the Navy, they'll be very lucky to get you! Tina

Stephen Leon Hoffman
Milan, Indiana
Navy Pilot
HOFFdaddy, experienced civilization for the first time in his life when he left his home in...uh...Milan, IN...Where? As plebe, Steve set strike out records for Navy Baseball, "Such an exciting game!" 3/C year Steve moved to 3rd Co and with him came a picture of his grandmother. He has always liked older women in times of famine but when it rains it poors, eh? Keep fighting them Steve and remember that you've "got some things to get out in the open!" Slothman was the best 2/C roommate in the Brigade. Another care package for you!? For me? Would you like some of my peanut butter cookies? Ouch..What's that bump on your forehead from? I guess you should have asked me if you could tap your toothbrush on the sink. And who could forget the classic article adrift. Disco graced the intramural sportsfield in his blue suede converse tennis shoes. Legend has it that he was seen wearing them in a back issue of Sports Illustrated. Well, he wouldn't buy new shoes but my that's a nice new car! Economics was a great major..So that's what a lab looks like? As OCF's secretary/treasurer, Steve loved those Bible tapes.."Run away before I taunt you a second time!" Remember the stall evangelism: "Why no, tell me about it!" And if you ever need a tow for that fine car of yours, "MY" Honda will do a great job. Call me. Ps. 91. Your buddy..RJT



James Kevin Kalowsky
Peckville, Pennsylvania
Nuclear Power-Submarines
"Dradel, Dradel, I made it out of clay, and when it's dry and ready, Dradel I will play." How do you begin to describe a man as complicated as the Prince of peckville, PA? Johnny Bulky started his four year USNA tour as a scrawny member of Team BOHICA, but was then scrambled into the Halsey weight room. As a youngster, Whammo remained a chin up on the competition (but not his roommate) with his consistently sweaty efforts in the classroom and on the football field. Travolta was a driven Pole, but his workaholic ethic backfired, transforming him into everything he never wanted to be: a Batt striper, on the Supe's list, and a Nuke. Tony Llama tried to bring a little bit of Scranton to the greater Annapolis area with his potpourri of cleatwear, do-rags, and inverse T's and sweats. Reknowned for his thriftiness, original dance moves, a willingness to consume box lunches, J-Kal was as non-commital as they come - either with girls, weekend plans, service selection, or spring break plans. Kawolski dedicated his midshipman life to that byegone era of the '70's, getting the BeeGees to reunite for one last show on 31OCT90. With his affinities for salsa, disco rap, rock, the ring-dang-doo, and a pillow punking, Variety is indeed the spice of life. James has a nose for success, and he will surely sniff it out in the future. Take her down! Dive, James, Dive! RPW JDS MCM

Eric Christopher Lafferty
Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania
Nuclear Power-Surface

Arriving at USNA from a small hill on the side of a mountain in the northern town of Wilkes-Barre, PA, with long hair, ECL was quickly indoctrinated into the navy way of life. Plebe year featured exciting events such as being the 34th Co. Guidon bearer and afternoon naps in Computer Calc. Then came youngster cruise and fun under the sea. When ECL wasn't underwater, he could usually be found at the commissary buying more oreos and liquid refreshment. Then came youngster year. EC's love life equation became more complicated and countless hours were spent on wind tunnel labs (*#@& computer!). Second class year brought the joys of Thermo with LCDR _______, and the burden of 2/C Company Commander under the Wube. First Class summer provided proof that ECL wanted nothing to do with the Army after his Airborne experience (Maybe by the time your commitment is up you'll have your wings). ECL was promoted to Batt Staff, but was put in solitary confinement since no one wanted to listen to him whine. First class year also saw ECL shackled as the 3rd member of the 3rd Company Ball and Chain Gang. Good luck in the Nuc Surface community ECL and watch out or DW will get better grades than you in Nuc School. JNL RFL

Richard Franklin Lay Jr.
Prue, Oklahoma
Navy Pilot

Rolling in like a tumbleweed from the dust bowl of Oklahoma, Rich decided to step out of the fast lane and come to USNA. Deciding he was more of a tortoise than a hare, Rich went from JV cross-country (just an intramural) to sleeping on the rifle range. On a dark night in Tennesee he reentered the fast lane at 90 mph. He missed the cop but the cop didn't miss him. Obviously, his pilot ambitions started here. Rich spent his youngster cruise visiting exciting places like Israel, Turkey, and the inside of a D-type boiler (amazing what you can do with bugjuice, isn't it?). Youngster year showed the emergence of his deceptive athleticism (is it the socks?). Over the next three years he became an anchor of the 3rd co. basketball team - couldn't jump much but what a shooter. In addition to his athleticism he showed his electricism. Failing to make below an A in EE until 1/c year (guess getting home early was worth the B) - too bad the design lab isn't open at 3 a.m. Or did you just cave in to the corruption of your roommates? When he wasn't spending his time with sorority girls, he was calling his mother - from downstairs. A sub cruise 1/c summer wasn't enough to convince Rich that $4000 was enough to sell his soul. We wish our "lousy little bleeping roommate" the best of luck in the air. Come sail away with me in P-cola...at least D and P can't find you there. ECL JNL

Jeffrey Neal Lucas
Greensboro, North Carolina
Navy Pilot

Luke left the land of grits (just one, please) and Cheer Wine to take his place at Camp Tecumseh. One night during summer camp - between marshmallow roasts and uniform races - he pulled a Lefty and won an all expenses paid trip to Anne Arundel hospital. He soon recovered enough to carry pizzas - sideways. Youngster year found Luke babysitting the basketball team and falling down stairs (did you ever make that layup?). He survived the year, despite Major Griffin, and went on to find his true calling during the summer - volleyball. Oh, naval aviation too. The budding rocket scientist returned to face the Rocket and emerged as one of the Magnificent Seven. We think the rest of 2/c year went well - we didn't see him enough to be sure. During 1/c summer Jeff learned the secret of success: it's not what you know, but whose daughter you know (the boss's). With stars in his eyes our rocket scientist came back 1/c year and pulled his grades up enough to get that elusive pilot billet. Best of luck, Jeff. Aim high and fly straight. And as usual - we don't know...we don't care. ECL RFL

Michael Charles McAneny Jr.
Vero Beach, Florida
Surface Warfare

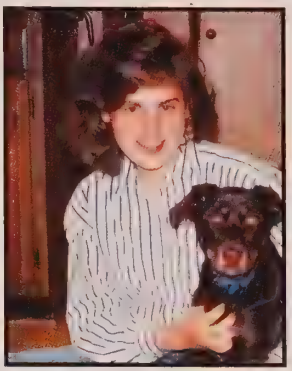
"Ladies and Gentlemen, I present to you the busiest man in the Battalion..." When Michael came to USNA, he had but one goal, have all of his roommates separated, thus far he has been highly successful (80%). Reporting to Third Co. as a gunnersmate, the long and distinguished one found himself in a most precarious situation. Faced with these adversities, Mike often retreated to St. John's to enjoy a glass of champagne with John-O and a moonlight dance with the Chauvenet Fountain. Claiming to have the luck of the Irish, Mike looked forward to second-class year because Jen had decided to spend a semester at American U.. However, he realized that Irish luck is not always good luck when the Rube arrived and his grades took a turn for the worse. A new love affair with the CO included many tawdry liasons in the CO's office, dinners at Chili's, and weekends in Smoke Hall. First class year, the King of Underachievers began to shine. Despite his horrendous schedule of morning classes and majors electives, he managed to get a 3.0. As Battalion Honor Rep., he juggled a plethora of taxing "honor stuff" and phone calls. Unwilling to fly, this future SWO dog has spent more time bad-mouthing the surface community than any chief in the Navy. Remember, there is nothing better that eating bread and watching the sun rise. JKK RPW JDS

Alden Morris Mills
Southbridge, Massachusettes
Special Warfare

JIM joined us a week late the first summer but made up for it by jumping off the Eastport bridge. After a year in the club he moved closer to the boat house on 1-1. JIM has been the big dad of the brotherhood for three years and finally wore the big three his final year. He stroked the V-8 for three years and dad was finally elected Captain for the final year. The La Bomba and the first three soon became only two after a few missions. The La Bomba was soon gone as was Hou-Dog, we'll miss you J.D. Luckily two survived then Duke and Pete joined the mission crew but one hit the fleet and the other the club. The two sole survivers though still remained. The empty rack an everpresent reminder of those who were less fortunate. The little Gigman, never at a loss for words, was taken under our wing to keep the tradition on. Whether it was luck or the steady stream of bull you have always been the master of the art of living on the edge. 92' is around the corner and waiting for you as is special warfare. Do it! Your eternal brother. PJF.

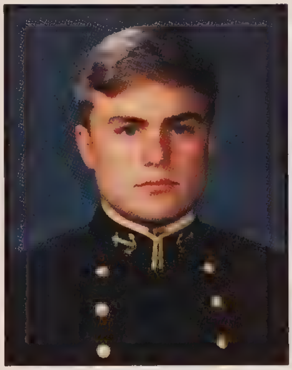
Tabeetha Marie Moesinger
St. George, Utah
General Unrestricted Line

Oh, how shall I begin.."there's so little to say and so much space—strike that—reverse it!" (a la Willie Wonka) I must say it has been an interesting three years. Together we have waged (& won) the war against the mice, the weather and EE (finally!). I'll never forget Army-wk Polar Bearing; that night the word draft took on an entirely new meaning for all concerned! That was the same week the 'Dant was wildmanned...now who would have suggested a crazy thing like that, huh? Christmas in Annapolis is always nice. Speaking of restriction...we have even done time together! Roommate loyalty at its finest. Obviously the "Open Door Policy" is not only for China. (Living with a Political Scientist I have learned about such things). Her Knowledge is not limited to her particular field—she's also an aspiring Barbara Striesand, a world traveller, master Masseur, and calligraphist. If Tabeetha ever quit writing letters, the U.S. Postal Service would have to double its stamp prices just to stay in the black! Pues, Chica, all things being equal, "I'm so glad we've had this time together..." Your fellow Wallflower in the Ball Room of Progress, HAB.



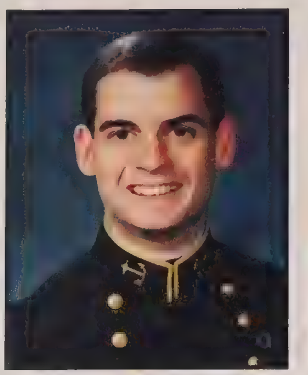
Melissa Deanne Ruh
Okemos, Michigan
General Unrestricted Line

Missy came to us from Okemos, Michigan ready to light the world and 12th company on fire. After a busy plebe year and a N-star in diving it was time for change. Missy entered THIRSTY THIRD not knowing what to expect. However when it was pointed out that Mike Guthrie's hair was longer than hers she knew that her time had come. Second class year saw the awakening of Sheeba and a touch of the wild side. She joined the mission team by first helping them pass a few critical classes and then learned to party a little as well. In her final year Sheeba decided to run a marathon and went out and did it. A mission she will never forget! She continued to receive chow packages from home all four years and probally will get them when in the fleet. She ended the year at the wild drink-one wear-one where she wore vast quntities of beer and drank a few also. The mission team had a minor setback in February as Sheeba stood 18 fun filled days in Smoke Hall with PF and the little Gigman. However they rode the storm together and now Sheeba is ready to hit Bermuda. Good luck from the brothers PJF, AMM.



John Douglas Spencer
Fairborn, Ohio
Nuclear Power-Submarines

"Help me Obi Wan Kenobi, you're my only hope!" Who would ever believe that out of the center of the universe (Fairborn, Ohio of course), would come the second best damn submawiner in the world. Entering the Academy as a self-proclaimed pillar of morality, John fell in with a bad crowd plebe year and sank to unspeakable depths of social vice. With total disregard to C. Everett Koop, Spence maintained a life plagued with the evils tobacco, coffee, and liquor. Always one to offer a kind word and a smile, Luke spent many a late night hour cheerfully huddled under his desklight doing homework in his UNBELIEVABLY difficult major. With the help of some strange force second-class year, Spence was able to catch the "fastest" girls at the Academy. Right out of Kafka's Metamorphisis, Darth was transformed into a new man. He attained decent study habits, a killer instinct for Judo, and a new respect for the fairer gender. This member of the Skyhawk Hall of Fame found a roll model in our distinguished CO, God knows how, and strived after his nuke billet like an Ohio teen . Although he won no popularity contests with the second class, as company commander, Charlie Brown led third through a successful first semester. His dedication will surely allow him to overcome any obstacle Hyman can throw before him. Go for it Duke. RPW MCM JKK.

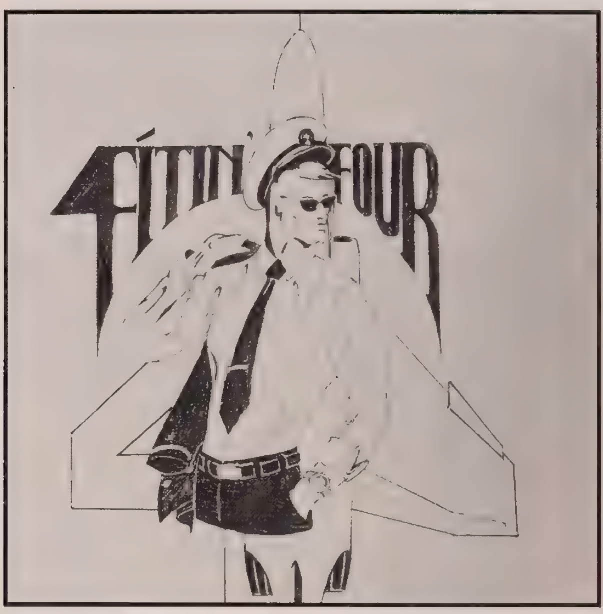


Robert Jonathan Turner
Pensacola, Florida
Navy Pilot

Turner (friendships start with first names) came to us after two years of college. As a plebe in Stalag 34, Rob personally illustrated his book "Huge and You," followed by "Atrophy and You," modeled by his close friends. He was often mistaken for Sgt 'Front Leaning Rest' Crumpler, King Arthur, Quai Chang ("You've come a long way to die") and Marlin Perkins, infamous for his study of Speckled Marmasets and Blue and Gold Crested Goat Hawks. He also battled the deadly Taz. A scare from Tiger Eyes and forced silence by the former He-man Woman Hater, Kolman, could not disuade Turnermator from capturing his beloved Wackes through Soul Train dancing and fortune cookie surprises. She has yet to discover his ability to change barometric pressure. 3/C yr Rob always awoke promptly for morning crew practices. It ain't easy being cheesy. While studying he would distract his partners and feign ignorance, and then destroy the curve. As OCF's president he enjoyed all natural sandwiches with his Smuckers Brother and began writing the RJT version of the Bible with verses like, "Whatsoever you do, whether you eat or drink, eat!" In case you're wondering, I have my parka if winter ever comes. Long live Lord of the Rings! Keep your eyes on the finish line. Your best friend, GCA.

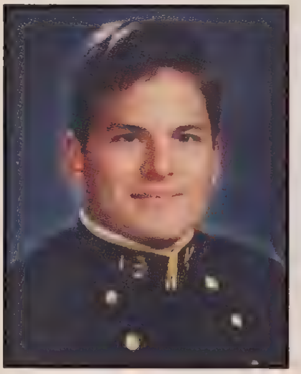
Randy Peter Wright
Brownwood, Texas
Surface Warfare

"This killing time is killing me." Clint Black couldn't have described the pride of Brownsville, Texas any better. After a vicious plebe year in Stayin' Alive 35, the stalag of iron clad 6th Batt., the Diamond Cutter found himself in Third Co. Never one to show an excess of emotion, Pandy kept his cool whether he was stumbling into Main Office at 0200, or whether he was stumbling into the Commandants Conference Room to explain his unique approach to studying and academics. Often times, his Ac tracking sheet included such courses as introduction to juggling, SI 180 (advanced Sports Illustrated), and Fundamental Theorems of Groyn Ball. Shunning the monotony of school work, the Sloth spent most of his time perfecting his physical prowess, whether it be in Halsey, in Lejeune, at Hubbard Hall, or in Super Mario Land. Much like St. Theresa, Randy always fed on an expired box lunch on a friend's yacht. Having followed in the footsteps of such hard-line military commanders as Chesty Puller, Dennis Funderburke, and Julius Fuchs, Fish grabbed Third Co. by the NATS and instituted a semester of terror as the XO. (Can't touch this Brent.) Having overcome a speech impediment. the tradegy of lazy eye, and chronic poor taste in music, it is certain that Ned will attack the SWO community with his usual vigor. Two-step to command Mr. Wright. JDS MCM JKK



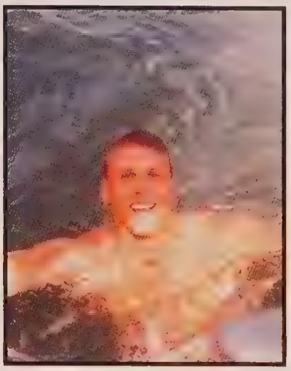
Erik Michael Bender
Hunt, Texas
Supply Corps

Yo Yo Cuz! You finally made it - 5 years have passed and you've gone from M/C Bender to Training Officer (please). Now you're on the way to a career in the corps! (supply corps that is) How you managed to remain a Marine Eng while juggling all the women (2x your age!), shooters, brews, roommates, car accidents, and ankle injuries is beyond me. I guess it was not being in a difficult group II major like Comp Sci or Math, or maybe it was your lucky break to have lived in MY room back at NAPS. YES-YOU lived in MY room-I owned you at NAPS and I still own you today! Anyways- it'll be hard to forget dancin' to B-squared, racin' the BMW and Deb's 5.0 down Forest Dr., chillin' in your Dad's AC office, Mets VS Cubs (next year), the Alpha-Bravo show, Austin, cocktails at our (your) sponsor's, the Blast Game (oh my eye-I didn't diss you man!), and the shots-yea-all the shots that led to Radford Terrace. Now it's on to Athens-sorry I couldn't join ya-I just didn't get enough chits from ortho. I know you'll be a great supply officer because I've never met anyone who could borrow so much stuff (car,$$,food-to name a few). Seriously, you can be the supply officer on my ship anytime. Gotta break-some day we'll do more Absolute and MUCHOS NACHOS at Maggie's. Until then-thanx for everything-couldn't have done it w/out ya. Cheers yo,Wayne.WA



Kevin Paul Blenkhorn
Cape Elizabeth, Maine
Naval Flight Officer
Kevin was one who always ~~had high~~ hopes and expectations for himself. Just spend ten minutes with him and he'll start in with a story or personal experience that involved blood, guts, or glory, whether true or from Soldier of Fortune magazine. Somehow, Kevin thought that plebe indoctrination meant scaring the plebes with horror stories. Kevin was never one to waste time. He was always either sleeping, working out, playing computer games, or telling stories to the plebes across the hall. And, of course, you would never see him waste time by coming to formation early. It's a good thing his roommate got up by the five minute chow call to wake him up, or he would have slept through every formation for the last three years. Kevin finally gave up the pursuit of higher education in the aeronautical engineering field and decided to go general engineering to broaden his opportunities. It also allowed him more time to prepare for SERE, airborne, scuba, pathfinder, and ranger school, which he always wanted to attend after graduation. But that was Kevin, ready to do anything. Hey Kevin, shall we swim the Severn tonight or just settle for College Creek? Kevin tended to irritate a lot of mids by working out only once a week and still outscoring 91% of them on the PE tests. Hoo-ya! Keep those standards high, Kevin, to motivate those crazy enough to join you. MBP

Michael Joseph Borgschulte
Akron, Ohio
Marine Corps Pilot
When Borg came to the boat school he was already a seasoned military vet and a distinguished graduate of NAPS. He hails from the Tire Town(well it's Bath). Plebe year in 30 he lived in the smallest room in the brigade, except for Bill. He also acquired a knee injury, which gave him an introduction to Joe Mosketti. This year also began the tradition of leave period injuries that would continue until x-mas '90. 4th co. life started with CT, Buddy and Janks along with with his development to be a striper(even though he didn't know it). With the evolution of the Phi Beta Backers he became a slappy along with his long lost twin Z-Ball. In the meantime he would serve in the reserves with JW(1 weekend a month, 2 weeks in the summer). Included in this duty was an obligation to begin and continue in infamy the "late night talks"(many of which could be documented). 2/C summer began the obsession with the Corps(YUT-A-YUT!) which led closer ties with PA, thus 2/c and 1/c stripes were born. Kalme and Janks solved 2/c academics, which left time for thoughts of Woof-Woof. Thus twisted he entered 1/c year and more play time(in more ways than one). All in all the Corps deserves him and so did CT and Janks. "What's mine is mine and what's yours is mine.", 2 months of fun,"I own this room","You don't rate that","I never get hooked". Good luck, slap—Janks, CT



Christopher Robert Davis
Aiea, Hawaii
Nuclear Power-Submarines
"Toad" is a castaway from the sands of the Aloha state. He washed up on the shores of Canoe U. to join the Jammin' Rats of 31. He began as a quiet plebe-wrestling and studying were his only true interests (did you ever figure out what verbal carry-on meant?). This mundane lifestyle continued until he saw the light-and oh what a bright light it was, from Padre to Iowa and back to Maryland. It shined from every bottle, can and glass that contained a beverage of choice. His escapades were highlighted by a few choice words. Remember: Steel Monkey, the trip to N.Y. that almost ended your life (and strike one), square root of 2 ("that's not right is it?"), fun in the sun with hydrogen peroxide (you didn't have ether in the closet did you?), a chubby bunny, the Annapolis 500, the slime that got the last laugh, tan line contests, your old buddy J.B. (did it taste better the second time? or the third time? or the times you combined the porcelain with it?), the Notre Dame fight song, a dog named Charlie (and strike two), Billy the wonder goat (and a foul tip), polar bearing, the indomitable snowman, upstate N.Y. ("do you have a comb? my hair is all messed up"—awesome shampoo), a trio of Jennifers, a couple of Katies, a couple of Kathys and a Rachel. By the way, did you ever win that bet? Don't forget soap-on-a-rope 'cause the powdered stuff is hard to pick up! Woody & Wally

David Anthony Evans
Middletown, Ohio
Naval Flight Officer
Dave Evans he's addicted to Jane, fast bikes, The King, barley and hops, The Cincinnati Reds, sleep leave, and Tracy. If you wander into the barn any time of the day you'll inevitably catch the "sloth" sleeping. Sure Dave had classes, he only missed a few every year for NAFAC, 32 to be exact. Second class year Dave had a few Dental Problems. Dave also had a problem getting to the ring dance on time, he had to pick up his date at school. What was her name Dave? I think everyone wonders what's in store for Dave in the future. Will he be on some Top secret U.S. think tank at the pentagon, or maybe at the Kremlin. After work he'll unwind by jamming with some Nazi punk, pierced nose, chain and leather, slam dancing hippies. He may just join a Russian punk rock band exchange program. I'm sure he'll get to the USSR despite his conduct grade.By the way, if your driving in the gate after graduation and you see someone on a bike tearing off his choker whites, and putting on black leather, it's Dave he's going on a roadtrip, who knows where.

Rodney Angelo Flores
Hampton, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Rod(self proclaimed "The Bod") Flores. We were thrown together because Dave didn't want to room with a FOB, although it wasn't by choice, you kept me well fed so I kept you around. Through youngster year we survived the weekend tornados, and of course Ellsworthless who will be remembered with every playing of the Lost Boys. Youngster year was a time of love for Rod, don't worry, the mail is probably just backed up in Venezuela. As a 2nd class Rod declared JEDI status but he showed his darker side at the splashdowns. Before becoming a 2nd class Rod managed to escape with mere bruises. This year marked a change for the Bod. Plebe training came first, although after editing all he said to them was "..you.." Easyography got bumped again as Nintendo entered the picture. Being the first semester without roomates Rod developed an attitude which required me to put him back in his place, namely a cardboard box. Love during 2nd class year for Rod was varied and although he didn't make it to the Ring Dance it wasn't that big a deal because we didn't see him or his ring all first class year. Rod you've been a great roomate and friend and you know we all love you, but although I know I just don't understand, Did you ever score in Battle LAX? Max

Christopher Maxwell Folkers
Mason City, Iowa
Navy Pilot

Max's USNA career can B called a paradox. How he's in bed B4 other aero majors is baffling. When Duke & G R pulling all-nighters, he's in the fetal position getting his 8 hrs. Another part of the Folkers mystique is he's seen as 1 of the more professional guys in our company. Yeah, right. I recall his favorite 2/C saying: Shove off & come back Thursday! Then there's the Folkers' Tilt (wearing a cover ala Flavor Flav) & he still got color man. Must've been something in the corn while growing up in Unsolved Murder Capital, USA. Whatever it was, Mad Max was soon swimming 4 Navy & skating through plebe year. Leaving 6th Batt & Monday Night Football 3/c year, Max was introduced 2 me. Soon after, it hit the fan: Traveling Wildebers, again? U Ellsworth! My Posse's On Broadway. Wrestlemania: Time 4 your weekly beating. Would've had U 2 if I hadn't fallen in that box. Almost busted with my Nintendo when Capt Evans came by. A Beat Army haircut from Dino. Panama City: Spring Break, Scuba Part II after busting your knee the 1st time. The La Bamba. Yo, Vanilla Ice! U won't B the only white boy at this party. Max, thanx 4 everything, especially the job at Frannie O's. Remember dogs R better than cats & the rice side's crispier. After Penascola maybe U could fly the crop-duster. Hey Corn-nut, hey Corn-nut... Love, Rod. PACO RIDES!!!!!!!

Dennis Irwin Hayden
Westchester, Illinois
Naval Flight Officer

Dennis Irwin Hayden. Beneath the sweat of plebe year Dennis changed careers as often as his roomate changed college choices. By the time youngster year rolled around he had it all worked out, and his roomate was at JMU. Highlights included "earning" the bottom rack, not studying, and going inverted on Rt. 50 on the way back from Georgetown. Then Commissioning Week; he was always at his best Commissioning Week. Second class year the real Dennis came out; less studying and more weekends, always dressing well and making sure you knew it. Dennis and Dave roomed against Matt and Steve which led to some great first class chemistry. Some got stripes, and some got musters in Smoke Hall. First Class aviation cruise was a tough 4 weeks. Only 3 of which consisted of trips to Annapolis, Tampa, and afternoons in St. Augustine. " Gotta love Navy Air!" First class year... well thats about it because as Dennis says "If you dont want certain people to know about stuff you have to control the flow of information." 3017 ICV

Chris Darren Janke
Burlington, Wisconsin
Naval Flight Officer

Janks came to us from the land of cheese, cows, bowling and beer, otherwise known as Wisconsin to most 5th graders. A head banging Defensive Tackle who previously wreaked havoc upon the general populace with the bridge jumpers and Hou-dog, he came into 4th company to room with Borg, Buddy, and CT. It was downhill from there. After a thorough whipping by the Mech E Department, he saw the light and the "Sooner or later you'll go General" adage grabbed Janks, much to his, and his roommates benefit. Second class summer and a whopping credit card bill (along with a little WWF) led into 2/C year. The move to General proved to be a fruitful one and EE was cake.(100% on the EE311 12-weeker—GEEK!!!!). Ring Dance was a blast with the boys from the Team and a cast of thousands(ok, tens). Next, a 6-day cruise and (laugh) ES400 summer school. Riding into 1/C year in a black 'Stang he continued to frequent the bars, live with Slappy and CT, get a girlfriend (No Joke!), Lose a girlfriend, get a girlfriend etc... while thoroughly enjoying himself through a sucessful season (50+ Tackles) and an NFO billet. Janks, Wild one, Honkey, and Chris. "Thats BS" (w/appropriate hand gesture), "OK Borg, you win", "Boy that Oceanography Major is cake", "Another Janke Sunday". GOOD LUCK BUDDY!—BORG, CT

Steven Andrew Jenkins
Moreno Valley, California
Naval Flight Officer

"Steve came from sunny California to play baseball for Navy and spend 4 years by the bay. He had a skate Plebe year playing ball and living on 8-3, learning along the way that returning from leave early has certain benefits.(hmmmm!) Youngster year he made the move to the 4th company. Isn't it funny how a perf. grade can drop two letters as soon as one stops playing baseball? Second class year saw the running of the Marine Corps Marathon with two good friends. All for one and one for all (until the last 100 yds, that is!) Didn't you learn anything Plebe year? On the 3rd or 4th try he finally got a Ring Dance Date and WOW! Look what happened! Bulldog was awesome for the 1 day he was there but couldn't compare to his YP "PILOTING" experience. 1/C year saw its ups and downs (many times & with many different females) but he finally settled down. Money was tight so Jenks had to seek employment elsewhere and earned the nickname "Subway Steve". It was a pleasure rooming with you, Steve, but try to work on those disgusting morning sounds! Good luck as a NAVY NFO! MPS

Ryan Gregory Johnson
Randallstown, Maryland
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Ryan never found a happy middle ground at Annapolis, spending his senior year wavering between The Squadfather and a VGEP civilian. The guy could cite the armament on an Aegis cruiser as easily as the motherboard of an Intel 80386. Each semester found him dating a different girl, until he met Stacey at an engineering picnic on September 11th, 1990. That fall, he received his lowest grades ever, but learned more at the University of Maryland than the Academy had taught him in three years. He was often too serious, sometimes too curious, always too tired. Ryan and roommate Erik became blood brothers under the blast of The Rocket, wreaked havoc upon plebes, cursed Group III majors at 2 a.m., and jammed on country music. Room 3332 required four power strips for all of its equipment, causing black-outs yard-wide. A veteran of Raging Nineteen, Ryan plowed through obstacles, patching the wounds on his own. He missed the Ring Dance, had to leave "2 For 7" early for watch, got left out of the first class company photo, and rarely had even a week of summer leave. He sought the challenges of working hard, and playing harder. Ryan wishes the best of luck to all his friends, especially Han, Andy, Deb & Jen, Kes, Woody, Skin, Pletch, and Blenks. Seeya! Good luck! MPS

Bradley Scott Kinslow
Grand Blanc, Michigan
Surface Warfare

Our chance meeting occurred late in our time here, but we've either done or had done to us so many things in such a short time that I think that sometimes I've known Skin forever. Second class year, EE turned out to be a Rood awakening for both of us. We could not know how good we had it. The sequel is always worse. May saw him break with his Buick, USA roots and buy a Ford (I'd rather push a Ford than drive a Chevy-Skin) (And you will probably wind up doing just that-Trox). His choice was a beautiful, red, 225 cowpower Mustang LX. It can probably also be modeled on a single Thevenin circuit. First class year brought receeding hairlines and receeding hopes for aviation all around. And who could forget the night the would be hustlers tried to take us for a beer. (Some people seem to prove that swimming in one's own genetic pool can have serious consequences) The highpoint of first semester had to be our five and a half hour romp through DC (OOH-RAH). Second semester brought a nightly escape to the land of the non-trivial washing machines. Whether or not fate holds that our paths are to differ is unknown at this point, but I'll never forget the past two years. C-YA in P-cola someday, I hope, TROXILLA.

Andrea Louise Lemon
Mt. Pleasant, South Carolina
Supply Corps

Within days of her arrival on I-day, Andrea earned the name Elemonator. Could it have been her fierce competitiveness and her inability to ever stop moving? Andrea was the ECA wonder: Varsity Sailing, CMC President, Catholic Choir, Glee Club, French minor AND Engineering. How'd you ever make it through? Being the free spot in Applied Thermo "sleep Bingo" might provide a clue. Speaking of engineering (Don't forget the lucky, winning girl group), Andrea had more of a creative engineering mind than any of us; but you certainly couldn't tell from her octet of Ds. "Are we done yet?" Not quite. GMA weather girl, Midnight runner, taps hunter, Rambo mate (taking out your Marine Corps company officer when he failed to show I.D.), and Judo team recruit. Spring Break tickets to London in September?Way to go, falling head over heels- out of the plane- for Andy...while other men fell for her...Too Bad. Although sometimes difficult to fathom, her boat (CV) won't sink. How could it? Not with all her boundless energy! Bon Voyage ami! Ledpicky

Garron Scott Morris
Scottsdale, Arizona
Navy Pilot

Bringing his guitar and a handful of burning experiences, G stormed in from hard-charging 14. His plans were to excel as a varsity athlete, that is if you consider Sailing a Varsity Sport, a subject often debated at length in the room. The debate was cut short though, when the mile-and-half and struggle rolled around each year. Academics were no problem (hey Shawn, how do you do #3?) He gave being a second class a whole new meaning. He devoted so much time to the plebes he ended up with a 1.74.(Sorry about the Nuke Interview) After three years we finally figured out why you walk on the balls of your feet: you have to walk delicately through that monstrous mess on your side of the room. Bad luck just seemed to follow him like a Dark star. Midn Z was kicked out, his car was wrecked the first day in Annapolis, and some of his acquaintances really knew their way around Crabtown. G even did Plebe Summer, man were they hurting for people. Too bad you didn't end up in the bearded platoon. First class year brought better luck with improved Academics (Thanks again, Shawn) and a girl he could at least take home to his parents. It has been a great 3 years. What will you do at P-cola without us? (wait, wait, and wait) Anyway keep that Howdy-Doody smile and keep on having a good time at whatever you do. DP,STN

Shawn Thomas Nisbett
Brownfield, Texas
Nuclear Power-Submarines

'Out of the thriving metroplis of Brownsfield, TX, came the TEXAS TERROR. LUBBOCK was a man of few words, but he made every one count: "Just...calm down","WHOMP the fire out ya'","It's an armadillo", and "You gotta wipe where it's wet, not the odds!" Emerging from his cocoon of silence, DUKE elaborated upon the many aspects of rodeo, from bull riding to the clowns sticking their heads in the barrel—a feat he often demonstrated by the evening's end. His appearances on the wall of shame are testimony to his many triumphs. Shawn was respected by all— the Capt's love was never more apparent than in his tender "DON'T SHAKE YOUR HEAD AT ME NISBETT!" But Duke wasn't all fun and games—his OOM is proof of the serious academecian in him. His jumpwings and bubble pin are the only good things that ever came out of USNA summer programs. Senior year found Duke in the rack more often than usual(BLEAAAAACH). We're still waiting for him to get the ZANNIES. Seriously, Shawn, after all the stuff we've given you for three years, we meant every bit of it! But we couldn't have asked for a better roommate or friend. How will you make it through NUKE school without G to copy off? Stay out of trouble, get a haircut, don't talk too much, and GET THOSE DAMN THANGS OUTA YOUR EAR!GSM,DP

Dino Pietrantoni
Merrittstown, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

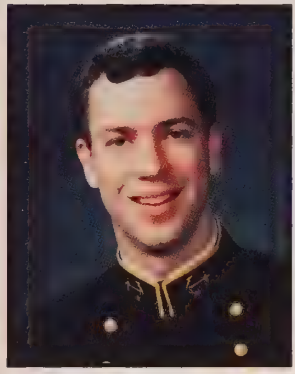
The Heartbeat of 4th Co. reigns from Brownsville, Pa. We weren't sure what to think of the big man with the big stories on that first day of youngster year. He never studied, so at first we thought he was either brilliant or just didn't care. At least he fooled the Ax board! Hey Sup...Can't touch this! It's a good thing he didn't return to Civiland, for his motherlike qualities saw Duke through many a long night. A more strict second class never existed (when he was out of the rack). Hey, it only takes 30 seconds on Thursday to initial the book! This skill was key as a squad leader with 4 books to sign in even less time. Too bad Gee beat you every week. So what does a General Scientist do in his spare time? Practice for the mile-and-half? Oh contrare mon' frere! He becomes Mr. Pep. "Chaump, Chaump", "Gimme an N", "What's that spell?", "LOSER!!" Sorry that one didn't go over too well. At least you could dodge those box lunches well. I guess the Brigade liked the Pirates better! Then Tracy came along and you were all Dunn. Too bad you can't keep up with your age anymore. Anyhow, through thick and thin, you've always made us smile and you've always been Dino. Best of luck in the fleet, and hey, if things don't work out, you can always open up that barbershop. GSM, STN

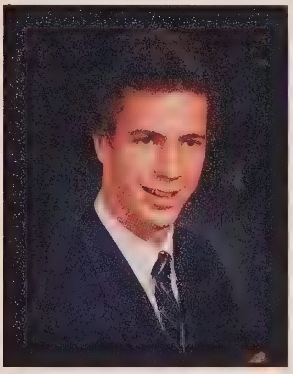
Marcus Blue Pletcher
Chelsea, Michigan
Naval Flight Officer

Still beading from his plebe year in 22 under the rein of McCall, Smith, and Bob Hagan, Marcus planned an academic career in the mighty field of EE. Pletch went general closer to sooner than later, and his grades skyrocketed accordingly. His meddling in others' roomate selections youngster year left him dazed and confused. 4th Co. brought out Marc's "BUBBLING" personality, turning his ambition to astronomy (Uranus), math, scuba diving, womens track and the plebe indoc system. Too bad you didn't get stripes—things could be different! His heroic acts included firefighting on the Constellation, having qual pins nailed to his massive chest, chasing damsels (18 yrs) in distress in his wrangler, and wearing the sexiest lil' coctail dress I EVER saw! Marc learned the bass Jane's Addiction style (hope you didn't want to sleep at 0100). ZZ TOP was way better dude. The boots did come in handy. No one was closer to Andy, but Marc helped all of us keep our heads up. Its been a great time, Pletch, and you're a great friend. Try not to break too many hearts in P-cola and remember—every girl's crazy 'bout a sharp dressed man, and when the shots start tasting like water, its time to quit! GSM,LKT

Robert Wade Preisser Jr.
Tampa, Florida
Nuclear Power-Submarines

The room is dark. The melod~~ious~~ sounds of a piano being softly played drift across the room. The moment is almost magical, until CRASH-BANG-PLUNK! "oops." Oh, no, Rob is at it again. Although he has taught himself to play the piano, his learning has not been very pleasant for the rest of us (I'm just kidding, Rob, you play the piano beautifully). Rob is a multitalented guy. He plans to go down to Florida for Nuclear Power School, where he'll breeze through the "simple" material. His greatest challenge will be to find time to compose some classical contemporary music, orchestrating, arranging, and playing the piano, trumpet, and guitar parts simultaneously! Rob has been very active in OCF and PMC, serving as the 4th company OCF representative. His attributes are characterized by a love of a good conversation (or maybe argument!), a love for music, and most of all a love for the true COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF. Thanks for the long trek through the mile-high city—I'm glad you didn't get lost! Rocky Mountain High is something we'll be taking our families to some day. Until then, go easy on the Silent Service, and remember Corrie! Your Bro', -SLH



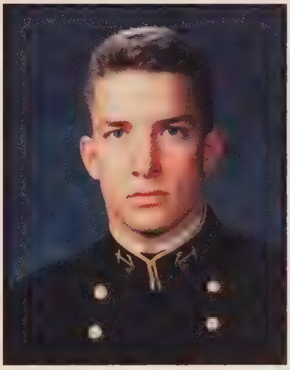


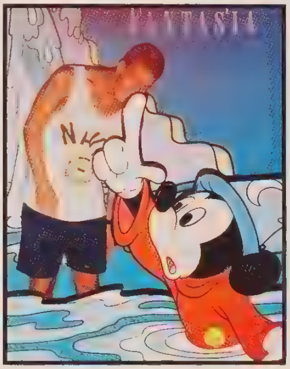
Jennifer Jean Rowe
Farmington Hills, Michigan
Navy Pilot

From the waters of Lake MICHIGAN, Jen swam her way quickly to the top of Navy's record books. But her trail of broken hearts begins in 20th co where she met her wingman and RIO, and first showed an "interest" in the Marine Corps! In her new home, 4th co, there were some who would agree, (like her first roommates?!) But really, she's just an old softie, I mean c'mon Jen, can't you sleep without the dolphin? (or the flannel PJ's and pillowcase!) Of course, Jen has her tough side too! The interest in Scuba was inevitable, but Airborne...were there some "extra" benefits? Just kidding Jen, you know those two pins (and the ones to follow) are the envy of many! Now in '91 the trail seems to have ended. We know it's not in your plans, but with all your "nursing" experience, wouldn't Medical Corps be the way to go? (Who's the best team in the Big Ten now,??...could it be...Indiana?) Jen, here's to two great years of small rooms, music wars, the unforgettable zoomie roomie, reveille, what's reveille? and the best B.S.-ing anyone could ask for-I'll miss ya'..Butt, we began together and hopefully will continue together. Don't forget Drew, J.C., spring break plebe year, Kent, 2/c summer trips to Oceana and of course, Airborne! Keep your chin up and chest out (of the water, that is). Good luck in all you do, don't forget to have your Mom send us cookies. Beers and cheers,DJS & SCM

Deborah Jean Smetana
Andover, New Jersey
Intelligence

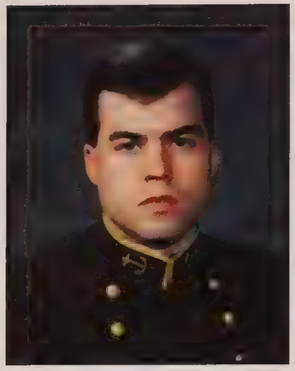
Smetana hails from the arm-pit of the world... New Jersey. She brought with her the fine cuisine enjoyed only by those priveledged few, peanut butter. Plebe year she could'nt decide where to focus her attention; should it be basketball, track, or what was his name? Her only choice was to migrate West to 4th Company where she befriended the likes of "Chicken Strips?" Undaunted she bounced back from her "crash" course in designated driving. Again she diverted her attention to less than intellectual pursuits. Who would it be, hoops, track or a mid? Finally the ultimate influence came second class year in the form of a bus driver from Wisconsin. We told you not to try and keep up with her many offers. Wasn't E.B. enough? Deb is always one for dreaming, after all you didn't eat your Wheaties! Dad can't do everything for you, you know! Deb's destiny was never to drive. When her car was working so were the law enforcement officers. With her hair ablaze she felt compelled to quench the inferno by making her final tower jump. She seemed uneffected by the trauma and returned to the stars. Continuing in the tradition of excellence, she managed to seize the lone intel billet. You have been a true friend and a GREAT rommie. We wish you the best of luck as you chase after your dreams. JJR BTW CRD





Matthew Paul Stevens
Mooresville, North Carolina
Special Warfare

I've known him for four years. He skated through plebe year living out of company and enjoying the gourmet Italian food on 8-3. But I soon joined the ranks of the "lost plebers" of 33rd and moved downstairs second semester. I think the freedom got to him because he made a very big mistake toward the end of springbreak. As a result he was only a plebe with carry on until Thanksgiving of 3/c year. But what a turnaround. He soon found his way to stripedom and I did my best to keep him under control. 2/c year brought along with it a woman, actually many women, yes I'm now talking about Matt, the lover. But the adventures of 2/c year have been put aside and now he's settled down to concentrate on one woman and even though he wouldn't admit to me, he'll give in to the BIG QUESTION before too long. As much as he says he hates my home state of Cali, he's been there a lot, 3/c cruise, FMF, and now he's going there to become a SEAL. Yes he's committed himself to this and he'll be one of the best because he always gives his all, but he won't have me there to be his annoying pace-man. But he'll get used to it even though it won't be easy. Good luck. SAJ



Christopher Roy Thomas Jr.
Wyndmoor, Pennsylvania
Naval Flight Officer

CT came to us experienced and knowing all. With years at VaTech, Paris Is. and a tour as Batt Cdr (Head Honcho) at NAPS under his belt he was ready to coast. His next tour was a romantic one in 20th Co. with J.J. After a brief stint with Buddy he was destined to live with the Road Warriors and committed to at least 4 paperbacks a week. With a dip in his lip and a beer out in town he began youngster year with a fry and a frown. The illustrious Rugby career began with more drinking stories than Rugby highlights. EX.Yet we pondered, How could a rack getting so much use remain unmade for so long! One fatal mistake, coming back really late, he got happy and tried to wrestle Slappy. Result: Sick, immediately, projectile, everywhere. RIDDLE: What do you get when you ask CT a question? A: As much info as he can possibly spit out with no regard for the correct answer. Then the Adventures of Sinbad began. This kicked off quotes such as, "Running errands, getting Chinese, doing Laundry, and Sinbad and I will meet the boys later" YEAH SURE CT! In closing, to our roommonster, that Rugby playin, beer drinkin, spittoon spillin, boxer wearin, book readin, tattoo sportin, chuck wearin, crazy drivin, gate bustin, nonsleepin, c.o. pleasin, coffee drinkin, vivarin overdosin, NFO tryin, story tellin' kinda guy the road warriors want to say, HAVE A GOOD ONE T.!

COCOA
BEACH

Luther Kesler Townsend Jr.
Dillon, South Carolina
Naval Flight Officer

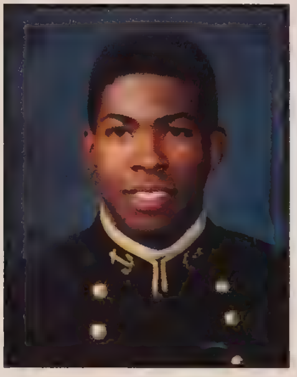
The fog rose from the surface of the water. The concrete bridge, which spanned the chasm created by the mighty Little Pee Dee river, glistened with moisture. In this part of South Carolina all was deathly quiet. Suddenly, the silence was broken by a deafening roar, and a streak of black flashed through the mist and over the bridge. The black flash was a Geo Storm, travelling at hitherto unexperienced speeds. Inside the Storm sat Kes Townsend dreaming of his imminent arrival at his home in Dillon. As suddenly as it appeared, the car was gone. Kes was once again... South of the Border. That was Kes, a homeboy in the strictest sense of the word. Every three day weekend he would be talking of going home. At school Kes was a busybody with everything except academics - as evidence by his studying for only a half an hour on the EE final. It payed off with an extra semester. Oops. Kes, or Benny Hill at age 21, was loved by all and feared by none. We soon learned to accept this jolly mid with his newspaper in hand every morning. In the evening you were sure to find him in the rack with his husband, going over his finances and projecting future purchases to remax his credit cards. Naval aviation just won't be the same when hicks fly. MBP & TWT

Ines Christina Vial
Seattle, Washington
General Unrestricted Line

Ines came to us from the "drill naked" company. Although plebe year was hard, she enjoyed her training. Second class year brought trips to Spain and Rio. "No really, I'm not spoiled!" Did you ever turn in a section leader report? "4448?" After all that, the fridge seemed reg. Ines will freely admit that the military is not her first interest. She's much more adept at the domestic arts such as cooking (tailgate feasts) and (re)decorating (Franny O's, the Harbor Court Hotel, the Flight's, etc...). Ines has also established herself academically. She lists such classes as EM211, EE622, ES600, and ES800 among her favorites. She loved academics so much that she decided to take 24 hours in her last semester at the boat school. We won't worry about you too much. We're sure that you'll find an Admiral who loves your cooking as much as we do. And, please, stop taking your career so seriously! 3342

Brian Todd Woodard
Ft. Washington, Maryland
Nuclear Power-Surface

Woody left his sweetheart of a few short weeks and ventured the vast expanse of the beltway subjecting himself to the extremes of Navy life. He spent Plebe year shuttling between Medical and Ward Hall, not realizing the foreshadowing of his visits. Progressing through his career he befriended the likes of Bully and Chief, oblivious to the deleterious effects of a beverage of choice. 'Fruit juice', drags, how else did we lead you astray? Under the expert tutelage of 'square root of two', applications of sinusoidal principles were easily applied to his love life. Didn't he tell you that the min of that function doesn't include a young lass from Philly? It does however require the internationally accepted remedy of sun, sand and spirits. Am I correct to assume that you disagree with Mexican border policy? Is that why you wanted to swim the Rio? You do realize that that sombrero got the best of you. That week of fun in the sun must have cured you of your wanderlust, as your thoughts of nubile maidens changed to thoughts of a sleek, sexy, symbol of power. I told you the first scratch is the hardest. It is supposed to be a pasttime, not an obsession! Ultimately you realized your insatiable love for passwords. Roomie, pursue your desires, regardless of what others say. Good luck in the land of targets. CRD & WALLY



FIGHTIN'
TEAM EXTREME
FIVE

Christopher Patrick Gerard Briggs
Cincinnati, Ohio
Surface Warfare

As a rule, Spock Briggs could only rarely be found at home in his room. Too often, he was off travelling with some strange musical group such as the Glee Club to far off exotic places. The Azores are a good example. Or maybe he was busy building stage props for another musical. Or maybe he was having a study (I.E. complaint) session with the other EE delinquents. If he was in his room, he was busy imagining himself as the hero in some Steven Spielberg flick. You could tell because he started speaking in movie quotes and wearing his Indiana Jones hat. In his last year and a half here, he could be found in the Gun Shop or the Armory, getting huge beyond human proportions, training to destroy the Klingons. By years end, he will have Arnold's build but not his height. It is good that he is graduating, for another year here and he would not fit through the weight room doors. Chris, when you've been present in mind and body, you've been a good friend. I wish you all the best. Who knows, maybe Cincinnati Briggs will yet save the day. I have no doubt you'll be the best starship captain that Starfleet's ever seen. Live long and prosper. DBK and RAK Why do you have two middle names anyway?

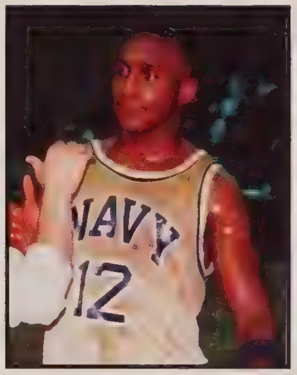
Kenneth Coleman Bruley
Saint Simons, Georgia
Nuclear Power-Surface

Kenneth C. Bruley, the C is for Chicken Legs. He is the King of Crass, the Mouth of the South, and he has never met anyone that he could not offend. Kenn came to the Academy a devout Christian and a runner-up in the Junior Mr. Universe competition. After four years of hard, intense training, the Brumeister has dwindled to a meager 150 pounds and can now make the Dice Man blush. Bruley, being a mere shadow of his former self, is currently deprived of friends, money, and female companionship. K.C. now counts among his friends and his most prized possessions the plebes, his NRA membership card, and his 1971 green, chrome-bumpered, convertible corvette with ASTRO VENTILATION. Some of the things about Kenn that we will always remember are his big ears, his skinny legs and his mastery of the English language which at times left us speechless. Seriously though, Kenn has been a great friend and if we were women, we would all want him. Weez, Cally, and Swoluvich

Robert James Callahan
Quincy, Massachusettes
Marine Corps

Robert came to the Naval Academy to become a warrior, a top-notch performer, a real go-getter. Fortunately, these visions of grandeur never came to be. The descent to his present level was slow yet complete. At the pinnacle of his Academy career, he was awarded the coveted Most Improved Dirtbag title by his slug peers. Part of this accomplishment was no doubt due to his ability to go to the well and return with a FULL bucket. His way with the ladies was renowned. Bob, a proud Bostonian, earned many callsigns while in our cherished company: Callaloins, Calladork, Callanose, Callaloser, Callaskull....the list goes on and on. In all seriousness, Callahan was a guy you could depend on in a time of need. If you needed a friend to lean on you could always count on Cally being there for you, probably because he was UNSAT for the last two years. You're a great sport Cally, good luck in the Corps. Keep on dippin'. -Kenn and Weez

Jeffrey Allen Chatfield
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare
Jeff (Chat or Double-Fat) came to 5 after an illustrious plebe year in 15. As a plebe, Chat managed to stay out of as much trouble as his brother '89 was willing to get him in—a task which this one of Pittsburgh's favorite sons did not always succeed in. Luckily, if he needed to escape his brother or the Academy he had the crew team's shells or a pair of wheels with which to do it. After some stormy semesters youngster year, Jeff decided that he had had enough with political science and aspired to new heights and the pursuit of Truth as an English major. This decision came after a long down-home Christmas break spent with Frankie and T.L. in good old Mother B. Chat, along with his roommate Bobby, established himself as one of 5th's "little men." In that sense, he was easy to be found; he was either doing a quick 4000m in LeJeune, doing sit-ups and pull-ups on the sea wall, or running somewhere North of Severna Park. All this physical exercise earned Jeff a spot at the top of the physical qualification list for prospective SEALS. Whichever you choose, Surface or Seals, Jeff, your spirit, laughter, compassion and wit have earned you a space in all of our hearts. Take Care and stay in touch; as Prospero said, "Our revels now are ended . . . We are such stuff as dreams are made on, and our little life is rounded with a sleep."ADS



Melvyn Malcolm Davis
Chicago, Illinois
Supply Corps
Melvyn Malcolm Davis "Tricky"/ Chicago, Illinois There are a lot of things that I could say about my stay here at the Academy, but I won't, because none of that really matters. I will say that I have met some of the best men I have ever known here. Most of these men will not graduate with me, but a few will. I will be remembered for a lot of different things, some good and some bad, but those things don't really matter either. The only thing that matters is that my stay here has merely been a continuation of my life, in which I have been "Dying, but fighting back." To the brothers that didn't make it I say "Thanks for adding your bodies to the pile so that one more brother might take a step closer to the Promised Land. I will never forget you Rick, Neil, Gunny, Marc, Mac, Wilky, and so many others." To the brothers I step with I say "The struggle continues and if you stay true to your people, you will be true to yourself. Peace to Masto, Stile, J-Double, Dean, E, Big Ed, Bear, Missles, Mac, J.D., D.J. Lee and my other brothers." To the brothers I leave behind I say, " Don't sell out, don't give up, and good luck." I send a special peace out to Newt, who roomed with me and was a witness to my struggle."Dying, but fighting back." Mel D.

William Charles Duerden
Hillsboro, Oregon
Nuclear Power-Submarines
Midshipman Duerden hails from the majestic state of Oregon, known mistakenly to some as "God's Country". Things only go downhill from this low and humble beginning. Bill, affectionately known as "Bilge", He completed his plebe year as a member of 4th Co., and then was scrambled to "Fightin' Five", home of the 5th Company Slugs. It was at this point in his distinguished naval career that Bill was transformed from a creature of the day into one of the night: a nocturnal beast of homework, highly disciplined in his habits of study. He frequents the wardroom (or any other room not his) until midnight, begins his homework promptly,stays up until 3 to get it half done, then hits the rack. And of course he feels compelled to complain about lack of sleep the next day. In order to maintain his strength throughout this demanding routine, he feasts on the food of others (especially his squad leader and mentor, Midn Admiral Kendall). With such a lifestyle it is no wonder the boy "has no friends". Bill is currently seeking a billet with the submarine community, where he hopes to enjoy many years of nuke bonuses with all the other bubbleheads. With the dedication, courage, honor, and integrity gained at USNA, Bill will always have fair winds and following seas. JDM BRM

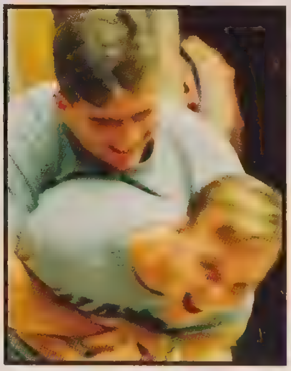
Robert Harold Duryea
Fairfax, Virginia
Marine Corps
Robert Duryea came to the Academy only to join the CORPS. His hair has never seen the long side of 2" and the sides of his head suffer from razorburn. "Doohey" has always had a way with the opposite sex. His list of numbers became so long (because he refused no offer, no matter how embarrassing the consequences) that he finally had to resort to compiling this atrosity on the computer. He showed no discrimination when dealing with the ladies; every woman had the same chance of hitting it off with our Robbie. His juggling talents will undoubtedly earn him a spot in the Hall Of Fame. Rob had a special working relationship with the administration. Rob was also a lover of WILDLIFE. He did, however, have a small problem with an ELK during his Firstie year. But seriously, the CORPS is getting a great officer, if DOOHEY can find time between adventures to study, so he won't be Private Duryea. CBF

John William Fancher
Hammond, Indiana
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Home-dude came to us on exchange. He quickly adapted to fifth company and its many rules including his own assigned hacking position. Despite his ingenuity in hacking and in computers we had to severely condition certain natural emissions. Nickel John. Falling out of favor with the aero gods and playing too many computer games led John to find his home in the land of ray tracing, fractals, and characters that just go away. Three roomates and four computers says it all as 3309 found itself a quagmire of cables and shaking to the sounds of computerized cheese. Fractal even managed finding a scapegoat for the national computer virus. Not solely limited to digital interface, Fanch was mesmerized by his analog real-time fiancee, Tammy. Nickel Tam. Wearing 3 stripes for the NATS Gestapo, Fanch ran Barber*** more times than the whole of the Brigade. John will be taking his talents (Nickel, John) under the sea for service selection. Hope your roommates know how to wear EAB's. Seriously, congratulations John, the Navy and Tammy are both getting an intelligent, talented, chocolate eating guy. You will do well. AMW & ADS.

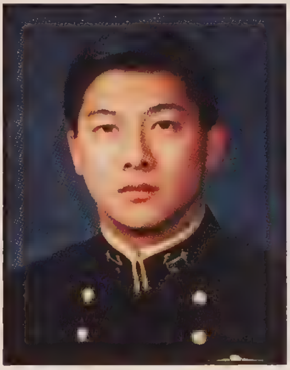
Corey Blake Franklin
Riverton, Illinois
Navy Pilot

Corey came to USNA as a redneck from Illinois, and has changed very little. Unfortunately he also brought along a ball and chain and this crazy idea that he had to be a Mech-E to graduate. This idea brought him to his academic knees but he still managed to pull it out, amazing. Corey eventually made the slow transition to dirt ballness by first, moving in with me and the Buddha, and then by giving up track for a more liesurely life. This left him only the rigors of company sports and occasional company parties at W. Hoops players houses. He then was forced into the less than desired job as Company Commander, better him than anyone else. But in all honesty he was a great friend, who could always be counted on for anything. The flyboys will be getting a great couple, and these long years here have been much easier with Franklin as a good friend. RHD



Bobby Layne Goppfarth
Victoria, Texas
Surface Warfare

Pround in his Vette, providing Big Bobby Gopffarth, My Little Lightening Bug, My Big Teddy Bear, Butt. Known by many as many different things and loved by all. Whether it was working out in the weight room or thinking about a meeting with his company officer, Bob needed at least five towels to wipe down with. He will always be known as the Casanova of Crosby. We will never forget the letters from Dorci. Playing varsity football, he showed us his speed and agility on the kickoff return team. On weekends you could see him cruising around in his Vette, providing that it wasn't in the shop and it wasn't past taps. Bobby always looked foward to excelling in PE tests, especially the mile 1/2. He loved it so much he made sure he ran it three or four times a semester. He could always make us laugh and there was never a better friend. He is the most caring and trustworthy friend you could have. Bobby... we love you and wish you the best of luck on the high seas. Brothers forever! WEK, BAB.



John Lee Higginbotham
Tacoma, Washington
Surface Warfare

Higgy, Higgstone, Squiqs, or the Mad Korean, became a true player in the Fifth Company Slug Games. A true slug in all measures Higgs holds the record for standing the longest while still totally asleep. Speaking of unconscious states, Higgs did you make it to Thanksgiving dinner this year? Hey, don't forget the Debutant all-nighter with ping-pong bar calls! An amazing contributer to company spirit and professionalism, John rose to the land of the aristocrats to actually preside over the Great Slugroom and even carry a sword. (That's on the left foot, Higgs.) Long before his days as a firstie John met trials and tribulations with engineering and resisted the temptations of oceanography. After spending every waking moment studying and slaving over the books its just hard to believe this guy fell short of number one. Maybe it has something to do with his ten to fifteen minutes awake time per day. After his switch to general, the great "Higginbotham Reading List" was cut short only by a strictly enforced 2200 taps. Rumor has it that Rickover's Navy only missed Higgs because his interview time conflicted with standard rack scheduling. AMW, CBF, & RHD.

David Mark Houff
Waynesboro, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Mark came to the Naval Academy from Waynesboro, Virginia. Mark was a sweat before he came to the Naval Academy, and Plebe year made him even more of a sweat. When he came to 5th company his youngster year, the now infamous 5th company slugs tried to make him less of a sweat. By first class year, Mark had switched from the debating team to intramurals. He could now be found in the Wardroom during the week quite frequently. He had become a true slug. Mark only had two major problems. The first problem was that he was a Washington Redskin fan. The second problem was that when the Cavaliers started doing well in 1990, he suddenly started to pull for a team he had always claimed to hate. On the weekends, Mark usually went to William and Mary to visit his high school sweetheart and fiance, Kim. Well Mark, good luck at the University of Maryland and at SWOS. -JET

Tracey Eugene Jenkins
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Marine Corps

Hailing from the lesser known state of Warshington, the Jenkster was a bastion of stability in a raging sea of turmoil. Never one to lose his temper, Jenks could always be counted on to accept adversity with a smile. Always one to put his money where his mouth was, Tracey consistently lost on the Seahawks and Nebraska. His luck with cars was no better. In a span of two weekends, he and his roommate once disabled 4 cars—1 permanently. Second Class year, he channeled his energy toward the destruction of rodents, being among the Brigade leaders in confirmed rat kills. Even worse yet, was his luck with women. Feebly attempting to join the ranks of Five's engaged firsties, he frequently came back from long road-trip weekends frustrated, once having seen only the cold face of a closed door. But seriously, things are now looking up for the Jenkster with his high-and-tight (only because it looks good; he might go SWO) and his newfound cheery demeanor. Like he always tells us in his calm, cool, and collected manner—There's always tomorrow. Every new day has its DAWN. Good luck with everything, Jenks; you'll always be the greatest friend. Weez, EJ, FW, Hoof

Preston Wade Jones
Blanding, Vermont
Marine Corps Pilot

Truly the epitome of everything a midshipman should be. His physical accomplishments include success on the wrestling team, thousands of push-ups in the Army-Navy push-up competition, and the ability to jump rope at a rate inconceivable to most mortals. His religious conviction and academic prowess further evidence Press-a-ton's overall commitment to excellence in every aspect of life. The fact that Preston was given the position of First Regimental Commander was no surprise to those of us who know him. Even with all these marks of superiority, we still found a way to like this guy. Preston served as an inspiration to the rest of us in the lowly masses of mediocrity. Whenever classes ended and most of us were ready for a stringent workout between the sheets of our rack, we needed only to see Press-a-stud knocking out his 900th sit-up and we would be motivated to at least think about getting up and exercising. Preston has been a great friend and should enjoy great success in the Corps. Good luck. Cally

Douglas Barrett Kelley
Shepherdstown, West Virginia
Nuclear Power-Surface

Doug comes from the land of "giant dogs" and little else, the famous state of Waste Virginia. Doug's first home was with the mighty 16 company. Little is known of his past exploits, but he entered Fighting Five with a bowling ball in one hand and his models in the other. He's been a fifth company "slug" ever since. Doug may be a quiet, mild-mannered person outside of his room, so much so that many people still don't know that he's in this company. But hey, behind closed doors, the transformation occurs, the shell breaks, and Doug becomes a maniac. I bet that no one can sing "It Must Have Been Love" in a chipmunk voice as well as he can. Doug has mellowed a lot over the past year. The soothing effect of the female persuasion perhaps? Well anyway, he also is a good listener when certain moody people set into one of their moods. Thanks, Doug. I needed that. Doug can claim to be one of the mighty few who took the Mech E. bone and survived. He hopes to apply this knowledge while serving as a nuclear trained officer aboard his ship. If he is lucky, he will obtain his ultimate dream and be stationed on the best coast, the West Coast. Good luck and good hunting (in New Mexico). Signing off from five feet away for the last time. WCD JDM BRK CPGB

Brent Riley Kendall
Winchester, Virginia
Marine Corps Pilot

"Knock, Knock: Mr. Ken-doll, Midn. 4/c Barbie Doll reporting for come-around." These words will remain as one of Brent's MANY fond memories of USNA. Brent, known by his numerous admirers as "Stud-muffin", came to us from the town of Funchester, Virginia, but he's an O.K. guy anyway. His first tour of duty was with 3rd company, known for its professionalism and high standards. Then he came to 5th company where he perfected his ability to woo women, a true "slug" trait. No one shows as much LOVE and dedication to a relationship as this Romeo. After five years in Marine Aviation, we expect to see Brent, still a 2nd Lt., settled on the Best Coast with that certain special girl. Hopefully your "Dog-jaw" will be healed by then. We've had some good times with many more to come. Good Luck. P.S. You still have NO friends. WCD JDM

Terry Lee King
Loveland, Ohio
Navy Pilot

AKA - T.L. or the Kinger. He was at one time a well built football player, trim and in shape. After he got engaged to his high school sweetheart, Laurie, he left the team and joined the ranks of the proud Fifth company intramural slugs. He became more round, less defined, and more appreciative of the rack. Third class year was a blur of barely remembered Saturday nights and painful Sunday mornings. Second class year started with a unforgettable summer - particularly the night before the trip to Corpus Christi. It was then on to the academic year, with frequent trips to Loyola - until Terry had us banned from returning. Starting fires and blowing up microwaves do not make for good social relations. After much indecision, Terry followed his heart and service selected Navy Air. No matter what the circumstances, the Kinger had a smile on his face. We could not have chosen a better roommate. Good luck, we'll miss your luck and humor — F.W., S.W.

Robert Alexander Krivacs
Beach Haven, New Jersey
Navy Pilot

VAX came to this Severn School after a year long detour to MMA. Immediately, this old man found friends in the First Class. Plebe year was more like a real youngster year. Turning 21, the Godfather continued his pursuit of an Italian Princess only to have Ring Dance change "things." Known for his "calm" demeanor (blast patterns of textbooks and pillows) he was a great roomate. Black k"nights" and weekends to the last minute (18:29 again!) Under the influence of friends like Tony M., Arnold S., and Gordon G., he craved power (plt. CDR/ Sqd Daddy.) Firstie year brought the "hair" aquisition and merger for this economic slackard (16 weeks of FE666 in one night, no problem.) A devoted Parrot-head, converting all in his path, always compasionate ("nuke 'em" and "Could you tell me how LA gear is doing?".) The future will find RobBob as CEO of some billion-dollar corporation or in jail with Mike Milken. Good Luck, the world is yours. SAR & CPGB

Emmet James McCarthy
Wausau, Wisconsin
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Emmet has been a great asset to 5th company. He came to the Academy from Wausau, Wisconsin. Plebe year, he quickly established himself as one of the brightest and most professional Midshipman in the Brigade. He has been in the top 10 of our class his entire time at the Naval Academy. He was selected as Deputy Vice Honor Chairman in charge of investigations his 1/c year. He was not however, a pencil-neck geek. He could often be found playing 'hoops' or participating in intramural sports. His 1/c year, he completed the Marine Corps Marathon in 2:58. Emmet turned out to be a great friend. The night before a E.E. test, Emmet could be found giving group E.I. to all of his classmates. His academic fall started at the beginning of his 1/c year. Because of his billet, he was no longer accountable for morning quarters - this and his overzealous desire to socialize led him to validate many morning classes. "SERIOUSLY - I got it, I got it," he often assured us after a night of socializing. Emmet, you've been a great friend. Good luck in NUKE school. -JET, RAK

Charles Hubert McGuire IV
Plano, Texas
Nuclear Power-Submarines

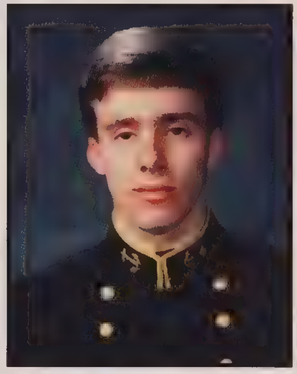
Known as the gadget master, the systems god, Mr Aero and as of late—Megadebt. Since arriving in Crabtown, Chuck has made a name for himself for becoming obsessively involved with many things —one after the other. To the continued wonderment of all to see, has excelled at each. His arrival occurred due to a flat tire which stole him away from a promising musical career and landed him in a nuclear pipeline and eventually in this hole. In a futile attempt to challenge himself academically, Chuck became the first aero/systems/self-masochist triple major which Annapolis has still never produced. After getting crushed for pursuing excellence, Chuck further explored the limits of indebtedness. It's amazing what 13 credit cards and two car loans can purchase. A minor list includes scuba equipment, computers, stereos, computers, VCR, camcorder, diamonds, loans, roses...bigger roses, and a Bronco II. Similarly, his obsessions have turned from music, to airplanes, to racquetball, to marathons, to the Corps, to hockey, back to Nuclear Power, and finally to Angela. I wish him more success than anyone could possibly never have. Good luck always. Preston

James David Minyard
Bakersfield, California
Nuclear Power-Surface

Sometimes called "David", Dave is a true Californian. He seems possessed with supernatural intelligence and wisdom, yet, oddly enough he chose to spend the best four years of his life "by the bay" (not ocean!?). A true philosopher, Dave lives by such memorable quotes as "Sleep till you're hungry... eat till you're tired." And that about sums up his academy experience. To know Dave was to know his rack. Another purely Dave trait was his hair—rarely have so many received so much joy from such a simple oddity as the crown on Dave's head. The strange array of hair often caused him to be mistaken for the equally rare, but unforgettable, one-eyed-chicken. If it was not for the power failures and structural damage Dave's infamous "Tower of Power" (stereo—thanks Bob and Visa) caused, no one could fault Dave at all. Seriously, David, you're the best and you're loved by many. We know where you'll be the rest of your life (Goin' Back to Cali) and we will find you! BRK WCD

Marc Thomas Newton
Marietta, Georgia
Surface Warfare

To know Marc Newton is to know sports. Newt came to USNA with a love for basketball, golf, baseball, and almost any other sport one might think of. After playing his plebe year with the JV hoops team, Newt took his show on the Intramural circuit, compiling a three-year record of 28-8 and two Brigade finals. During his last two years, he even helped coach the JV team. His loyalty belonged to the Celtics and Tarheels in basketball and the Steelers and Irish in football. Well, 3 out of 4 ain't bad (go Lakers!). Marc was never to be seen at USNA on weekends. He was either watching one of many different sporting events or making the long road trip to Chapel Hill (and not just because he was a Tarheel fan). Newt was never one to scoff at a good tip, and if his new "system" comes through, he'll be a millionaire in a few weeks. Even though he's not a Met fan, Newt will still always be a winner as far as we're concerned. Weez, EJMac

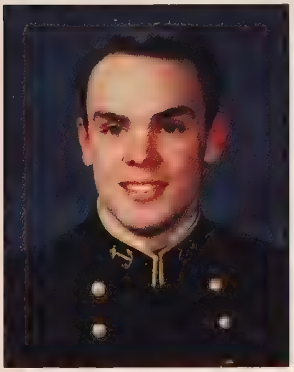


Stephen Keith Parker
Parker, Colorado
Surface Warfare

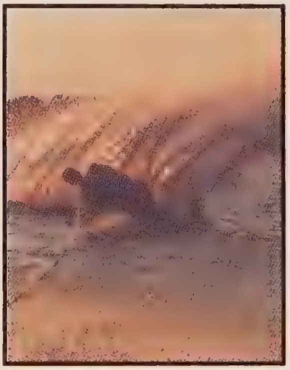
2.00 - Space's Odyssey. His finals frontier. Did his nickname come from the cavity between his ears? No, probably not. One talk with Space and you knew that you were dealing with someone very, very different. Whether he's pondering Einstein's theory of relativity or just telling another really stupid joke, none of us have ever really known what is going on inside his brain. Pocket trout? Where on earth did he come up with that one? Why does he tell such bad jokes? Why? What could we possibly have done to deserve him? Space's acrobatics have made him a legend in Navy gymnastics and with a certain ball-and-chain he met at nationals junior year. His acrobatics in the gym have only been surpassed by his juggling act with the women. But, in all seriousness, everybody who knows him truly loves him, and we all believe that one day he really will levitate. Bottom line—he's just out there. In 243 we trust. Weezer, EJMac

Sean Allen Rach
Fort Worth, Texas
Surface Warfare
Texas Best was incarcerated in the Stalag from the Lone Star State. Fred Astaire started from 7209 and ended up with 3 permanent stripes on the skate committee. Attempting the EE major, giving way to the square root club, hitting for the cycle in Math and the Dean's List as a Poly-sly major, Rack made numerous visits to the Admiral, getting 4 stripes as a 4x SS vet. Molly follies for four years-what a "nice" Ring Dance! Psycho-college experiences, and the perpetual genade jumper (Auschwitz, Alien, BFGF). At least his goes to eleven. Anti-Gravity do, diary, air guitar, his Quelude had a few dimples, and his firstie cruise had a few firsts. Rock had one key to the wonder twin powers, but medical problems made him a real No-FO. Hopefully plastic fun has come to an end, since this Buffet convert (with no leave) was "born on the Fourth of July." Now, Ozzy's destined for the Far-East...Good Luck! Sarco & Gold

Andrew Donald Stewart
Gaithersburg, Maryland
Surface Warfare
aka Stew, Andronicus Stewarticus, Drew. Having suffered two years in a room as the only true intellectual, Stew fled from science (Alex) and technology (Fanch) to another bona fide intellectual (Chat). That's OK guys, Stew needs no help with academics anyway, being the English department's star performer and Shakespeare's first real competition. Whether frequenting the Folger Theatre or the ABT with Katharine, the real love of his life, Stew always presents undeniable style and class. Only those who made an effort to discover Andronicus' true character realize that he truly is a TITAN among men. In fact, Stew is the best kind of man- a great friend. He'll make a great husband and father, not to mention a superlative SWO, as if there was any doubt. I'll always remember Halloween and the Beretta-Coriolanus connection, or the dumbfounded look on our classmate's faces when they step into our room- AS IF THEY COULD COMPREHEND THE PURSUIT OF TRUTH!!! They just wanted to use the printer and get the ____ out! Never give up the search for the ultimate truth of Honor and Dignity, remember Hamlet and Lear. "Adieu! Adieu! Stewart, remember me." Keep in touch. jc



Frank Gerard Wakeham
Port Jefferson, New York
Nuclear Power-Surface
Our human guardian angel, our superego, the man who keeps the slugs (especially his roomates) in line. If it wasn't for Franko, there might be 2 mids in jail today. Although usually busy saving us from our own destructive behavior, he was known to go off the deep end himself. If not for Frank's many contacts up and down the east coast, each Sunday's recollections (if any could be recalled) would not have been nearly as entertaining (Loyola, Philly, UVA). Always one to cut the rug, Frank introduced us to the "Wakeham Slide" (a dance impossible to imitate). Frank, ever gallant, played Prince Charming to Sleeping Beauty in Cincy, while all were having fun. He also had his own distinct way of descending stairs. After sowing his wild oats, Francis, always having his priorities in order, settled in with a hometown girl. You are a great roomate and will be missed by all the wardroom slugs. Good Luck! TK, SW



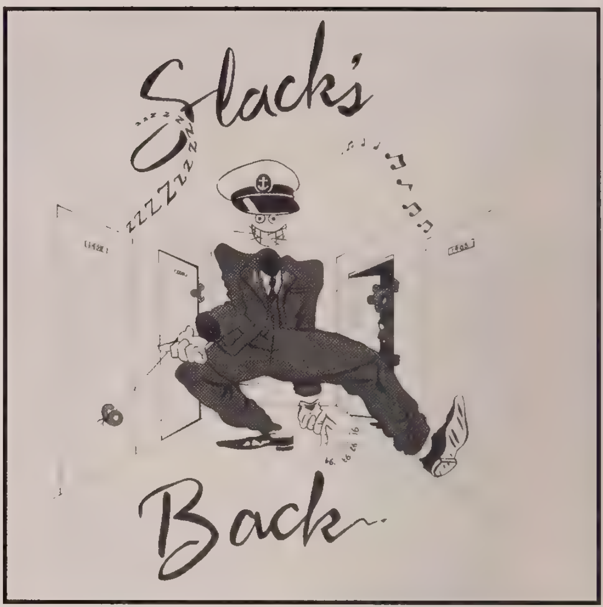
Scotty Wade Waltermire
Perry, Oklahoma
Surface Warfare
The most laid back man we have ever met. Absolutely nothing bothered him in the least. The typical Oklahoma cowboy, he played hard and worked little. A semi-good looking lady and a tall glass of cheap beer or vodka was all it took to make the man happy. He introduced us to the fine cocktail, vodka and Mountain Dew, which became the staple for our weekend excursions. He could often be heard to say, "it just doesn't matter", and to him it often didn't. He was an avid guitar player, often to the chagrin of his roommates. He taught us to appreciate Country and Western music and the Two Step. Scott was addicted to the rack, and often it was impossible to get him up - remember the drilling for NATS? Of course you don't, you didn't hear it! A plebe varsity wrestler, he left the team to be a slug. He returned 1/c year, and his vision quest was shattered (luckily) by a fractured elbow. The Oky was a great roommate, thanks for being there. FW, TK

Alex Mark Wilhelm
Williamsburg, Virginia
Navy Pilot

Kaiser a true redneck, surfer-dude, (if there is such a thing) from the dunes of the Eastern Shore - that's Va. - came to us with a stick in one hand and a kneeboard in the other. Upon arrival to USNA, Alex couldn't resist the bodacious waves. So, he ventured off in "Connie" and "The Mighty I" as one of the sailing team's "Main" dudes. To our surprise he chose Oceanography as his major. For 4 years, Alex lumbered around in his burly jeep in search of the perfect wave in such places as Delaware, UMBC, Longwood, JMU, UVA, Randolph Macon, Wooster, and Arkansas. With his spirits running low and his gas as well, he ventured off to that conservative school known as Duke. With Tar on his heels and three stripes on his shoulders, Al lead 5th Co and battled the mighty ELK. Despite his musical talents (or lack there of) Al is easy to get along with - surviving fractals, Jimmy Buffet, and Hot Korean Soup. Good luck surfing the big Mach wave in the sky. Hang loose and stay cool. ADS JWF JLH

Gordon Scott Wilson
Plandome, New York
Navy Pilot

Gordo "G&T" Wilson. Coming out of the rat-infested slums of Long Island as a basketball standout, the RUNT never quite had the game to play for Pee-Wee. In search for another manly sport to participate in, he sold himself SHORT and settled for squash. Elected captain and company commander, his six stripes quickly evaporated when he became half of the Academy's Most Wanted. In exchange, he settled for the infamous BLACK LETTER to complement the gold one he earned in squash. Although he never hit it off with women, Weezer's luck ran better elsewhere. I'll even bet...... did you say bet? bet,bet bbbbbet,bbbbbbet! At least his luck at the tables has been able to support his love of liquids. Despite never studying a day in his life, Gordo managed to pull out a 43 class rank in his Easyography major. But all is not lost, the Gordster will always have the SCHWEETH. ——COR,EJ,SPACE,CALLY,BRULES,NEWT



John Paul Ayubi
Lacosta, California
Navy Pilot

J.P. came to USNA from Connecticut, or was that Saudi Arabia, or was that San Diego? Surfboard in tow, tie dye shirt, and chucks, J.P. likes to think of himself as a native Californian. J.P.'s sole ambition in life is to become a fighter pilot and he was definitely not going to let school get in the way, so he chose Poli Sci. Despite constant harassment from his roommate, who thought that engineers were it and that everyone else should be shot, and an Ac Board that was a little closer than everyone would have liked, J.P. will make a great pilot. Let's just hope T-34's aren't as hard to fly as Piper Warriors. J.P.'s penchant for undying professionalism was ever apparent in his room standards. Designated a bomb shelter by the LT, J.P.'s half of the room never saw the light of day. We aren't sure if that was a result of his filth or the fact that he slept half of his mid career away. J.P.'s illustrious water polo career came to a halt after a weekend road trip to Canada, from which he awoke only to discover that someone had left a gift in his shoes. Wonder who that could have been? J.P.'s few waking moments were usually spent in the MidStore (buying C.D.'s), working out, or on his way to the library. The only problem was that his trips to the library usually ended up in a U. of Md. sorority house. Good luck from Bones and Barnyard. GDP

Brian Louis Banks
Catersville, Georgia
Surface Warfare

"Bri," "B-B," "Beebs," or "Your Worshipfulness, the Dark Lord" came to Canoe U with enough Navy experience for two—which is good considering the guy he had to live with Plebe Year!His first command: the "Sausage March" detail on 8-1.Don't feel bad for B-B, however.He never had to fold his own laundry (the "little girl next door" did that, and delivered breakfast, too!), had a room with a view(Look!The TajMahal!)& a Mustang at Thanksgiving.While most mids complain about 2/C summer, B-B and his buddies had a blast!The port calls were great (friendly 13-yr-olds in B-More);so was the bridge nav team!Through great personal sacrifice he discovered the recipie for Hell on Earth in Philly: Mix all you can drink from the $4 alcohol buffet with all-night dancing(for proper dehydration),eat a hearty BBQ'd poptart breakfast, and don a rubber firefighting suit; add intense heat, smoke, and humidity as necessary.The king of knee surgery endured the USMC Marathon with great dignity, except for those old ladies at the finish line!And who could forget the times at Deb's?One of our famous self-portraits is bound to show up at the Louvre someday(natural progression from "the Gallery)Congrats,mon frere maconnique. Thanx for your friendship.You can always count on me.J-Man

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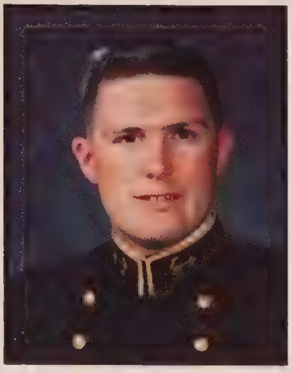
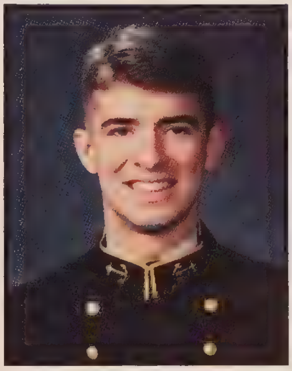
Timothy Lee Couture
East Hartford, Connecticut
Nuclear Power-Surface

Cooch came to USNA as a salty dog, but he realized by playing with the boys of 28 that supermen did not like ratey plebes. He then could tell you about any aircraft in the Navy. End of semester leave was an experience for this Conn. boy in Georgetown. HEY! Give me back my shoelaces! A summer in Annapolis with Meat Loaf and SM left him sulking, but that day in November was a relief from the Black N Youngster Year: Army (and BB), fun with RW and company, and don't forget Deb, all left him with a better taste. The excursions to North Carolina, a good time with no results, except I told him not to go through those islands! Then came a change of state (physical and geographical) brought our lad to a sweet 4.0 at UVA. And that's where the story ends. Never forget PH stories, late night TV, music blastin', cool frosty mugs, my bed, and garbage can spitoons. Take care. FWL



Gareth Lansing Sawtell Crossley
Watertown, New York
Marine Corps

Cros thought that his folks had sent him away from Watertown, NY, to another summer camp, but he quickly adapted to his new surroundings. Gary endured the special rigors of plebe year as a recruited swimmer. Semester grades revealed just how much time Gary had spent in company and gave him the motto: "You ain't history when you're History." He survived to be scrambled. To impress us Cros decided to distribute reconstituted beverages on Constitution Ave. Big Wo and O'D hung around anyway. The trials went on. His demands for Canadian beverages were expensive for friends, though never affecting Gary. Then, Cros's talents as a taco chef began two years of HW experiences that would overcome everyone around him. Firstie year, after months of talk and borrowing vehicles, he turned on German cars and bought an American Riceburner. Two years of fieldball helped him to decide to wear the green of a US Marine. Vision had some influence, but his sub-specs gave him enough influence to become our esteemed co. XO. His crowning achievement, however, is a Friday night swim that wasn't in Speedo's or in Lejeune. We now know the real Cros: a platoon of Marines gains a leader who will demand and give his best. We lose a guy whose controlled abandon touched three years on the Severn and each of us. DGO'D and TCW

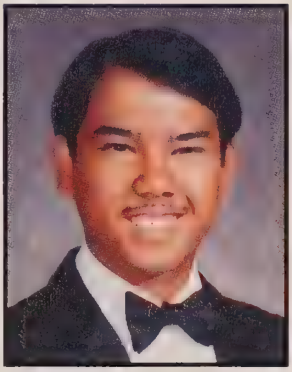


John Churchill Devine
Half Moon Bay, California
Nuclear Power-Submarines

JD, Churchill, the Barnyard animal (who knows what that means?) John is your all American mid: He played baseball here until one day he went to have a heart to heart with the Duffster, what a mistake. Academically, with the help of his roomates, John became a virtual stud, making the college who's who list. He would have graduated with a 4.0 if it hadn't been for those darned pro-dev classes. All this is surprising considering how much time he spent studying for the PCR after failing it Plebe year (of course JD was in the toughest company in the brigade plebe year, just ask him). To top off the All-American image JD had a great girlfriend (hi Melissa) and somewhere to stay EVERY weekend. There is some suspicion however that JD is holding out on us about those Japanese Geisha girls. Well those are his acomplishments, but what about John the person? Of course he was well liked by his roomates for his unselfishness (and speakers and CD player), that is until he became a striper *expletive deleted*. John will follow in the footsteps of his father who was a submariner and then an engineer at Three Mile Island (maybe that explains the shape of John's head). Unfortunately he won't have his roomates to lean on and guide him, but I'm sure he'll do just fine. Good luck from YP and Bones. JPA

Arthur Lee Fairson
Carlisle, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

Roommate Casualty Report:6 gone, 2 with broken bones, 1 with a dislocated shoulder, 2 with brain damage;If all else fails, lower your standards;European Adventure;No mail;Hey Art, how often does she shave?;Holy Sheep!;$30 for Pinto Flambe; Biologically linked to his rack;No, Art. That was the 5!;THE FILE;Single E;Go SWO!;Ted, you're pulling a Lou;The Great Joe Mooney Flood;No, I am NOT Pete Felarca!;Fellow Hammer Man;Needle Wrestling Champ;Boxing- Adjusted Nose;MudBug;NEVER drink and dial;Mrs. Fairson, is this your son in the bushes?;Tell your clock to shut up!;Green Beach;Tennis ball bowling;THE chaperone;Oh dear, my stocks hit another all-time low today;The Spring Break from HELL!;Gee, Clueless, thanks for hiding my cleats!;Auto mechanic?...NOT!;Good luck. Maybe it will happen this year. T.O. & L.M.



Peter Anthony Felarca
Grand Perry, Texas
Surface Warfare

This unusual Texan came to the Jamin' Rats of 31 as an experienced Napster. At least that's what we thought by looking at his hair. After the trials and tribulations of 31 we were moved to six and roomed with such motley crews as Bobby vs. Art, Brian, and the rack diving Lucas. By the end of youngster year Pete had discovered the joys of being 21. It started during June week, and was reinforced in two quick hours on the FLIGHT DECK. His experience level increased dramatically, as proven during the 1/c Xmas party and his honorable position as the Phil-Am club bartender. For Pete weekends weren't something to take lightly/for granted. Regardless if he rated it or not there was always a great reason why he should be granted one. What was it, dinner with the sponsors, an oil change, or was it to prepare for a party. Pete also had a love for Atlantic City, but we won't talk about that. Good luck Pete!! Wally & CRD

Dale Burton Hager
Palmetto, Florida
Surface Warfare

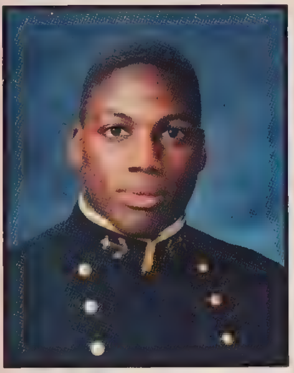
Sammy Hager...former gunge pup turned Navy Blue. Life took an interesting turn for unsuspecting Dale when he was unwillingly (no doubt) exiled to the depths of the 3-4 cave with Pyth and Dubs. Things haven't been quite the same since. Hands up! It's the VISA POLICE. Marlboro Man. USNA's emissary to the over-thirty set (she has how many kids!?). 92 STAR. Ledge sessions and the DLTS's. Quit bouncing that lax ball! I'm a scientist...generally. I'm not running until it's at least 65 degrees outside! Plebe spellout. Squad Daddy. Can I borrow your FDB's? Alpha prime-the only way to park! Hey Dale, want some coffee with your sugar? Rig for Rack! Batt Swimming? Yeah, I sorta remember. Isn't that over yet? Hey Alex, shut up and go to sleep! Let's take a jog out by my car. The world's most amazing digestive system. $500 frisbee games. Not the struggle again! I just worked out last semester! (note: the guy who's writing this is a certified slug-so that last one isn't a cheap shot-it's sort of a tribute, actually). What can be said? After two years in this place you get to be pretty good friends with a guy. Dale has alternately kept me from going nuts and driven me nuts. Either way, I've gotton to know a person who is as genuine as a person can get. Thanks for all the help, big man. Stay true to what you believe in and you'll never go wrong. Mike.

Matthew Todd Howard
San Jose, California
Navy Pilot

Matt had many nicknames - Howie, Harold, The Hammer, Big Howie. When he wasn't in your room eating your food, sleeping in your rack or wasting your time, he could be found at Franny O's or at O'Loughlin's. He showed his love for sports and the 49ers by wearing full football gear into the wardroom on Monday nights, challenging all to goal line stand - (Go Giants). He definitely didn't come from God's country (he's from San Jose), but he frequently visited it with Bobby and took advantage of the home cooking. He loved the Academy so much he attended summer school, not once, but twice. He slept all day and visited all night and still maintained decent grades and estabished himself as an All American hammer thrower and captain of the track team. Howie liked to travel, so much he bought a family truckster which could carry everyone - and who could forget the "donuts" in the snow. What would he do in his spare time without Danno's Game Boy. Always a great friend, and so huggable. Good luck in the Aviation community. Did we ever tell you how much we love ya, Howie !!! Your three roommates - Stick, Danno and Bobby.

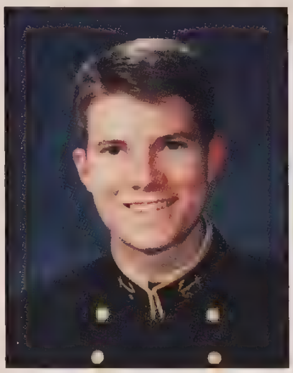
Andrew Mark Kirkland
Adamsberg, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

I met Andy during plebe summer in intramural football. He went on to be an outstanding noseguard, and I went into company intramurals. He came from the real Navy, and went into 11 Co. where he experienced a real plebe year (according to him anyway). We were scrambled into 6 Co. after plebe year and somehow wound up rooming together along with Uppie, who has since been forced into early retirement by the P.E. dept. To say we had different personalities would be a colossal understatement, but an interesting time was had by all. We've stayed together for three years, making sure at least one upperclass room maintained the proper professionalism— video golf, Lysol flamethrowers, rat hunting, chip&dip parties, darts, yo-yo's. We even had the fortune (or misfortune) of being in the same group for 2/c summer. We got "front row" seats for the Phillies game and I made sure Quantico was enjoyable for the die-hard anti-Marine. Even though I haven't been able to convert you to a Marine, I'm glad, at least, that you fought the urge to go Supply. DPS



Fred William Lindsay
Fairfax, Virginia
Medical Corps

Fredie-Verno - Hailing from nearby Fairfax - came to USNA as Joe Swimmer, aka Mr. Whiteworks. LC with a new license added spice to his life that first year where he learned stripes = 0 accountability and a phone. As a 3/c swimming was out, with Pete's, the T-Bord, and the Road Chore in. Great amounts of rack took place and the finals tradition of redecorating began. 2/c year saw Vern testing his charm only to come away with mixed reviews. Cycling became the new craze and healing became a reality. Trips to UNC proved fruitless but a debutante was there to save the aching "D-Ds." It was a game of hide and seek that ended with a nap in the parking garage. This was also the year of Doc Lindsay, M.D., or was it Lindsay Navy SEAL? 1/c summer was filled with paint and Vern learned the "Ladder Dive." By now he was used to the healing process. Soon after, the Debutante was gone and the Heisman trophy was within sight, again. Along came aerobics which led to a "short" weekend in NY and the awarding of the Heisman. Ac year brought stripes, sleep, and a useless phone. It also brought MC and then it was hammer time with BK. Thanks for all this excitement and four years as my roommate. Good luck in whatever it is that you finally do and remember "Always keep your options open!" T.C.



Marc David Lucas
Omaha, Nebraska
Nuclear Power-Submarines

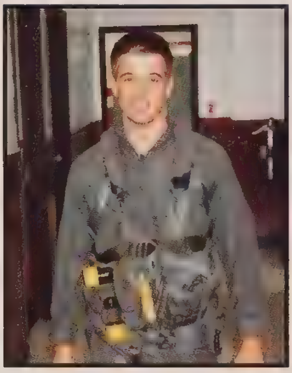
Omaha, where is that? I'm not sure, but Marc wears glasses! He came to 33 an artistic plebe w/a Michael Jackson voice. Validations: 42 credits(1/C yr) Youngster year brought joys of slackness in SIX! Marc spent free time tutoring 1/C and sleepwalking off top racks, an 8 ft backflop! Then he began his transformation into a modern Don Juan! Snaking wasn't his forte, gee Marc...How did you get mono? Better luck with pure math instructors at St. John's. Glee Club goes to Florida, New Orleans, Europe...Hey, let me sign-up...what, I can darkside too? WoW! 2/C year brought more ladies, did I mention how they all go psycho? How about those Hood women? J.B., how old is she? Cool, a LaSabre Convertable, just a YP on wheels. What a Joy, do I or don't I love her? Plebe detail! VGEP-Gee B.K., I might not make taps(all year)! Just studying at GW? 3rd grade teacher-psycho-put the knife down and let me get dressed. From Freshwomen to Instructors w/PhD's, where does it begin or end? Oh, Florida. A lite weight?, but still a babe?magnet? PT stud! Don't park in my VGEP spot! Marc, you're a geek, but a good one! You're the best roommate(all around goodguy), but I hated you every nite I studied and you wrote letters. Good luck and God bless, BKS

Brian John McCormick
Caledonia, Minnesota
Naval Flight Officer

What do you mean he's in the rack, it's only 10 o'clock. How can someone run, swim, hang around Halsey, be Company Commander, manage a systems engineering major, and still get 7 or 8 hours of sleep a night? Ask Brian. It's unclear who was more surprised when he was offered the C.O.'s job, Brian or the rest of the company. Unable to turn down the stripes, he approached it with determination and proved that Minnesotans can make true leaders, or was it just his obsession with the sword? Even more of a question was how he managed to land those girls who were crazy over him. First class year saw him venturing to VaTech to see a wild red-head, chasing a long-legged Philadelphian, and wondering how to work on one back home. People asked him how he did it but he never let the secret out, it must have been the innocent look and the underlying aggression. Lastly, he proved to be one of the most liked people in the company, a difficult task while being C.O. His dedication and friendship will always be remembered as will his triumph over the thought of being a bubblehead, NFO was the way to go. Good luck. ECM

Michael Edward McEahern
Arvata, California
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Hater of Texans and USNA's most outspoken cynic, Mike came to the 3-4 Cave of his own free wil, a decision I'm sure he never regretted. (Not!) Tagged by the mallet (the one with a big "M" on it), Pyth was the first of us to fall prey to the lure of a life in bondage. Two years and 0.65 carats later he stands poised on the brink of the abyss, and Sammy and I are only too happy to push him in. Despite each of our little quirks, life together in hell has had its moments. Like parties with the RW and Friends. This habit's getting out of hand. -Yeah, sure Mike. Here, let me light one up for you. So how are you gonna' finish it? You're thuch a brute! Why am I here!? (Another classic from Mr. Rhetorical Question). Tard Art. Ledge party of justice. Hey Mike, aren't you gonna' study for the PCR? Are we out of Kansas yet? The list goes on and so, I hope, will our friendship. I might have made it through this place without your help, but I never would have retained my sanity (or passed wind tunnel). See you down in Florida, where I'm sure the saga will continue. All the best to you and Anj. Dubs



Edward Charles Miller
Lone Pine, California
Navy Pilot

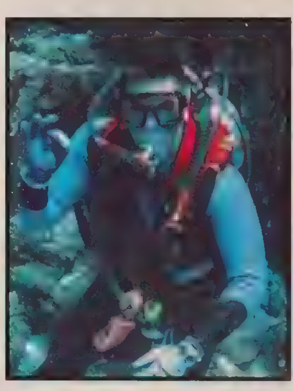
Ed, E.C., Ed-Chuck, or just Chuck! came to USNA from Lone Pine Ca. with two things on his mind - to fly for Navy and play basketball. His height kept him grounded to company and pickup ball games but nothing has been able to ground him from flying. If you are looking to find Chuck arround the Academy there are a few good places to look - the Rickover Lab Deck, Halsey Weight Room, the Wardroom devouring a pizza, or a '58 tailgator. Then again if you are wondering where you probably won't find him try the YP squadron, D&B practice, running an outer perimeter, or in the rack - especially the rack. Now if you asked someone what Chuck was like they would most likely tell you he was hard working, easy to get along with, and very motivated toward the Navy. He'll do anything you need him to do and he will do it well - just don't ask him to give blood - he'll tell you pilots don't give blood. Unlike the average mid Chuck is the type of person who the more you know him - the more you like him. All of us who know him wish him the best of luck - he has the "right stuff" to be a great pilot - now if he can only get to P-cola before the arthritis sets in and he can't handle the g's. Best of luck Chuck! b.j.m.

Robert John Miller
Corning, New York
Surface Warfare

Bobby, a.k.a. Hoooooge (only to himself), hails from the Lacrosse capital of the world, Corning, NY, his nose leading the way. Starting out with "the hardest thing I ever did," Plebe Summer, Bobby proceeded to make his mark on the Academy. One AXE Board, three sets of summer school, NS202 (101 X 2), a broken toe, and 45 days of restriction later, Bobby is all set to graduate (we hope). When he wasn't singing the praises of N.D. (Go Stanford), or the Giants (Lucky!), he could always be found (and heard) flexing his colossal biceps ("I'm pretty! I'm a baaaad man!"). Never one to have a steady girlfriend, Bobby was truly a ladies man, just ask him. The only one in the company to call the Company Officer anything but LT. In all seriousness, Bobby was a great friend to all. We don't know what we would do without him. Best of luck in the fleet. DR, Stick and Howie

Luis Mulet Jr.
Ocala, Florida
Surface Warfare

"Sweet Lou"; "Lazarus"; "Lou, who's your password this week?"; "No Wood, I DON'T want an Elvis plate!"; "It's Moo-LET. I am NOT a fish!"; 101 CD's no one else wants; "I survived Art Fairson as a roommate!"; NAPS 87; Hammer Man: "BURN the NEGATIVE!?!"; "Help me Obi-Wan!"; "Go away, Ted!...Her dad?...HERE!?!"; "Commander, with all due respect...YOU'RE WRONG!!"; "What does 'statutory' mean?"; NUKED! (twice); "Very nice Lou, but an automatic?"; "Hey Lou, is that a Puerto Rican flag?"; "SCUBA-The next step in the evolution of the species."; Software Scandal '90; "Young Ones AGAIN?"; "I don't want to hear about your paper, Ted!"; Woody's translator and alarm clock; The Norwegian Terror-Date; Marvin, our pet mouse; PE five days a week; "PSYCHE!... I never REALLY wanted to go subs!"; "Better luck next time, Morio!"; Good luck, Lou. T.O. & A.F.



Duane Mitchell Oakes
Exton, Pennsylvania
Naval Flight Officer

Duane, alias "STICK" - people wonder why we call him Stick, then they look at him. Stick came to the Academy from Exton PA, a soccer playin' fool and left . . . a fool. But in between, Stick had many great moments. Road trips, Spring Breaks, trips to Loyala to see Rori, the dances, and even though the Germany trip was a bust, Stickman made the best of it with his ever loyal friend, Johnny Mac. Aside from soccer, Stickman has given Slack Six some great memories - Turbo Nerf, GameBoy, chip & dip parties, Electronic Battleship, walkie-talkies, that ugly Eagle Talon, engine killer, Chucks, summer school (twice), and "STICK YOU DERE?" Always one to sypply food to recipients such as Z-bo, T.M.C., and Howie, Stick kept up this tradition by even letting Dan and Howie (among others) come to his house, where much food was supplied by Mrs. Stick (when she wasn't dodging nerf balls). Stick was also a curse for a roommate, only Dan has survived through 4 years at the Academy. Even then, he had to put up with Stickman's outrageous taste in music. At least Rori could put up with him. In fact we all might know Stick a little better if they weren't "married." All in all, Stickman is so cool, we all wanna hurl (remember the Ring Dance). WE ARE NOT WORTHY!! Danno, Howie, and Johnny Mac

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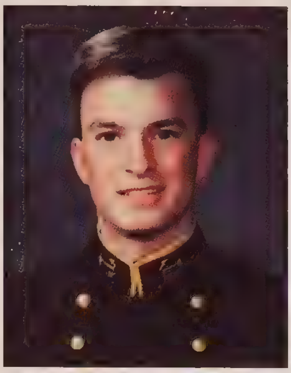
Douglas Gawain O'Dwyer
Goshen, Kentucky
Surface Warfare

Doug, alias Slug, the rack monster from "Lewis"ville, KY, arrived in 6th company after a summer hot racking in close quarters. Seeing immediately the need to separate Doug from this male bonding trend the fateful "JMU Rules" road trip soon followed. Immediately introduced to the spirit of "Pepe Lopez" , Todd saw Doug was on the road to ruin. Instead of persuing the normal midshipman desires, Doug persued a secondary career in housekeeping. From this day on Doug would abstain from the greater pleasures in life and "DD" pressure would become a reoccurring nightmare. In an effort to quickly remedy this ailment he and Cros headed west to the home of the infamous "HW". Even in a place having all the qualities of O'D's favorite movie "The Sure Thing" he returned to USNA having created his own hall of shame for the Heisman trophies. Doug was forced to return from X-mas leave without the companionship of his only faithful lady. She was in dire need of a transplant, an alternator. In a second effort to bring her home, she failed him in the back woods of West Virginia. Luckily his roomie, BB's was following in trace to bring him home. A great guy and loyal friend, Doug will always be close in our hearts no matter where we may be stationed in the world. GLSC and TCW



Ted Moore O'Neal
Shreveport, Louisiana
Navy Pilot

Woody;Bear;Angus;Woodyfish;CO-Booze Cruise'90;Which Monica?;Lou! Her dad was just up here!;Rah-Rah! guy;Take a quarter for Navy;Aviation in 3 yrs. but flying a 944 'til then;Aquavit Bommerlunder fan;Sit-up Negat;Ram's Head Regular;Keyboard Guy;First Date?...Well you really couldn't call it a date;Cutting edge of Naval Rack Technology;This paper is TERRIBLE!;Enough chow packages to wipe out world hunger;Boomer Mid;Fellow Hammer Man;Lou, we're moored in T-Court!;Donde esta Kilos Tres y Medios?;Really, it's just a gift from my brother;Mom, I need a Ring Dance date;"PERSONALIEZD" plates;130 CD's you've never heard of;Survived Art Fairson as a roommate;Hey guys, I got a 96 on that TERRIBLE paper!;Mom, thanks for the Ring-Dance date;Lou, can I borrow your computer;Jen, do you have any eye-liner remover?;NO, you CAN'T have her number!;Pizza Lamp;Good luck. L.M. & A.F.

Gregory Davidson Price
Santa Rosa, California
Marine Corps Pilot

Greg came to the 6th Company via Santa Rosa, California and Sweet Sixteen, and was christened "Bones" on the first day of third-class year. Greg's first response to rooming with JD and JP: "All right, I guess..."—real flattering, huh? Bones' social graces were especially obvious in the way he liked to pick up girls—pouring beer over their heads. Since the breakup with Dawn, he has perfected the method. Of himself and his two roommates, Greg lasted the longest as a varsity athlete, until finally seeing the light second class year and hanging up the glove and the cleats. Bones' time in the room was generally spent either bathing in his supply of OXY-10, or practicing for the eye exam. Known widely as a financial wizard, Greg wisely spent his life savings (and then some) on a brand-new ski boat first-class year—to finance the investment, Greg sold back to his parents the very same BMW which they had given him three years before—what a genius, what a son! Greg's spontaneous purchase of certain illegal appliances was a surprising step towards his ultimate disregard for money. There's never been a doubt about Greg's professional ambitions—to follow in his dad's footsteps as a USMC flight jock. And if Bones didn't leave his mark on USNA, then he definitely left some serious marks on his gym shorts—green and brown, in the tradition of the Corps.—JD

Daniel Bruce Robinson
Winchester, Virginia
Marine Corps NFO

Dan the Man Robinson - Danno hails from FUNchester - wherever that is!! He tried civilian school at TECH - but he had so much fun there, he left (why??) to attend USNA (and we were blessed)!! He proceeded to own the place, academically, with 4.0's across the board. He tried basketball too, in hopes of following in the other D. Robinson's footsteps. Instead of his "N", he got his "Fork". Besides all his great accomplishments he has the honor of being the only one of Stick's roomates to last four years at USNA- "Four Years Together by the Bay!!" Even though he was a 'geek', we let him hang out with us-actually he studied less than we did. He was always involved and became our beloved Co. CDR - Wacky though he was. We were definitely strange youngster year! And who could forget that trip to USAFA... During his 4 years he struggled for the 'ideal' woman! (although H.O. was always by his side) Who could forget Rusty's feelings for DR! And the infamous FOUL!! "if only..." Let's not forget N.D. and NY and wings at O'Laughlin's - of course he was always professional - plebe detail twice AND Bulldog. He always wanted to be a Marine. You put up with a lot. We know it has been a struggle. At least Stick was there to carry you!! Thank your mom for GAMEBOY!! Should have bought an Eagle! The Marine Corps will never be smarter. God Bless. Stick & Howie

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David Paul Shewfelt
Bay City, Michigan
Marine Corps NFO

Well, Dave, alias Shewdog, why did you throw away all the advice I gave to you for the past three years about taking a real major? If you think a letter of completion in EE will get you anywhere in life, more power to you. But just think, you could have been a single E stud like me and Stick. It will be weird not waking up to your famous morning quotes, i.e., "Children, what Children," or my favorite, "Do you know where the scissors for the resistors of the transformers for the 2/C are?" I'm still trying to figure that one out. At least now I won't have to explain to the taps takers what you were talking about (remember Aaron Peters). I hope that by becoming a Marine NFO you will outgrow your fun habits of jumping out of boats that are cruising full speed, putting your foot in bicycle spokes to see what happens or smashing your face against a wire fence to catch a softball (I'm glad I didn't see that one). All you have to do now is talk like you did when you were two years old and you will be set. Go Corps. As you enter this dog eat dog world, remember what I have taught you; This old house and Model Railroad Building shows aren't the only thing on TV, stop drinking all of Charlie's orange juice, and do not ever mix chlorox and ammonia together as a cleaning solution and expect to breathe normal again. Remember these few tips and you should be all right.

Brian Keith Sorenson
Columbia Falls, Montana
Nuclear Power-Surface

Brian, Montana man dipped in Norwegian bleach with a "piercing" gaze. You may have marched in Toolshed 12 for "Lemon cream cake" but your champagne and whipped cream know-how made up for it. "I could really go for a beer right now..." How did you survive youngster year with Joe "accident not waiting to happen" Moonpup? Luckily, we declared war on each others racks and eventually became roommates. I saved you from miss Mono. On fire 2/C year (did they ever get a rate right?) Sailing on Montana blue waters with Vern, "Yup, that's bear shi[r]t"-The wardroom home video show. Florida too, "got beer? Let's go" -30 days in Europe with an "admirable" hop and...beer. Cross country with Rudy? With...of course. Remember beating army in downtown crabtown? Greg won't forget. Your "crispy" transcontinental date gave you your ring and much more, but you gave your ring to a PA stream-at least you got your scuba quals and your dad knows a BMW has back seats (does a Stealth?). Your "darksiding" was different from most-daddy? We had the best room, 1LT. Anything for a nickel? Especially from Vern? You were a perfect roomie (after reveille, don't play that Edie music-no, don't play that either) and friend. I'll always be happy to buy you a beer. MDL

Alex David White
Glendora, California
Nuclear Power-Submarines

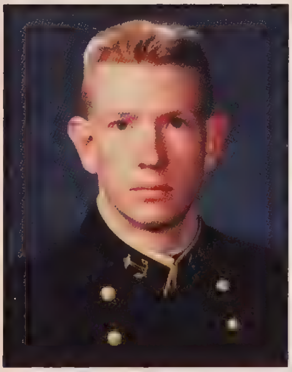
Alex, Lex, Scrawney, Alcheetah, Dubs, White, whatever you call him it's all right-He's from southern California. Despite such a setback, he is an unbelievably great guy, just ask him! No, he's OK. But if you want a good description of him, hang-on as I babble: I read an article about it; wait-let me finish my hair; I've got to pack; What do you want me to do with these, wear them on my head?; What should we do with the TV for formals?; Doesn't everyone have a bike in their room; Wok-night; Ledge session; Christmas lights; What song is this? Oh its my disc; Alex are you done studying yet?; You guys want to go for a run? I was only asking; How could you have forgotton the seat #'s at Army?; Sorry, I had to finish that paper; Go fly a kite; Where's my mousse?; Mr. Gadget & Consumer Reports; I'll never date again; I've never met anyone like her, everytime we talk...She's so...it's great; Don't say the L-word; Dale, will you pour me another cup of coffee?; The ugly pumpkin; Lex, did you go to class today? Who me?; Marine Busters hat; Well I could say more...NOT; Our friendship...DUBS, PYTH, SAMMY...UNBELIEVABLE! Hey, if Mike and I had to do it all over again, we couldn't, wouldn't do it without you! Look out CEO's of the world, but first, he must become one with the dolphins. SEE YA, nnnNNGGGGYYAAHOOOOO! '91 ADW

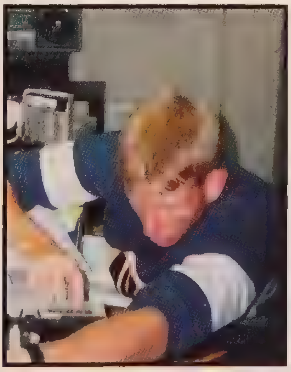
Warren Wesley Wicks
Decorah, Iowa
Surface Warfare

Potsie. The man, the myth, the Ioweagan. Does Decorah even have a lake? We all understand that you were the only one in 31 to really have a Plebe year, after all you endured Wahl's antics!? Contrary to popular belief, cruises aren't designed to force you to partake in beverage of choice. See what it got you, a bum shoulder on your birthday. Too bad the marking office wouldn't accept that excuse! Your first experience in Indianapolis wasn't quite as interesting as the second. Do you always show your best side to older women? Unfortunately for you she didn't like what she saw. Maybe you should stick with those that provide scintillating conversation throughout the night, what was her name? Did you know the 'gun' wasn't loaded? You obviously understand the principles of leadership well, after all it was you that forged the path in the Texas field. Was that before or after your impression of a falling tree? You better just keep dreaming about Elle, experience shows you're out of luck with the likes of 'Lola' and 'Granola'. Besides, we all know where your true love lies, in a crystaline container with euphoric inducing phenomena, or is it with the 'lude'. Which one costs less? Who needs money any way, besides, didn't you manage your entire last year without?! Good luck with your Bait Shop, and thanks for showing us the light! CRD & WOODY

Todd Clarence Wobig
Glenrock, Wyoming
Nuclear Power-Surface

"Big Wo" wandered into USNA from the outback of Glenrock, Wyoming. Scrambled into Sixth Company, Cros and O'D found themselves in a 3-person, vice 2-man room. Always the dedicated enginerd, a nuke billet might be in the future for Todd, which is good news for American Express and his 4 year stereo payment plan via Crosley Financing. If not in Bancroft, Todd could be found burning up the Severn in quest of yet another enemy crew shirt, or praying to the porcelain God in Hubbard, a practice Cros discovered also includes Bancroft shower shrines. His habit of worship is a mystery as Todd was always "in training", untempted by Annapolis taverns or their spirits. Disenchanted with the Empress after two years, Todd's curiousity got the better of him. Despite the ugly fates of Cros and O'D, Todd, too, suffered through an H.W. encounter. Twice. After four years of our best efforts, one can still find him in a flannel shirt and boots, driving a 4x4. Nonetheless, the Navy and the Olympic Team can look forward to a first-rate contributor; and some unsuspecting individual, a steadfast friend.
DGO'D & GLSC



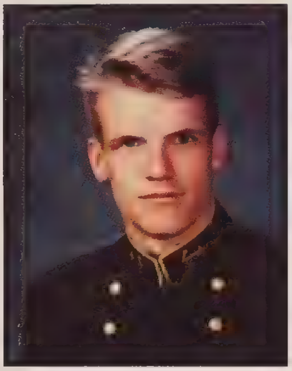


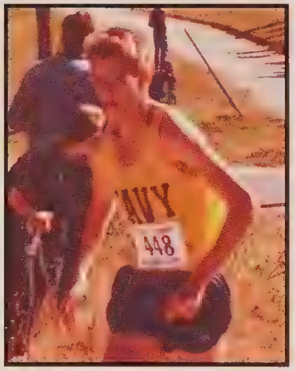
David Laurence Blazes
Wyoming, Pennsylavania
Medical Corps

Although Dave honored the Medical Corps as his choice of profession, I always believed he had the violent passion to be a Marine. The Corps (Marine, that is) would be impressed with his unique ability to stay awake until 4 a.m. and still function the next day. Psychological warfare was his specialty: Click, Click, Click; Yea Wags, what 'ya get? Always the ladies man, although he had the dancing ability of the Tin Man, Dave was "propositioned" by many females. To the future wife of Doctor Blazes: he's gentle on the surface, but a wild man at heart. Word that! There were many precious gifts I received at Navy, but Doc topped them all. There are few individuals left in this world who love their work more than Dave, and fewer, still, who are as committed. Dedicated, hard working, and persevering to the limits of the "Maker's" superhuman capacity, DLB saw it all, lived it all, loved it all. Hopkins and the Trident were small tokens of his success. His most distinguished possession is his heart and character. In my humble Marine opinion, those aspects are the most valuable. May the wind always be at your back, Semper Fi, and thanks for being who you are. DRW

Frank Mitchell Bradley
Eldorado, Texas
Special Warfare

Frank hails from a small town in Texas named Eldorado. (It really is pronounced El dough rah doe Mitch, not El dough ray doe!) Most of us who know him well have seen Mitch with only shoes and socks on more times than we have seen him completely clothed. Mitch's thigh-dance routine after he took his showers became quite a favorite to everyone who knew him. Well, at least it was a favorite of Mitch's. After three long years of hard work, dedication, and absolutely no respect for gravity, Mitch became a varsity letterman in gymspastics. To be completely truthful, (well actually we already were) Mitch really is one of the most talented and friendly people we have ever had the pleasure of knowing. We all wish you the best of luck in everything you do buddy. We know this karate kicking Texan will make one mean SEAL. Take care Mitch. We'll miss you. WBE, MJG, WPT, BNT, JAD, DWG





Donald Matthew Brown
Liverpool, New York
Surface Warfare

Liverpool N.Y. really produced a gem in the man of Don Brown. Running through NAPS and this place we call home, Don established himself as a guy who always had a smile, a good joke, and some extraneous sport statistic that nobody really cared about...except for Sarah. Oh well, we loved him none the less. Always accentuating the positive was a trademark of Don's - NOT. We call it the black and white world of Don Brown. The best thing that happened to Don began youngster year. Denial at first, true love to follow, and happiness forever was the course for D+S. Never will we forget all the good times that we had with Don - all the intense studying, "to the sendoff," wrecking people we didn't like, the pops and buddha show, disy and grey syndromes, throwing darts to improve our grades, those daggone trucks at 0515, the quote book of justice, the great book theft, and OK OK OK OK OK OK OK OK OK OK! Off to the fleet where I'm sure you'll be a great success - if you ever leave the rack. Good luck with it all Don. We know that you and Sarah will be more than just happy.

Bradley Scott Carlson
Short Hills, New Jersey
Oceanography

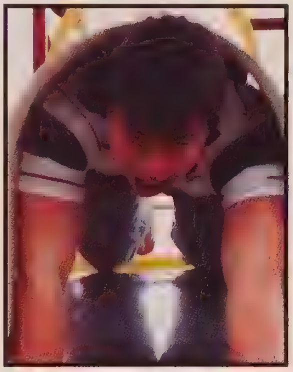
As a youngster Brad and his family were gracious enough to take in my lost country soul for Thanksgiving. After a weekend of great food, great family, good friends, and more than a few hangovers I decided that folks from New Jersey weren't all that bad. Despite his suburbanite background Brad proved he could be a formidable player on the pitch and at even the most nightmarish of rugby functions. Brad always said that into every man's life there comes a little 'female midshipman,' and after some "unanswered prayers" that female midshipman came into his life to stay. On the team as a bachelor among bachelors Brad caught neverending hell for his romantic endeavors. Despite the good natured persecution Brad continued his courting without waver. His loyalty and persistence earned him a terrific fiance. Of course now that he has a fiance we never see him much. He is held hostage in a small, damp basement in Eastport 7 nights out of the week. Although you'll never catch Brad outside city limits without a portable generator, his even temper will keep him on an even keel. Brad I wish you fair winds and following seas in your marriage and in your career. MJG

Timothy Martin Christenson
Las Vegas, Nevada
Marine Corps Pilot

There is no way to do justice to our perceptions of Timmy C. Anyone who entered the room was bound to leave, tail tucked between his/her legs after a severe tongue lashing and verbal thrashing. The "HOSS" myth started younster year, dispelled as fact shortly thereafter (Paul W. can attest). Impressions continued as TimBob wore the upperclass in his hip pocket (especially Ann and Ig). Once quickwitted '89 caught on, Tim fell to the dregs of the C-men, ie Jopa and Daddy-Don-legs. True love surfaced, however, as Little T discovered the U.S.M.C., and oh yeah, that Blonde chick. His 20/15 Eye-gore vision allowed him to spy his many admirers (THEY GET BIGGER). Never before had so many loved a man they never knew existed. "She's lookin' at me, Dude." 2/c year found a newer, scarcer Jake. More people saw re-runs of Love American Style than they saw T once the little lady moved to C. Park. Poe said it best, Bells. Bull-pup summer, "Amazing" or "That's all we do is hump, hump. . ." No one ever looked so good bald. 30 min of logged 18 time does a man's ego, God knows Timmy needs help in that dept. Back in the saddle, soon. Send pics, you've got the tri-pod. OO-Raa and God bless. DB, JP, EH et al.

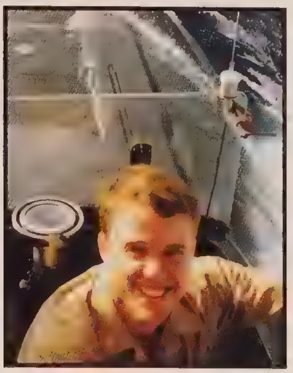
Timothy Alan Crone
Puyallup, Washington
Surface Warfare

Tim Crone, AKA Cronan, is a Poly-sci major by choice (the Admiral's, of course). He came to USNA with TOP GUN on his mind but decided to go with plan B; SWO ("you had no choice"). Highlights of plebe year include Seal Team Tim tryouts (RESTRICTION MUSTER, FALL IN!) and the U-Hall Herndon party: "Where'd who go?" Still trying to forget youngster year except A/N: up all night; cheese Biff; Chico, Malone, Standie. Almost forgot P-Airborne, Fri Photos w/Biff. "The worst room in the Brigade" -The Light Man. And of course, Tim meets Trish "the Dish;" no more trips to Boston in the bug. Word! Roomin' w/Potato. My rack? or was it yours? 2/c Summer w/Bri Bri (P-Cola Hack) 2/c year the bug exploded on the way to the Mount, but we saved the gouge! Another trip to the Mount w/Pat gets him 5-10 with time off for no behavior. Black N and god of Ax-Board, Tim has experienced it all. 1/c memories are quite extensive, but far less incriminating since Tim asked Trish to marry him this past summer (he still has not told his roommate). Two things left to say, He-Man Weekends and A/N "I coulda ben a contenda."
MBP



Joseph Anthony Diguardo
Falston, Maryland
Surface Warfare

Digger rolled in from the far reaches of northern Maryland, Falston to be exact, sporting the latest in military fashion, staple-tapered pants. Starting out strong as a Marine wannabe and co. commander, Joe's come a long way, to the point of being physically allergic to briefs of any nature. On cruise, Dig came face to face with the second rarest creature on earth next to the Guatemalan sasquatch, the Cali type. Other fun summer tricks included Pole Position at Mother Clucker's. Goody's B-day left Joe pondering the meaning of life and the reason for stomach lining in a cornfield somewhere outside Baltimore. On the way to the Bahamas, Joe's brilliant "see what's up in Jersey" contest left fond memories for us all but mostly for Yogi. One thing Digger had a basic misunderstanding about was the difference between the floor of the 'Vous' and a can. I'll never forget the great Wednesday night Wharf dart league and stalking Bambi in the latest Crew fashion. Joe, you are the most generous, honest, and understanding person I've ever met. You taught me more about people and life than I could have ever hoped to learn on my own. Here's to your wife, family, kids, DOG, and most of all, space. Love ya bud... DWG



Robert Cameron Dunn
Prairie Grove, Arkansas
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Rob hails from somewhere in Arkansas. (We're still not sure where). He came to USNA after a 1-year stop at RPI, where he honed his engineering and social skills. After Herndon, Rob moved two whole decks down from Skate Eight. He worked Tin Willie Nimble for a semester (Word!) before joining up with the ultimate roommates. Although occassionally known to load up, Rob was a 3-year veteran of Batt Swimming(but never got wet). First-class year, Ahab put down the whaling harpoon, and conquered his fear of thin women. He put the gaff hook on a sweet young thing or was it the other way around? Rob never met a beer or Mech-E problem he couldn't conquer. His great QPR allowed him to do a Trident Project, which gave him more time to be Gadget-Man. After all, he who dies with the most toys wins. Good luck as you ride off into the sunset in the Beast with your $ub Bonus. You were a constant source of inspiration (and annoyance) but we had to have a 3rd man to live out of company area. Take your sub down. Take her deep. Take her Real deep. SDO, SDM, WTF

William Bradley Eckerdt
Basin, Wyoming
Naval Flight Officer

William Bradley Eckerdt, the man, the myth. I don't think we will ever know a man who could put so much effort into the silliest of things, writing NaNa and cleaning the sink area. From a quiet, studious youngster, to the invisible Coastie exchange cadet, to commander of the amazing Seventh Company, we have seen Brad regress into the most immature officer-to-be ever nurtured in the walls of Bancroft. What a waste of talent. He is the only man we know who can come back time and time again in the wee hours of the morning with a wallet full of phone numbers, only to throw them away when he gazes upon the picture of his one and only squeeze from Wyoming. An accomplished RODEO star, Brad was always quick to bust a move on the dance floor, the hallway, or in his rack during many of his youngster afternoons. Things will get better after graduation, no more gassing up the USS Buick and heading to DC with a crate full of clothes so that NaNa can pick out his attire for the evening. We have been through a lot together, pal. Good luck in Florida. We wish you all the happiness in the world with Nancy, you stud. BNT, DER

Daniel Wendell Gabier
Port Arthur, Texas
Naval Flight Officer

Cloned from a cell taken from Jimmy Buffet's big toe, Dan was raised as a normal human being in Southeastern Texas. He grew up in Port Arthur, the birthplace of Janice Joplin, which explains his musical tastes as well as his urge to bleach his hair and bare his breasts to a million screaming hippies. Contrary to popular belief Dan's taste in women does extend beyond seniors at Broadneck high school. If he had not come to the USNA I firmly believe he would at this moment be selling conch shells from the back of a VW bus in Key West. Dan became "as one" with every happy hour he attended. With a heart as big as his tolerance, Dan was loved by every species even the rare Guatemalan susquatch, but barring Whitney Houston's extremely younger sister in D.C... Truthfully, Dan is my hero and mentor, my friend and confidant, he embodies all I admire and aspire to, his friendship I will cherish forever- So Dan fair weather and following seas-I Love You, Pal.JAD

Corey Alan Garrett
Los Angeles, California
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Corey Garrett brought part of the California sunshine to 7th Co. A connoisseur of rap music, films and novels, Corey managed to add diversity to everyone's lives. His major was Oceanography, and he loved every minute of it. He frequently played computer games at night while maintaining great grades in his classes. If he wasn't playing games, you'd be sure to find him in his favorite position, horizontal on his rack. Imagine the possibilities if he had put a little more effort into his work (or picked a worthy major). Corey was also a member of the Navy's Fencing team. His hard work and dedication finally paid off 1/c year when he earned a varsity letter. Corey's outstanding achievements at the Academy also earned him a billet in the highly competitive field of the Navy's Nuclear Power program. He plans to explore the undersea world while facing danger and excitement as a submariner. Finally, everyone will miss Corey's cheery face and sharp sense of humor. I wish him all the luck in his career in the fleet. HSL

Gregory Francis Granieri
Santa Ana, California
Surface Warfare

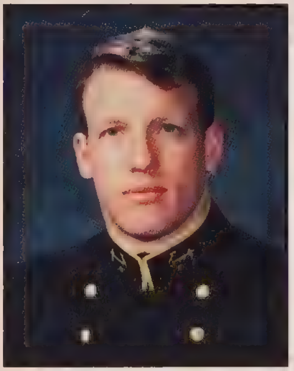
DEDICATION. FOR SCOTT THE ARAB, TOM, JOHN, AND WILLIE. YOU DIDN'T FORGET HOW TO BE WHAT YOU ALWAYS WERE FOR ME. THANK YOU. FOR STORME, NORM AND KYLE. YOU GAVE A STRANGER A HOME. YOU GAVE HIM AN ESCAPE. YOU GAVE HIM LOVE. I'LL ALWAYS REMEMBER YOU.FOR JODI AND B. GOD KNOWS I COULDN'T HAVE MADE IT WITHOUT YOUR LOVE AND SUPPORT. WE'VE HAD FIVE INCREDIBLE YEARS. THE BEST IS YET TO COME. FOR MOM AND DAD. I'M A LUCKY MAN, AND YOU'RE THE REASON WHY. FOR PUSHING ME, LOVING ME, FOR STRAIGHTENING ME OUT WHEN I NEEDED IT, AND FOR TEACHING ME THAT VICTORY IS IN GOING UNTIL YOU GET THERE, THANK YOU. FOR CHRIS AND ALEX. BROTHERS. BLOOD. REMEMBER THE FAMILY. ALWAYS THE FAMILY. ABOVE ALL, THE FAMILY. AND FOR MY GRANDMA LOUISE. THE GREATEST WOMAN I'VE EVER KNOWN. MY GREATEST TEACHER, YOU MAKE ME BELIEVE IN ETERNAL LIFE, ETERNAL LOVE.

Markus Johannes Gudmundsson
Boise, Idaho
Naval Flight Officer

"Idaho Johnson" brought a little of the West (not the Mid-West) to those with 2 in 91-7. Youngster year began with the end of crew; the only true athletic sport (yeah right!) and the move to Navy Rugby (good choice). The next 3 years proved to be filled with Elegant Violence = hard rugby on and off the pitch. Ya know - rugby queens+ rugby songs + road trips = male bonding. After a rocket misfire Goody came back to the reality of group 2 (sooner or later you'll call general.) This was also the year of Jen who 3yrs later is the misses. Give these two a 4-WD, a tent, a bottle of JD (for medicinal purposes,) and a pinch of Cope and there is no place they can't go. As a roomate from physics to weapons this man from the West taught this Easterner that there is life beyond the N.J. Turnpike. This is a lesson for which I am grateful. May the rest of your years as a Naval Aviator/ Surface Warrior (circle one) be even more successful than the past 4. The Pit lives on! I wish for you fair winds and following seas in the years to come. MCPR YOGI

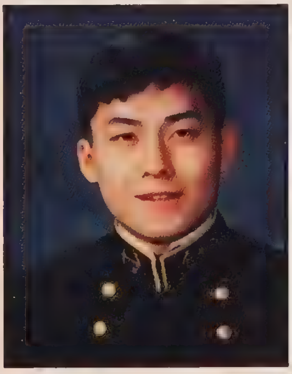
Eric William Hildebrandt
Ogden, Utah
Marine Corps

Eric "ROBO" Hildebrandt, the defender of professionalism and the man with the uncureable cough. Between you and I we set the room standards for the Brigade. No one can accuse you of being an uneventful roommate. Controversy followed you every where. After your drinking escapades out in town you always liked to engage in a philosophical conversation. You almost impressed me with your intelectual depth, but then I realized you were about as deep as a water fountain. Your 3/c year you came to us as a Midn Sep Pending and a rebel with out a cause. Your performamce on the 150's field was impressive, but your academics.... well may be 2/c year. Your 2/c year you yet again terrorized the football field. Your come-arounds consisted of Pink Floyd music and screwed up rates. The Plebes must have thought they were coming- around to Charles Manson. After giving up football you decided to tackle trees with your jeep. Did you ever get your scalp out of your rear view mirror. Eric you are one in a million. PM and KL



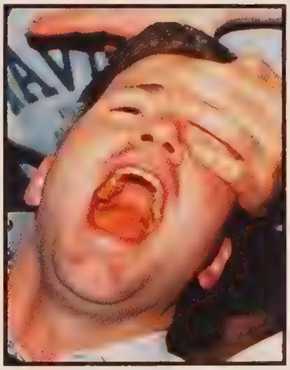
Hyon Sok Lim
Carrolton, Texas
Nuclear Power-Surface

"I'm so HUGE!LOOK AT ME!"/Racquetball stud/Romeo-NOT/ Always thrifty, never cheap ("Can I use your radio, computer, book, etc.") ("You went to the Midstore? What did you buy me? Nothing ?!? That's cool!)/From double 'E' to Ocean EASY! (engineering, that is)/From groovin' the dance floor in Disco Dahlgren to dancing with your roommate at Maggie's (He never got any better)/From youngster flame to 2/c tool to firstie ice cube(you've come a long way baby)/ "Where's the rabbit? Got away again."/ Knew all the famous women (Madonna, Paula Abdul, Meg Ryan, Cathy Ireland, etc.) but never had a date/Dissed by the Clemson bimbo in France & goes to Dallas for a second helping (How much did you spend on her?)/His heroine-hero: the Church Lady!/Long live Sprockets, Cheers (sorry I started the Flash craze), & the Bradley Fighting Vehicle/ Listen to more rap (you can't 'bust a move' to Beethoven)/Live long, prosper, & keep huntin'/You're destined for great things/The legend of "THE LIMMER" continues... CAG



Stephen Daniel McKone
Cliff Island, Maine
Navy Pilot

He came to us from Buckley's Funhouse, after sweating through the "last real plebe year". He was a skinny, confused shell of a man. Now after a couple of years in the box and more than his share of points, Steve leaves us a massive, rippling, RUTABAGA. (How did you get that name, anyway?) He cast off his "repellant" label this summer, and now has women flying from around the world to see him. But he was never whipped and will never be flit. Although the struggle with Dynes put Steve on the road to academic mediocrity, it looks like he'll still get the cherished flight billet. Say hi to all the neat guys from '90 Seventh Co. in P-Cola for us. Your sense of humor, hard work and little-man syndrome will serve you well in the Fleet as they have here. Have fun during your three years of TAD before flight school. Just think, we'll be civilians before you get your wings. You've been a great buddy. Check six. SDO & RCD



Peter S. Merrill
Canton, New York
Marine Corps

Let's get this straight, Pete's a concept. This humble attempt at defining the oldest man at USNA cannot capture the essence of Chief. For starters, his name. The S doesn't stand for anything. Just S. Could stand for stuff. If you left it out, Pete would ferret through it. He's a neatnik who can't stand messes. Yeah. He's been described as cold and unapproachable, but he's never said anything that I haven't laughed at. Ask him about Ring Dance. What a horse-race. He drives the parking ticket-magnet, canary yellow Jeep, Always unlocked, with keys in the ignition, a breech-loaded pepper-box in the back seat, and everything he owns/borrows packed in. Holding up a bag of Levi, Pete told me, "This stuff makes me a sectional tyrannasaur." Pete quotes Schwarzenegger flicks, not Shakespeare. What a work ethic. I can count on one hand the times I've seen sheets on his bed. I've never seen him do laundry. He just borrows clean clothes from us and puts the dirty ones in the Jeep. His self assigned duty is being the last one to bed. You can catch him at all hours with his coffee/spit mug. His love of coffee is only bested by his pride in the color room. He hails from southeastern Canada to the best of my knowledge. My own theory of Pete: He's a 45 yr old, out of work house painter. He got a special waiver, the rest is history. EWH

Travis Wayne Nisbett
Boise, Idaho
Nuclear Power-Submarines

T-Nis, the spud from Idaho, came to us with stars from 36th company. What's the best state? Ask Trav, he'll know! During youngster year, he became quite an accomplished author. Among his best works are: a ten page essay to a fairyboat blonde, several poems to an overzealous southern belle, and a yet unfinished novel of Academy life. Always the engineer, only Travis would take his statics homework to that other Academy. How many bars of soap do you have now? Second class summer and a hard head almost led to a large problem in P-Cola. Maybe next time you'll decide to leave the car lights on!! Second class year brought The Ring (Are you sure that isn't a 7-UP bottle?) and eventually the car (complete with a dissertation on its pros and cons and a spreadsheet showing cost analysis). Ring dance brought a party at the airport, a few too many beers, and an extended quest for crackers (next time take the phone with you!). First class year saw Trav as a single man and the grand prize winner of the age game at Wrinkles (next time guess the wrong number!). After much indecision and a party with an Admiral, he decided to go nuke. With a bonu$ and a smile, Travis heads to Florida. The last three years were unforgettable!! Good luck with subs and God bless! RJR

Stacey Douglas Overlin
Paducah, Kentucky
Surface Warfare

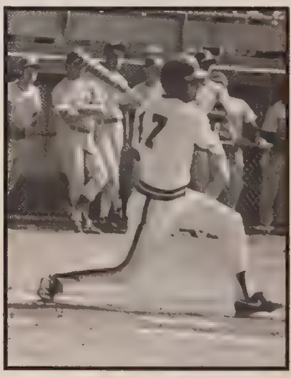
Stacey's the only man we've met who hails from Paducah, Ky; a small town in between Monkey's Eyebrow and Possum Trot. After mealing his way through Plebe year on the football team, Stace arrived in Seventh Heaven. After surviving a semester with Core-Dog and Boner, he met the ultimate roommates. It was also during youngster year that he shed his football pads, and a few pounds too, to play the more manly sport of rugby. During second-class year, "Annoying Man" moved in and the trio was complete. Spring Break '90 found Stacey putting his Spanish to invaluable use trying to find a blue starfish and smooth-talking his way out of his troubles in Mexico. Being a PoliSci kind of guy, Stacey never had to worry much about grades. His one worry at USNA was swimming. But being the hard-charger that he is, he never passed up a chance to practice—Like on rainy nights with the 7th company Swimming Club. His flit music has caused others to question his manliness, so he took up Aerobics to prove otherwise!? Stacey, we are really going to miss you and your ritual Sunday floorscrubbing. The Navy is getting a fine officer and a mighty Surface Warrior. Fair winds and following seas. SDM, RCD, & BFD

Matthew Bernardino Parra
El Cajon, California
Surface Warfare

From the long hours of Sat. come-arounds to the few days remaining until we toss our covers, you've developed morally(SAM, X94, Myrtle Beach, Bamby-Sure you don't remember, living with Sparta, N-Star), mentally(Biff, Malone, PCR's, You did?, SAM, ECA's-Think you could be Pres. of any more?) & physically(I should've PTed, running for the Dominoes guy, the explosive bug, contolling Chico-Only you had bigger beer muscles than he.) As for duty, honor, & loyalty, I think you knew those the whole time. The command, citizenship, & govt will come, maybe. You're probably thinking, "He had to stick his head in the door," but I'm glad I did. Who ever would have thought we'd make it? We're going to the top my friend. Top Swo at least. Don't fall off that ship! Old friends never die they just get married. Remember, where ever you go, there we are. TAC

Joseph James Pasquito
Trenton, New Jersey
Marine Corps

Where to start with Mr. Different. It's so easy with all the other mids! Oh well...who would have thought that Jopa would have gone into the Corps. Who'd have thought that he wouldn't have ended up at Rutgers for that matter. Joe will live in our memories forever because of all his hits on and off the field. Always with the quick wit and a smile, Joe never really worried about much. Except for grades - of course. Joe was a scholar first and last with plenty of sleep, darts and admiring the mirror in between. Jopa had his fun on the weekend, in addition to Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. Joe got more calls from girls (and 36 year old mothers) that didn't like him than any man alive. Funny how none of them were born with last names...all except for that certain Sundevil. We look forward to see how long Joe will endure the Corps. Probably a lifer we're sure. In any case, we know that Joe will be a good officer just as he has always been a great friend and human being. Best of luck to you Jopa - you'll always be in our thoughts no matter where these three stooges end up in the world.
DMB & TMC



Dean Eric Robison
Norwich, New York
Marine Corps

When we all arrived at USNA on July 1, 1987, we all went to Halsey for our initial gear issue. Unfortunately for Dean, he got a little carried away and got in the line for the girlfriend issue. He did, however, correct this mistake three years later. Thank God. It was nice to finally have our friend back. One line Dean did not have to stand in was the haircut line. His chrome dome and leather neck had been issued two years earlier. Who was that Earl Grey guy he kept on talking about anyway? Dean was delighted to find out he could go on to post-graduate school until he found out there would not be any plebes to motivate there. His revolutionary training ideas failed to get Dean the four stripes he was looking for first semester, but hard-work and persistence got him one more than that second semester. Speaking of brown noses, please don't make any more five dollar dung bets. (a la Chud!) One could always pick out peach-head at a Forrestal lecture, and if you couldn't, the Superintendent would for you. "How about you Dean, do you have a question?" Good luck in the "Fleet" you hard charger. Don't forget the computer or us along the way. You are definitely one of a kind. Take care, buddy. WBE, BNT, FMB, DMB

Rodney James Ruff
Brighton, Colorado
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Rod came to Seventh Heaven from the Rockies, via 5-4 and running a shower room for the Shuppster. Then to 5-0 with two guys from a great state, across the hall from Chud. Then, with the big and the little, he inherited stereo equipment from the YP Squadron. During youngster summer, remember the trip back from Middleton? Well, at least I thought it was funny. Then to Systems classes with the bald man and me, while watching our Aero roommate spend weekends with Lloyd and SuperCalc. Then, we got another Aero roommate. I thought it was supposed to be a two-man room! Then the diamond, the onyx (which breaks when you drop it), and the redhead with wheels—can you drive it, don't even touch it! Ring Dance — what were you doing with that T-shirt? And why wouldn't you answer the phone? First class cruise in Groton — excuse me, your father is XO of which boat? Then, restriction musters without even a serenade to show for it. First class year, and anyone can build a car to climb stairs with a powerful enough motor. Then, the nuke bonus. Good luck in life, and have fun under water. You've been a great friend and roommate. Thanks for everything. TWN

Brian Nelson Trotter
Seymour, Tennessee
Naval Flight Officer

"Born on a mountaintop in Tennessee,
the greatest state in the land of the free.
Took a dip of Cope' when he was only three,
couldn't find a date while at the Academy..."

It sounds like the Ballad of Davey Crockett, but it really is our loyal and trusted buddy, Brian. This little "volunteer" started his illustrious military career in his high school's AFJROTC, the Navy Reserve, and finally, the big league...USNA. Although Brian didn't have to study in high school, he found he didn't have to study here either, unless he really wanted to go out on weekends. Every weekend was a success as long as he had his flight jacket, his wallet, and his ring at the end of it all. We hope when Brian is riding shotgun in the backseat of some jet somewhere, he has better luck keeping his lunch down than when he did in our passenger seats. Good luck out in the real world, buddy. Keep a full tank of gas in your HOG and take 10 minutes for Brian's time everyday. See ya meat... WBE,DER,FMB

William Patrick Turner
Portland, Oregon
Supply Corps

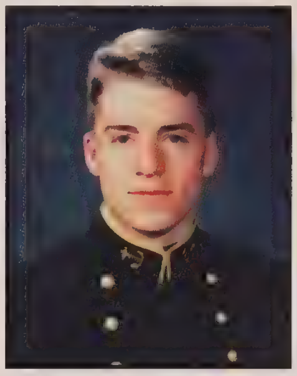
Pat's world is characterized by pink striped, purple polka-dotted pandas and an incredibly aware sense of time. Common Sense Man hails from Portland Oregon, and if you don't know it, just ask him. Pat's transition from the E-World of P-3s to the P-World of USNA was anything but smooth, but Pat managed to narrow it down to conduct, coaches, cash, performance, girls, and in the last few months, finances and cars. While the transition wasn't smooth, parts of his head are. Athletic ability and an aerodynamic noodle allowed Pat to excell at 150s while maintaining an unbelievable 3.2. Unbelievable because as a youngster he spent more time between his rack and medical than in the classroom. Plebe year he learned Dark-aphobia, which was only overcome by intense, repeated, and continual shock treatment by his sleepy roommates. Pat learned the Clemson two-step Christmas of youngster year, and that little tiger caused more than one speeding ticket/conduct offense. The only thing bigger than his performance jacket is his heart. Anytime anyone needed anything, you could count on Pat to be there. So Pat, fair weather and following seas. We hope that Shari and your purple panda protect you from things that go bump in the night.
FMB, JAD, EWH

Daniel Robert Wagner
Chicago, Illinois
Marine Corps

Wags arrived at USNA from a year of raging with the Fighting Illini. Assigned to Sweet Sixteen as a plebe, he jumped with enthusiasm into everything including reconns with Sul, boxing and airborne. After two semesters of studying chem by flashlight, Wags was scrambled to 7th Heaven where he almost learned to be a youngster. After an enjoyable second class summer with Major Griffin, Wags returned to 7th Heaven to find 2 new roommates, Greg and Dave. The future Marine proceeded to inspire us all to be professional leaders of the plebes through unwaverable personal standards of excellence. Our room became known as the bust-butt room, and it was not often that any of us were in the rack before 2AM. Dan, an honors polysci, discovered an intense love for EE, and a strange fascination for nuke power. After Bulldog, Wags assumed command of A company for plebe summer, and continued wearing three stripes for 2nd semester. He finally chose the real corps(Marines) over the reactor corps, and got a Burke scholarship (to study chem). Wags is a true friend, loyal and supportive. You were the best roommate a guy could ask for. Good luck in the Corps. Semper Fi! Remember the bet about marriage. DLB

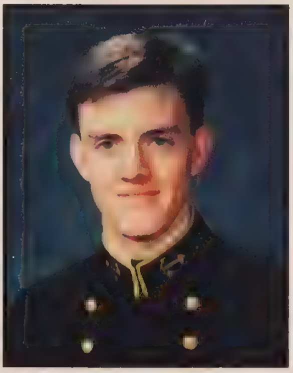
James Dudley Bell Jr.
Hopkinton, New Hampshire
Navy Pilot

Jim hails from the New England mecca of Hopkinton, New Hampshire. He came to the Boat School via a year at Phillips Exeter Academy. After a relatively slow start academically, Jim bounced back after plebe year and even spent a well-deserved semester on Supe's List. His professional attributes were recognized by his being selected as Company Commander first semester. Jim played JV Lacrosse plebe and youngster year but decided that he enjoyed his weekends too much to continue. When Jim was not involved in the pursuit of academic excellence, he could be found playing a pick-up game of basketball or engaged in the perennial search for "Miss Right." Despite his success as an Econ major, Jim always seemed to be suffering from a lack of funds; a problem which did not keep him out of Fran O'Briens. Jim's good-natured personality will be missed by his classmates, however, our loss is the gain of the Naval Aviation community. RBC



Phillip Andrew Berry
Cherry Hill, New Jersey
Surface Warfare

Phil's favorite frisbee toss is the "hammer." Like the hammer, Phil is unique and sometimes unbalanced. Perhaps this is due to the emotional scars from searching for the Golden Door or Vienna Sausage fights with his roomies Dave and Steve. In between these activities and large amounts of undeserved restriction he still managed to set Chad up with the fat desperate women and survive his girlfriend's USMC enlistment. 2/c year saw Phil attempting to withstand the blast of Wind Tunnel and EE. This was also the year of the successful marathon run. Separated from the nurturing influence of Dave and Steve Phil obtained weekends with consistency as a firstie. Sometimes referred to as the "All American Boy," he has also demonstrated impressive computing skills, innovation with the hallway sterno picnics, and daring in waterbed wave riding. Never giving up his aviation quest his persistance will be welcome in any community. He will have had ample amounts of time inverted during hallway handwalking despite the broken collarbone. Thanks for the patience during the all-nighters and caffeine attacks. Good Luck. FBP, ELL, CAH

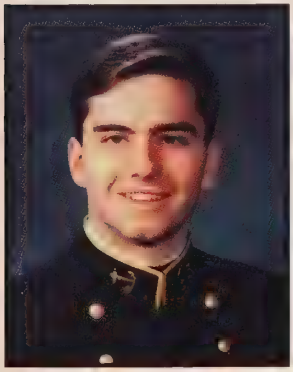


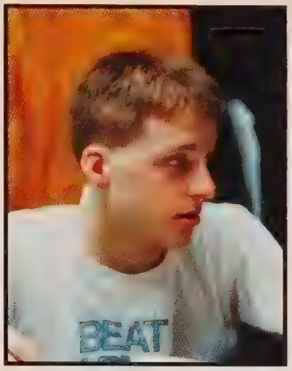
Adam Nathaniel Brodbar
Dunwoody, Georgia
Nuclear Power, Surface

Big Daddy B, J1W, and Quarterhorse are all psuedonyms for Adam to the B. You were saved from the offensive sounds of youngster year and tamed by "The Quiet Storm" and Richard Lee. Wearing the WUBDs, meeting the MoDs, singing GAAAHAAHOO! in the shower and, "Hey Fry!...get back here!" will be lifetime memories. Remember the crayons at Felix's, the bodybuilderette at the Rook (you'd BETTER get your arm off of me!), getting Van's jeep stuck, and "I never drank so much in 3 days!"? Erie is your friend! I'll always remember you as the "pretty boy," (taking 45 min. to get ready to go out to a movie!?). Thank God for blue-jeans! I'm sure your schnot factory will keep the supply guys running (no pun intended?). They may even help you get that gas leak fixed! Hey...are you going to the rack? I wish you much success with the Atoms Family, (As long as an equation is involved, you'll have no problem). I'll never forget the friendship we forged in the NAV. Give me a call and we'll do some huckin'! (if you can handle the pressure?). EBS

Douglas Wayne Carpenter
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Naval Flight Officer

Douglas Wayne joined DSR from Sweet Sixteen and was instrumental in bonding the new members of Skate Eight with the call of the hacky-sack. Collectively we managed to disrupt the entire company, plebes included. Our antics in the hall included everything from lax and hacky-sack to rumbles and splash-downs. Doug started with tennis as his racket, became company raquet-ball champion, but then decided frisbee was ultimate. He moved on to the brigade finals with a vengence, spurring the team onward and upward. Doug demonstrates dexterity wherever he turns his attention to, be it Astro, one handed self-portraits, or the electric slide. He danced anytime the chance arose, from formal balls at USNA to not so formal ones at Bill & Mary's. At Virginia Beach, he didn't seem to get enough of the sun and surf. Growing up in Hawaii and Rota, and then vacationing at Daytona Beach. Yep, we've some great times: working out, procrastinating, and partying. Hey, are you going to make some Wieder? As long as you're up how about a few Pan Galactic Gargle Blasters, 42 or "43" perhaps. Of course we can't forget Piers Anthony, Tom Clancy, etc., who made it worthwhile not to study. Jimmy Buffet gave us some good advice. Why don't we get drunk and...., but don't forget your salt shaker. May the sun shine on you and the sea give you good fortune. MHS, DSR.





Andrew Lewis Causey
Terre Haute, Indiana
Nuclear Power, Submarines

Andy, Andrew, Kamikaze, came to the banks of the Severn from that Hoosier state of Indiana. He started out in BSTS then migrated to Skate 8 youngster year. It was then that he discovered what all nighters were all about. He also started his 8th company basketball career at the same time. Until this very day he continues to have this gross misconception that they can play basketball out there at IU. 2/c year brings back memories of the 151 minutes of devestation at Massanutten, in which he decided it would be nice to take a stroll in zero degree weather with no jacket. 1/c year rolled around and Kamikaze made Sup's list and got to do that three striper thing. Adam B. and me tried to get him more actively involved in the club scene, and to be more aggressive at huckin. Now that graduation is drawing near he has decided to that $ubmarine thing. Well, now that you are going subs, the gravy train of sleeping in the morning, and in the afternoon, and going to bed before midnight is OVER. I wish you the best of luck as you head out to sea in search of the Red October. Stay frosty and go IU. Your friend and back court partner, Ross. RBCIII

Robert Berry Chadwick
Annapolis, Maryland
Surface Warfare

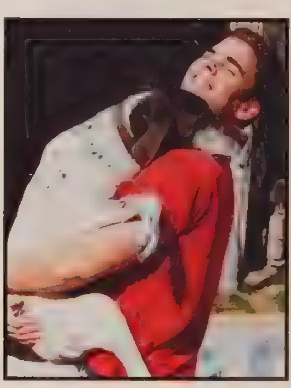
I first met this Navy 'brat' youngster year. Robb's quick wit and great sense of humor made him everyone's friend from the beginning. The son of an Admiral, Robb aspired to be an officer in the Navy for as long as he can remember. He finally got the chance when he was accepted at NAPS to start his five year journey towards a commission. Although the academics seemed to get in the way of that goal at times (3 semesters of EE), he has managed to accomplish a lot along the way. I think it may be safe to say that he was the four-striper with the lowest CQPR in the Academy's history. Robb was also notorious for his cavorting ways which were brought to an abrupt halt during Spring Break '90 when the multitude of Daytona Beach spandex and hairspray parted and cleared a path to a Miss Sandra Lynn. With a hard act to follow in his old man, I'm sure he'll live up to every expectation the fleet can possibly impose on him. Good luck, good friend, I wish you fair winds and following seas. JDB

Ross Bruce Cheairs III
Lithonia, Georgia
Navy Pilot
Ross Bruce Cheairs (Trey) III. Ross is from Atlanta, which he'll gladly boast to you. He is a master in all sports, at least in His mind. It is by luck that he came to USNA instead of playing basketball for Georgia Tech or football for the Dawgs. He has many trademarks, his "don't mess with me" walk, his unforgetting sleep-walking moments, the rosy aroma of his working winter blues, his curl juice dripping afro, his neatly ordered drawers, and his attraction for King Hall's greaze dripping pork products. But don't try to tell Ross that he eats unhealthy. He'll quickly counter your argument with the fact that he eats salad for dinner, conveniently forgetting the added cheese, "natural" bacon bits, and Coach Cooksey's favorite, two to two-and-a-half packs of the creamy based blue-cheese dressing. Who will forget the day before ring dance when he had his head out the window tossing his cookies while trying to give directions to my sister back to the hotel. One thing Ross was always good for was financial advice, reguardless of the fact that his financial maturity and responsiblity was unable to handle the full amount of the 2/C car loan in order to do what it was designed to do, buy a car. So here's to you Ross, good luck in Navy air. I'll gladly pass to you on a fast break any day. - ALC

David Joseph Ellison
Camillus, New York
Surface Warfare
Pervis came to us by way of NAPS and Lax from scenic upstate New York. After a plebe year of safe sex, he became an eightballer and few could know the breadth of power he was to hold. We took up a cross that would prove to be too much to bear, although neither of us had the fortitude to cast it off. Along the way through Youngster year, he earned his medical degree, and strived to prove the law of conservation of filth. He also donned the halo that was to follow him to a high ranking striper billet. Second class year brought continued studies in EE, a round or two on the golf course (real and otherwise), and a continuing obsession to the world's most highly addicting affliction, Tetris. First class year brought the little lady to Baltimore (marriage, Bah, Humbug! (time will tell)) Throughout it all the piles of catalogs (Current resident, hey that's me!), a strong reliance on his personal spell checker, and the Hyundai sent from the warm place left a lasting impression on me. I don't know if I could have made it throught this place without you for comic relief. Good luck to you wherever life takes you, Perv. AWT

William Francis Goodwin
San Ramon, California
Navy Pilot
Bill aka "Goody, Whip, Wild Bill" I can not believe I roomed with you for three tumultuous years. I must have been out of my mind. Your incessant cynicism, macabre sense of humor and abrasive personality really endear yourself to me. With friends like you who needs enemies. Seriously, I will always treasure the adventures we shared, your "insightful" input on my choice of female companions, and for getting me "blitz" when I needed it and when I did not need it. Just remember to lower your landing gears and keep your big mouth shut.

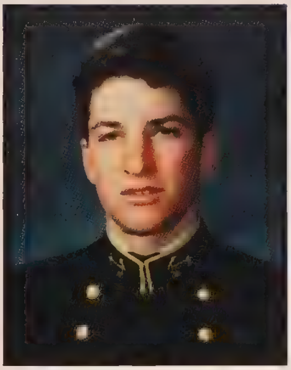
John Robert Hindinger
Scottsdale, Arizona
Nuclear Power-Submarines
John, Dinger, Ding-Ding, Midshipman X, or Mr. 1-90, came all the way from Arizona to leave his mark on the Academy. Many will remember him for his excellent performance on the power-lifting team, NAVTAG, and for being an Academic God, but that only scratches the surface of his legendary presence at USNA. Dinger came from Tenth company as a youngster and met his "Skate Eight" company classmates in a very intimate manner. No man was safe from the affection of his greetings, and not too many female midshipmen escaped his charm. Our debonair Ding-Ding went over a year without dating anybody but Bancroft Hall residents—very impressive. But it was not until his second class year that he became famous. After the dreaded "incident," Dinger was in every newspaper in the country and the subject of countless conversations including one Congressional Investigation. Whatever he attempts, he goes all out. Let us not forget that this is a man with Supe's Stars who has experienced Congressional Come-arounds. No matter what is said about our Ding-Ding, no one can deny that he is a great guy and a true friend with a knack for excitement. But who knows, maybe there is some lady who can tame him a little and keep him in line. I wish you only the best luck in Subs and in life. love your roomie, Wimdog

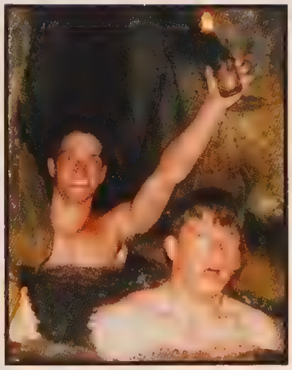


Chad Allen Hyde
Burnsville, Minnesota
Nuclear Power-Submarines
From early morning fun runs to running from an evening of proposed bondage, C.H.U.D. is the Eighth Company believer in the concept of early to bed and early to rise. Youngster year in the Core found him haunted by Dinger's fingers and ether nightmares. Firmly dedicated to the principles of health and fitness, the last few years have seen the progression from a few beers at Bruce's and Princeton (where the famous Erica threshold was founded) to wild nights in parts of Mess Dress at Frannie O's. During second class summer, Chad finalized his decision to pursue the Nuclear Navy and discovered beer splooging in shotgunning experiments. He went without a voice during a few weeks of terrorizing plebes, and finished second class year earning his wings by taking his laser airborne. Riding the Rocket to his deathbed as a Firstie helped secure Chad a corner of the Eighth Company dark spirit triangle. Chad's casual cynical assessments of Academy life and harpoon targeting, plus his amazing ability to avoid any graduation but his own, have kept us in touch with reality. Good luck under the waves, our friend! -ELL, FBP, PAB

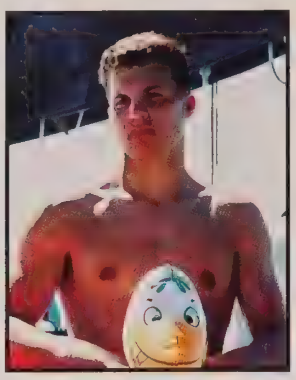
Nancy Elizabeth Jordan
Woodbridge, Virginia
Naval Flight Officer
Nancy Jordan came to USNA from far-away Dale City, Virginia. As a plebe and youngster, the bulky 112 lb frame attempted to row crew. Realizing her brute strength was not enough to compensate for her small size, coxing became her next talent. During 1/C year, however, an overwhelming desire for a free weekend and spring break forced her to break away and join the land of the living. Since High School, Nancy has been plagued with a love for Chemistry. She lives by the motto that "chemists never die, they just reach equilibrium." While on her 4yr USNA vacation, Nancy has been affected (or afflicted-you choose) by military men (J.S.,E.L.) Having traveled the wrong way down a one-way street, she has since turned herself around and is now setting her sights on sunny P-Cola. Even though she may not get there for 2 or 3 years, that fresh air and sunshine just can't keep her away. Nancy's only problem in the "sunshine state" will be her slight pigmentation deficiency. She may be difficult to spot along the world's whitest beaches at first, but while working on her frisby-throwing and volleyball skills, she will no doubt become a tan goddess over time. The best of luck in P-Cola. Drink a lot, dance a lot, sleep on the beach once in a while and you'll fit right in. Don't work too hard and never leave home without your 30 SPF tanning supplies. MLS

Eric Lawrence Lowell
Naperville, Illinois
Nuclear Power-Submarines
Bubbles, what more can you say about the only mid who wakes up at 0630 with a laugh each glorious morning. Of course this might be due to the fact he receives more mail than all of us put together. From quotes of the week, eight balls painted everywhere(including one female's cheek), olympic feats of frisbee, and celibate summer(what a dumb idea!) - Eric has had no trouble keeping us entertained with his scandalous social misadventures. Always one to brave the elements, Eric faced the seas aboard rolling waves as adeptly as he chipped the golf ball out of the rough in the buff after midnight. Climbing out of the trench following plebe year, Eric became the helium chihuaha since his encounter with Large Marge and the Poor Mid's Almanac gave him much to yap about. Not missing a beat, Eric came back after his sub cruise with mouthwatering stories of slip-sliding hot tub hickies, a road trip adventure to New Orleans, and patrol socks. Eric, good luck under the rolling waves, and keep the stories coming.





John Jacob Mann IV
Westport, Connecticut
Navy Pilot
It never surprised me that J.J. was left handed. Perhaps the interesting diversity comes from the dominant right side of the brain. With aviation ambitions and idealisms to a healthy irreverence for the academy and order, he is always willing to offer an opinion. He began his tour as an upperclassman with the post Herndon party. For someone who wants to be an aviator and loves mogul skiing, his ability to stay clear of scandal is an admirable mystery. From eight balls to being on duty during the bondage incident, John has remained unmolested. Over the years J.J. has been known for his tastes in clothes (paramecium shirts), music (B-52s to Nitzerebb), and cars (the Bimmer). 2/c year was known for the health food packages, marathoning, jumping on the wagon and immortalizing the nickname "Bubbles." 1/c year saw change in roomates. "Soul Searching" and non-mellow disk games opened a new area of contrast. J.J. will be heading to the land of butter beans to join the aviation community. If we hear someone opinionating over the radio we can be sure J.J. is on the other end. Good Luck. —— FBP , TER



Stephen David Martin
Burke, Virginia
Navy Pilot

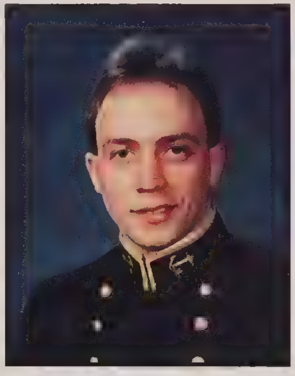
...Big Mitch...Tangerines...Skiing with Whhendy...Spring Break '90...Set my traps for later...kicked'em in the ding-ding...Vienna Sausage Battles...Golden Door...Katie-Ann...2/c Boxing at A-N Game...Custom T-Shirts...Fruit Baskets...I don't wanna go, it's gonna be a waste of time...Particle Man...Bobby Brown _____...The worm - 6 stiches...Doc Dancing..._____ Tag...Shhh, I'll be in the back...Drummin in the rifle range...Beat ya moon-walkin' ...Showing of the bondage button...Tie-Die tailgater and Oxford with Martin Short...Winner of Mary's Dickie Award ...Taint...Gilligan...Sheweena...Big BIg BIG...The wish box...The Stallion...Sight Alignment, Trigger Control, Go Navy Go...B.J.'s Contest...Muddslidden, Ringdance, and Rocky Horror...Big Mitch's Moonpie Factory...Bianca... What is the Law...Hudda-Hudda...2/c Casual - What's that a button...Boom-skidley-Bop...Helter Skelter...Pimlico ...O's...let's get lost in Annapolis...Paul's letters... For those about to rock - fire - we salute you...MINT... - Davey in the Navy

Susan Louise Mitchell
Pitman, New Jersey
General Unrestricted Line

From the glowing state of New Jersey, Sue began her career at the Naval Academy in Dirty Thirty and ended up in Skate Eight. She came in with silver jump wings and earned the gold, but never planned to go Corps as everyone thought. Youngster year saw the formation of the hackey-sack rectangle, late nights, and nacho parties. Studying always seemed to take a back seat, but this computer science major never seemed to be affected like the rest of us were. "Have you ever been to Hawaii?" Jumping at Ft. Meade, "Move over Tom I need more room—JUMP!!" The ski trip with no snow, but lunch was good. Second class year saw Bugsy flooded in the mud, "What language is that." As Captain of the tennis team, Sue was always a strong believer in the firm serve. All four years were spent having fun and working hard on the tennis court. Glee Club and Choir Trips were secondary to her Southern Gentleman. First class year saw twenty thousands miles put on her "Z" in eight months and much time spent with Mark. Best of luck to our favorite GURL...T.R.,D.C.,D.R.,J.M.,M.S

Richard Lee Norvell
Memphis, Tennessee
Surface Warfare

Richard Lee came to us from Memphis, Tennesse with a brief stop at NAPS for an academic refresher. He obviously wasn't quite fresh enough, because he spent more weekends here than John Paul Jones. Even though Admiral Hill told him to hit the road after youngster year, he fought back, and now he's fixin' to take his place at graduation with the class of 1991. He had more ladies than we could count, but now, you can only find him alongside his beautiful girl, Missy Lee. Oh yeah, don't forget all those tiny little friends that were living with us during the first semester of second class year. We all know that it was Big A's fault. A true Casanova, Richard always hooked up with the finest ladies...just ask him. And even on those rare occasions that he didn't hook up, he was sure to be the fliest dancer in the club...just ask him. All said and done, Rich is a good guy. He's a faithful friend and if you are ever in a bind, you can be sure and count on Richard Lee.

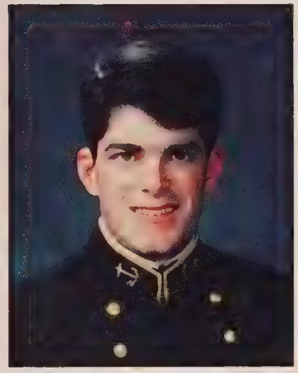


Francis Byron Parker III
Richmond, Virginia
Supply Corps

"Grand" is the only way to describe Tyrone. From a four GRAND plebe year for drinking half a Bud, to a letter of reprimand for being one of the bondage brothers, Byron has had quite an impact. His first impact, in fact, was a graceful faceplant on I - Day, followed by a sacrificial dive on the disc field during his second class year. Byron is also experienced with the midshipman drink of choice, becoming the founder of the Erica threshold after one fateful trip to New York. Mountain Dew is another favorite drink of Tyrone's which has helped him earn the nick-name of "Air Byron" in hackie sack. Back in the hall, Byron is loved for his timely comments, unique attitude, and optimistic outlook which has made him one of the cornerstones of the Eighth Company dark spirit triangle. Byron's primary mode of transportation, the Fahrvergnugen Express, is renown for its great gas mileage, its high speed "gee" cornering, its user friendly trunk light, its easy starting ability, and its blind driver. Byron's cynical, but amusing sense of humor will be dearly missed by his closest friends here in Eighth. - E.L., P.B., C.H.

Cliff Patrick Pearce
Chandler, Oklahoma
Surface Warfare

Cliff P. Pearce, the man of steel, is able to leap tall buildings and tall, blonde women in a single bound. Cliff came to us from Oklahoma, but we didn't hold that against him. Academics never came hard to him, but then again, they only came the night before the exams. No one knows how he did it; he doesn't look that bright. Despite being legally blind in most states, Cliff's beer goggles rarely left him without companionship. Did the man of steel find a beautiful newspaper reporter that carries a basketball? So, what does life have in store for the Big Red Dog? If everything goes as planned: a five year career in the Navy, a red ZR-1 Corvette, and a high paying, low effort job. The one characteristic that everyone will remember about him is his optimism. He always had something good to say about everything. He even liked the little tiny guy in his plebe squad. Not! We all found a true friend in Cliff. Take care good friend. RLN

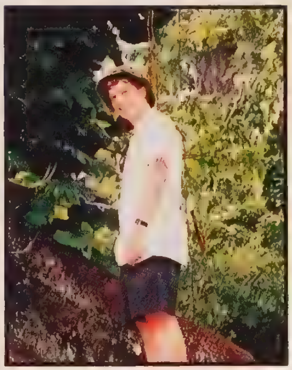


Tuan Ngoc Pham
San Leandro, California
Naval Flight Officer

Phamster, Geekster, Phambo, T.P.. Just what is a Phamster. 0730 get up, go to class. 1500 workout 'til 1700. Sleep 'til 1800. Eat dinner. Do pushups. Study 'til 2000. Do pushups. Study until 2100. Do situps. Go to bed. A constant ritual until graduation. Fridays at Franny O's. Saturday in the rack until 1300 or so. The honorable things from the honorable one. Weakness is out. Pain is in. A sense of humor and faith none could match. Best of all a trusted friend. C'est la vie. C'est la guerre. C'est la pomme de terre. See you in the wild blue.

David Scott Rinker
Great Mills, Maryland
Navy Pilot

Dave's approach to life set the tone for getting through plebe year in Sweet Sixteen with DWC and the rest of his Four Years Together by the Book here in Skate Eight. Known youngster year for his Ice Cream and Nachos splashdowns, Rinkman was also the life of the party at the infamous "Late night German Chocolate Fiestas." Chill as Ice was Rink's approach to second class year. Army-Navy games inspired rooftop romance and later scaling the 10 meter tower for a victory splash in the naked moonlight. Sailing was always the love of Davy's life: Hunter, Victory, Dauntless, Avenger, and Mo Light were his sirens. At first renowned for his galley cooking, (remember the Wok?) he graduated to navigating his boats around the course, but celestial wasn't the only reason he studied the stars. From sailing came Carpe Per Diem summers, a letter sweater for braving Luders yawls and the elements in Mac Cup '89 and most importantly those outrageous Newport parties. A firm believer in osmosis, Dave's motto for studying was "just sleep on it." It was always tough to get rid of those freckles after an acute case of rack burn. Good luck Dave in the Wild Blue Yonder. What will you ever do with out the annual race to Bermuda? Beware of bathing suit beauties with boyfriends. -DWC, MHS. Thanks for everything, Mom and Laurell! -DSR



Thomas Earl Rosson
Albuquerque, New Mexico
Nuclear Power-Submarines

"Oh, YOU'RE Tom Rosson..." That seems to be the typical reaction you receive after people finally meet the man behind the name which made news around the world, the consequence of a spate in a 5-3 bathroom. Always searching for a little attention now and then, you got your share. After more TV coverage for oversized eight balls, you moved on to bigger and louder pranks. (The guy actually thought he was being shot at!) It's too bad the world may never read a newspaper article about the real Thomas, a person who has the unique ability for seeing the good in everyone, and gregariously accepting people just for who they are. Amazingly, the institution never took the kid out of you. A 12 yr. old throwback from the enlightenment, your invincibility and supreme logic (gEEk nothing!) were tempered somewhat by Christmas happen- stance, and..voila, a romantic was born. The digits were reversed, and you hit 21 pretty hard. Onward and upward — no-one can put you down. Enjoy whatever kinfolk of the Aspro you may happen to "voyage" on...but please don't play with your daddy's big noisemakers. JJMIV

Sara Lorin Saltzstein
El Cajon, California
Medical Corps
Sara came to us from sunny Southern California with all the hopes and gullibility you expect from one so young. Yes, Sara was the last in the company, and perhaps the entire world, to reach the magical age of 21. No ring dance parties, no tailgaters, not even a New Year's bash. However, she'll be on the loose for Commissioning Week, and it could get ugly. Sara has always excelled academically, even with less than outstanding profs. How about those blissful days with Lt. Schebendyke? Sara was always happy to share her extensive knowledge in all-night Calc sessions, showing us those things which were intuitively obvious, even to the most casual observer (from 1st semester baby calculus, of course!) And you have to respect her for obviously giving more EE knowledge than she could spare (Thanks!) Sara was also a dedicated swimmer, setting and achieving the highest standards, even in the face of a mysterious and near-mortal ailment during her final season. Oh well, there's life after graduation (where else?) and Sara's sure to distinguish herself in the Medical Corps - maybe the first Surgeon General with apparent brain damage? Remember... All for one, one for all. GOOD LUCK! CPP

Martha Lynn Shue
Rehoboth Beach, Delaware
Supply Corps
Marty, who was known as a child as "Marty Farty" and other such rhymes, came to us from Rehoboth Beach, complete with blond hair and dark tan. She was recruited to run track at USNA but her first two years were disappointing. Toward the end of 2/c year she started running very well, and this fall she ran the fastest time for Navy at Nationals for cross-country making All-American. In Indoor, she is very close to breaking the school record for the mile. As well as improving her running this year, she's improved her grades. (The only kind of stars Marty has ever known are N stars!) I think it all has to do with someone special that she met a while back (MCJ). She also took the big plunge this year— she was the first 1/c in 8th Co. to get engaged. MCJ is a lucky man! And it's funny that we'll have the same name pretty soon. Maybe you and MCJ will get my mail forever. Anyway, Marty could never seem to find the perfect roommate, but hey... at least I don't put tape on the windows or grunt 3 words to you every 2 weeks. Good luck to you, Marty, wherever you go— I mean whichever beach to which you go. Your tan will always be darker. NEJ

Michael Helmuth Smith
Winter Park, Florida
Surface Warfare
Mike joined JJM and DSR from the '88 Hunter Crew and Sue from Dirty Thirty here behind the Eight Ball. As VFMA's cavalry commander emeritus, his friends at USNA learned quickly that he's the one to call in case of trouble. MHS Live is broadcast nationwide, but can be found most often in Winter Park, on the Cape, or inside One Pelham East. Sailing provided Mike daily excursions from the yard. His insight spawned memorable witticisms and an occasional hoisting of the Bravo Sierra flag. Mike proved a Gem of a foredecker on Seahawk, learning that what goes up, invariably gets doused, bagged and set again. On more than one occasion he was called to scale the tremulous mast to effect emergency repairs. Winning K-Cup '90 proved to be the pinnacle of his career, followed closely by his XOXO position with the '91 Cinnabar campaign and a certain misty evening in Oxford. Women of all types flocked to room 5349, but only those with horse-sense or a Beacon Hill address caught his eye. Thanks for helping build my house, whipping up the Wieder after bouts in the weight room, and sharing many an insomniated conversation. Remember rented cars and west-bound trains, crusin' through the Gulf Stream, and Spring Break in Daytona. When you drop your own anchor in Town Dock, Doug & I will be the first to meet you for Sunday coffee in Buddy's. DSR, DWC

David Stivers Steel
Richmond, Virginia
Surface Warfare
Davey in the Navy—Amazing...Unbelievable...Is this the cemetery...WW1 or WW2?...wrecked by a Bermuda shwizzle...1-800-FREE___(restriction is hard life)...XMAS in France...Capt. Courageous and the five sea wenches...let's go as ghosts...What happened to the mast of this J24...fatal attraction-a sweater for XMAS...Sheweena...Speeding Tickets(thanks Wake chics)..."the goat is old and gnarly"...Dundock Chics...minty...look at the puddle at the guitarist's feet...pie in the face...putt-putt anyone...muddsliding-the girls love it...AYC parties...look at this oyster...Hot Sauce...YP commander...sshh be berry berry quiet...the snake ring...HoHoHo..the XMAS wish box...planning, barbeque chicken, and whirlpooling...Yea, thats my sponsor in tights...single-handed, solo-circumnavigator, let's do the timewarp...Cabell dance...rat race participant...drill expert?...swift, silent, and deadly...Mr. Buckwheat...Sheena E...Dumpa-grande...naked at New Years...gay is looking better and better everyday...lets get lost in Annapolis...DELTA 88...tiedye,sailing, and the kid... Big,BIG,BIG... lets do something strange...pack your trash...pool hopping w/out water...I held the key to sensitivity...It's good to be the KING... -BMI (big mitch inc.)

Eric Brian Sucharski
Erie, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

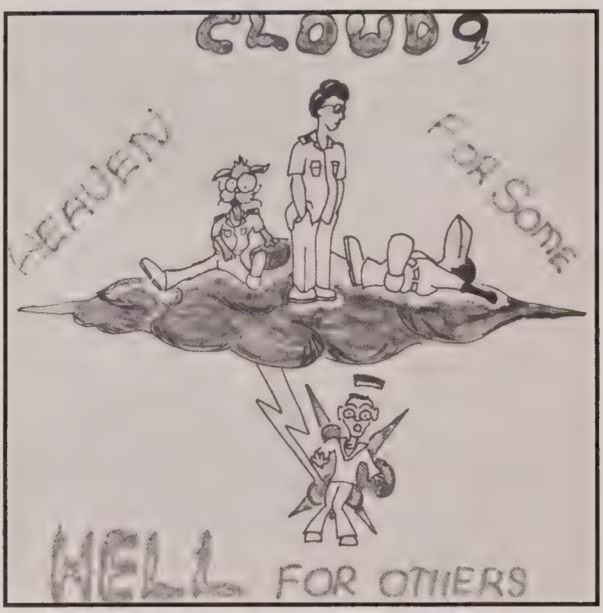
Eric B., that financial (mo fo, so glo, wub 'd') wizard. The only accountant who needs three Hewlett-Packard calculators to keep his finances in order. The largest drain on his wealth was beer, but never try to tell him that he wastes his money. As a matter of fact, do not try to tell him anything. Because if you do, he is liable to release an onslaught of "you knows" from his all-encompassing omniscience. Of course you cannot run faster than him either, regardless of the fact that he only runs once a year in full wub 'ds.' It's alright if you forget because he's sure to remind you of his great athletic ability on a daily basis. Once you get to know Eric, he's not all that bad. He's there when you need him, and if by some unfortunate twist of fate you find yourself in Erie, he'll welcome you into his home with open arms and an open case of Michelob. However, he wasn't very nice to all the little friends that moved in with him during the first semester of second-class year. We'll definitely hear a lot of good things from Eric in the future and he's sure to make his mark on the world. Peace be with you Eric B., good luck in the future and know that you always have friends in Adam B. and Richard Lee. ANB and RLN

Anthony Wayne Troxell
Louisville, Kentucky
Surface Warfare

Trox came to the Academy straight out of high school from Louisville, Kentucky. He found little of what he expected and a lot of what he didn't. After a motivating Plebe Summer, Tony, with a little help from the administration, decided to spend the rest of his time ducking and weaving. Tony's opinions on the Academy have ranged from passive to violent, but his ideas of the military still remain high contrary to the numerous attemps by the administration to boondoggle him. Tony's love for toys and the need for cash often clashed. His favorites included his electric guitars, his knives, his guns, his CHEVY truck, his dip, and his head banging music, and the infamous Nintendo Game Boy. Many problems resulted in Tony's affiliation with his best friends Diamond Dave D. and Jimmy B. I had a great time taking your XX10000 level writing and spelling class, I wouldn't have gotten through it without ya. Good luck in all your endeavors. DJE.

James Randal Wimmer Jr.
Rich Creek, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Randy, Bott, Wimdog, etc. came from Boondock County Va. Randy started at JMU and Va. Tech and had good times and good grades until his acceptance to Canoe U. Then the academic life as a Mech. E. became a hellish existence when Randy went to battle with every notorious nick-named prof at USNA. Randy was down but not out when the Rocket stripped the bittersweet Mech E. degree, but normally easy going Randy unleashed a fury on his oppressor and found himself again a Mech. His social life was as warped as any other mid's, with the only difference being good friends such as Alex, T.P., Bill, and his present roommate being there to guide him. Armed with such accomplices, Randy operated mainly in Crabtown(continuum unsatum) . The nights started at Randy's Priming Bar, moved towards Franny O's, towards mass quantities of alcohol and unsuspecting (young?) ladies. The nights ended anywhere and everywhere, followed by weeks of nagging phone calls. Finally, Cindy came to tame, but fortunately the legend was already engraved. I wish him a quick SWO pin and a great life. Love, (typing one-handed) DINGER.



Todd Adolph Bahlau
Jackson, Michigan
Navy Pilot

The only guy who was fortunate to have me as his roommate for four years. Thank God for Jim's printer, else you probably would have broken your foot. Too bad you couldn't pull off a maneuver like that in Gymspastics, even though you could climb the rope faster than anybody I know. The first weekend back after the New Jersey, how fast were we going with how many people in the car? 2/c Summer took us to the shore twice with fine living accommodations. Then came the day when Becky stole his heart; he hasn't been the same since! Can anybody spare me a dime, I can't afford to eat after buying that perfume. That's OK Todd, my Prof didn't mind too much when he couldn't read my paper. Ring dance weekend with the Fearsome Foursome (D, T, you, and me) and Mrs.B, was one to never forget. Then the 5 Jump Chumps and Panama City. You definitely made the right choice on service selection! And, don't forget to remind me I've got to go swimming 4 times this week! Through the good times and the bad("so help me if he ever kicks that garbage can again!") you've always been there, big guy. Good luck in P-Cola after you say "I do" and you better invite me over for dinner. Thanks for everything. C-ya! (J.G.H.)

Douglas William Baragar
Annapolis, Maryland
Naval Flight Officer

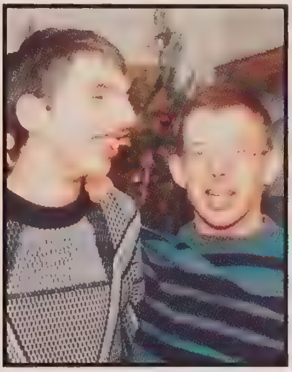
How does one describe Doug? A true and loyal friend, a champion of the universe, or maybe a true and devoted follower of the darkside powers. Of course for those that really know Doug - like his roommate of two and a half years - he's all of the above and more. For those truly interested in the dirt about the darkside powers, suffer- I won't tell that story! However, Doug was a very deprived midshipman - after a few trips to the local watering holes anyone would understand why! That's not to say that he didn't have a way with the fairer sex - what ever did happen on that cruise out west with the married one, Doug? His acclaim went to international levels, too! Of course, he did neglect to inform me about the older woman that followed him around in England, I guess that's just not a story to be passed around. Doug was a good friend and an interesting roomy. The wonderful times spent flaming on plebes as a tag team will never be forgotten, by us or the plebers. More recently, Doug has been elevated to that coveted position of striper geekdom and has left the company behind. The settled down life must be agreeing with him, since he's rarely seen in the company anymore. Well Doug, fair skies and best of luck to you for now and forever - if anyone deserves it, you do! LMC

John Evans Blake
Salinas, California
Surface Warfare

John was an abused child, or so we'd like to think. That could help explain his warped mentality and sense of humor. I guess some things will always elude us, just as most things do for John. We've traveled many miles and had lots of liquid fun. On more than one occasion you've been picked up by strange toilets for the night. Will we ever forget the flowers in Philly? Probably not. I'm glad to have you as a friend despite your backwards social and cultural upbringing in that land of "Fruits and Nuts" (God knows you fit in) they call Cali. I look forward to our final months as mids together and relish even more our times that lay ahead. I'll forever remember how well Tessa has taught you to fetch and the ever continuing adventures of the Fozz-Man!! Always watch your back for Christine with a knife - you never know. Also, be on the lookout for those rapid orange markers that color your front teeth in the middle of the night. Be it on the open ocean or in the hot tub with a girl and a brew, may you have fair winds and following seas. Thank you my friend. Wing

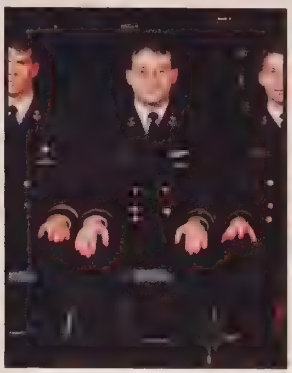
James Andrew Braun
Minot, North Dakota
Surface Warfare

James "Brown" Braun, aka Stealth Dis-Master. James, you have been a great source of knowledge/amusement throughout our time together. The ranks of psychologists will thank you yet for your theories on multi-personalities/demonic possession. You have been a great friend and roommate Jim-bob, and I could not have hoped for a more reliable guy to take care of me after my ill-fated experiment with gravity. I'm mighty glad we'll be serving in the same community (give us SWO or give us... something. No, that's not it). Why-Me's will probably never be the same after our short tour. I'll see you in the pool, chum. P.S. It sure is nice living in Rome, huh? CPS.



Stephen Christopher Brzostowski
Harpers Ferry, West Virginia
Marine Corps Pilot

The definite picture of a cross between a Polish Bagel Baker and a tree sloth.(mongoloid). Add a little camouflage, a frontal lobotomy and you get a gyrine, or a tree. Plebe year:Living with the only man in our class who WILL be shot by his own men. Chit for life? Professional crutch user. Youngster Year:Doing another man's job and the dragon breath of DP. Hey Steve, how about Loyola? You only weigh 185 but you carried 365 through water ballet. Sully,Crazy Charlies,some girls whose names we both forget. Bugaloos in the tarpits of VA Beach. Just Like Heaven. Bad Blood-no helmet. Furniture mover of questionable character:"I'm such a tart!" Isn't Karla pretty Steve? 2nd Class:Why go over the wall when you can go through?-Head Like A Hole. Jeremy's home improvement. Love and Rockets let down. How about those British mids? John Simpson can't run!! Turners Bar and Grill. Ring Dance Soap Opera:Texas Twister. Pre pup then pup. "Nice hair-want a burger?" Journey Down Under(to be continued later)-California Tryst. Last year:another man with another voice. Steve my green friend, may you get to sing "God Bless America" a few times yourself.-SPJ



Larry Mitchell Cook Jr.
Resaca, Georgia
Supply Corps

Butch came to us by way of Georgia and Rickover's Navy, back when Rickover was still in charge of it. Plebe year brought the twin responsibilities of plebe company commander and the offshore sailing team. Salty dog that he is, he weathered both without a hitch. Along with the transition from nuke power to sail power Youngster year brought Butch to 5-4 and Shuppster's Company. A year under the Green Mean Bug-eyed Marine did nothing to swerve Butch from his goal of returning to the world of whales, reactors, and great food. Already engaged on I-day, in his years at the Academy he has been the only mid who needs his own zip code, 2-3 letters a day X 12 months X 4 years = ??? 2/c year made our door a least favorite place for plebes to spend their time, but Academics and Navy medical got the final K.O. and nixed nuke school. Through it all you have been a good friend, even though you're nocturnal. Good-luck to you and Amal. DWB

Sterling Whipple Dawley
Fayetteville, New York
Surface Warfare

Sterls (aka "The Pearl" to some close friends, "Dawls" to most of Balt-Annapolis-DC Greater Metropolitan Area, "Sweet Knees" to Syracuse NY, and "Cheetah" (of Tarzan fame) to the Math, Chem, Physics, EE, and ProDev Depts of USNA) is a man of many names, it is true, but also of many more talents. He grew up in Fayetteville, though some say he lived in Buffoon's. A fun-filled plebe year was spent in 22nd Co before moving up to the big time on 5-4. After two years with Navy Lax, he decided to make his mark with the Beefy D of Co Fieldball. ECAs were always top priority, with youngster year being remembered for Stogies on the Ledge, Midnight Philosophy with Jim-Bob, G-town w/ Todd & Maggie, and 360s with Chaz and Ben in the Silver Bullet. 2/C Summer was highlighted by a Lake Cobbossee road trip w/ Great White, Portland Maine, and Stanline Grand Lake Stream Specials. The following year was marked by weekends at John's, Fell's Point: the Turtle & Nice-N-Easy, McGarvey's, New Year's Eve in SU, gettin' The "Z", and Ghenghis. Finally, Firstie year was nothin' but fun with adventures w/ Danny K in College Park, road trips to Gettysburg & UVa, Male-Bonding, Tailgaters, Chips & Salsa, and Labatt's. It was an incredible journey and lots of fun. A better friend and a better man cannot be found. Good Luck, Jake! Take it easy..., Elwood. KJS

Troy Adam Dinkel
Golden, Colorado
Surface Warfare

Troy came down from the majestic mountains of Golden, CO (home of what beverage?), and, well, Annapolis just hasn't been the same, since he got used to the oxygen-rich atmosphere. Soon, he had set a pace that made the rest of us dizzy. He never seemed to slow down- except when he ground to a halt over that Irish girl, Youngster Christmas... Anyhow, the "Gatekeeper" started off Second Class Year quietly as a counselor at Camp Tecumseh, and then settled into The Grind. That semester was, well, Thermodynamic... January was worse... "you really wouldn't have looked so bad if you'd just worn your own #!*@ uniform!" May brought the Ring Dance, the Ring(s), and Relief. Ops stuff kept Troy off the streets most of the Last First Semester (except that one night) and the Trident thing would have kept him busy through April if.... When all is said and done, Troy's greatest gift will always be his ceaseless dedication, not so much to his work, but to his friends. Never lose that, buddy, it's meant the world to us. Mrs "B", L, and I will all miss you and that Irish girl while you're at Cambridge, but we understand; that's the price we have to pay for "free brain surgery." Good Luck and Godspeed. -D

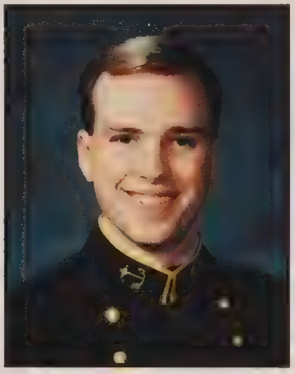
W&L
UNIVERSITY

Daniel Evan Dzenitis
Louisville, Kentucky
Special Warfare

DZ...I like ya Lloyd, I've never liked ya. You know, for a member of the Latvian Liberation Front you're not too bad. No school today, Mum, I've got a pain in the gulliver. You gotta admit, flying lava and blown speakers were never so much fun. Nothing, Frank m'boy, but stay outta B-29's. DZ, you've been a good pal these last years. I'm sure you'll do fine at ol' SPUDS. Just keep your dang-fooled head low and your eyes open and take care of yourself out in the fleet. P.S. Watch those helo races, huh? CPS. ...And the nightmare continues! When we last left our Lazy Latvian from Louisville he was stone cold lampin' & bushwackin' in his room. Suddenly his woooomee enters and the Battle Royal lives on! The WWF has got nothing on 5464. Of course,I always end up waxin' and milkin' your nightstalking #*@!?! Now drink your moloko like a good little mutant! It's been a blast and a half and I've learned alot; i.e.: how to but milky cereal with juke box money...wait a minute, that's not it. You've got your steel in your right hand, now you're going for the Teams. Do it to it, DZ! Good luck and don't forget your X-specs. They really rock the house! God bless and LAAATEEER!!!

Kevin David Filan
Reisterstown, Maryland
Navy Pilot

Kevin"Kev,Filo" came from USNA from Reisterstown,Md.,the madras capital.Kevin brought the Stalag tradition to Cloud 9(Old School).Youngster year meant some time in Smoke Hall,like with Benji and Chazer, pool at UVA. Tutoring the Reg Adj "I've done this before" Second class summer-Shaeffers,Matt's cocktail weiner,"Who gave you these,Ben?",Shaingra-La Motel,you Danish pastries(my glazed doughnut). "Where's Bob?",he doesn't know! A couple trips around the block "I don't want to talk to him!",Foxfield,ring dance-"The bridge!"easy Kevin,"take your date home,and your other date." More UVA-the mad brown bomber strikes again. First class year started with appendicitis in Uruguay and ceiling tiles.Good job as Co. commander,the paperwork flowed! Good luck with Navy air! CLK



Christopher Frye
Chicago, Illinois
Surface Warfare

Give me food, clothing, money, and employment. Allllright, you find it out. Probably one of the most nightmarish experiences from Beyond was rooming with you...but you know what they say...whatever doesn't kill you is a tax write-off...No...that's not it. Go Go Go Go...cold clampin' defense mappin'...Mama said knock your big fat whatever out. Thanks for dissin' me at Christmas...and the Family. You'll never be a Corleone. You're still a water potato, and no matter how hard you workout...I can still gank your scrawny frame. Still a serious lightweight at the watering hole. "Dan, should I go Air? SEALs? SWO? Tell me...you're a ____." A what? "A ____." One thing's for sure...our stay here has been one Earth-slam after another, but we've made it. Oh, and by the way Gland, I wike you and I'll be your fwend...in Haiti. Your favorite Latvian, DZ.

NAVAL ACADEMY
N

Jeffrey George Heiges
Hermitage, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot

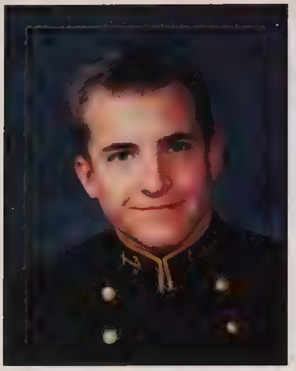
"Guess what?" what? "We made it through another day!" Not only did we make it through another day, we made it through four years. "Four years together by the bay" really has a special meaning for us. It has not always been easy, but we sure did have our fun. I just want you to know that you are the most dedicated student I know. Even with all the studies, we did manage to get out to explore the real world. What about the time we went to Goucher to see your girlfriend. Do you still have the autographed picture? I dont think we will ever forget the ring dance dilemma. Then cam the 100th anniversary of the Army-Navy game. You did a great job in organizing the event. It's just to bad you could not have organized a win. I almost forgot, how do you spell cat? Jeff (Hornet, Aeiges, BattComm), thanks for the memories and everlasting friendship. I know all your dreams will come true, GO NAVY AIR!! Go Bucknell! Dont forget to bring some of your mother's cookies over to the "Bahlau's" in P-Cola, you will always be welcome. Take care of yourself. Just one last thing: Will You Be My Best Man On July 6th? T.A.B.

Sean Patrick Jermyn
Glassboro, New Jersey
Surface Warfare

HEY! YOU...in the FUSCHIA! Oh-ho, mannn! Ger-maine, mobility sure has been a central theme in your life at Squid U. Prior Nuke and Grand Old Man of NAPS. You rolled in on I-Day in that sporty Firebird and haven't had your own wheels since. Of course, that sweet deal you got from the Dress Barn provided you with more than a loyal chauffeur! As flamin' youngsters (sorry about the Homecoming Bilge) we sang "by the pale moonlight." SURE there was only ONE, that YOU'LL ADMIT TO! 2/C Summer led to MDSU-2. Stoopid Study, Quaywall Bodybuilders, "HEY, Hop-Sing's negative...ain't that a *****!" Sully's Porsche sea trials and poolside at Rob's grandparents. "...And ...doz stoopid pillows!" Neighbors 2/C Year. You got the room with the half-finished skylight but we both shared Jeremy's study music. Desktop Dragnet Dragging. B & E at George Mason: "Anybody home?" Pre-Bulldog humps; then a change of plans. The "Ghostesses of Ring Dances Past" at Turner's: "Where's Butter?!" Big Firstie Striper...with phone. "Hey Eric, where's Sean?" Olympic Team Handball in '92? Roommates at last, for the last. Who's your buddy? Sean, you may be Gator Navy on the outside but you're all Green on the inside. Good luck at 5 & Diving into a Fortune 500. Here's to many joyous refrains of "God Bless America" in your future.—SCB

John Joseph Kapp III
Scranton, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

Jack wandered over to 9th Co. by way of 3-2 and a hard charging youngster cruise in which he earned his ESWS pin. Jack must've spent all his energy during plebe year because he seems to have coasted ever since. Jack never let himself lack in leisure. The rack was Jack's reason to believe. When he wasn't sleeping he could be found singing Springsteen tunes while enjoying his 1/2 hour of shower power. Jack had a unique approach to academics. He believed in short term memory. Memorize it for the exam, brain dump it tomorrow. Aside from an occasional question like "How do you take an integral?" he came off as a pretty intelligent sort. Jack never cluttered his mind with extra information like the formula for the area of a circle, bank card pin#'s, and who he was kissing on the night before. Academics weren't Jack's only talent. Many a classmate lost face to his various pranks. From turning clocks forward(have a nice run Bosch?) to pseudo-erasing hard drives(erase *.*:BRZ***) to moving your roommates car(your day is coming). From FranO's to Delaware, Jack was a true Cassanova. Jack is one in a million, thank God, but we all think "you're alright." See ya in Norfolk. YJS



Christopher Leo Kelley
Marshfield, Massachusettes
Marine Corps

Chris (Kel) came to USNA by way of prepping in Maine. It was that year that provided the material for his long hours of storytelling. Did time as a plebe in Big Sticks - Hey Keevans, ya gotta stand at attention if you can hear colors, even in your room. Youngster cruise UA for watch- Voodoo drums in the night-A zoomie in the pool in St. Thomas-Hey mon, don't get any sand in there. Millander's cab ride. Youngster year as one of Shupp's pups-You're a dirtbag, Mr. Kelley. Shea, do you smell eggs? Halloween rampage-the Washington Monument will never be the same. Wolfey's woman, good thing she had call waiting. Hey Chris, maybe you shouldn't take a K-Bar to Dogbreath's sheets. Ghostturd slippers w/DZ. Kalme for an A, you got a C. 2/C Summer The Great Dane WE-Kev, I can't find my wallet, start digging, the tide's coming in. Painting a U on SWO in AUTEC. Here's 5 bucks, pretend you're my girlfriend. Hall of Fame-Bruins' games-Hey, cheesenose! Hockey violence. UVA w.e. Where's the Prudential building Kel we're in DC. Fireworks for Jimmylegs. Bulldog-cold weather humps- 1/C Yr.-More town "ladies"-How fast were you going? More UVA-Hippies, Dean Markley, great band, mon. Nuclear Air Explosive at UVA frat party-clear the room!Go Yavos! USMC will have to wait for ya. Good luck in the sandbox. Your bro always, KDF.

Benjamin Paul Meeuwsen
Depere, Wisconsin
Surface Warfare

Ben came to USNA from Depere, WI-the land of cherries, apples, and dairy products. At a hulking 260+ lbs, he spent his plebe year bowling over defenses for Navy football. Yet his knee could not go on, and his interests changed. Youngster year was lived on the edge, in Baltimore and D.C. with Chaz and the boys. After graduating from that survival course(though Chaz didn't), Ben and I became roommates, friends, and dart opponents as 2/C. Do I still owe you Fuddruckers? Or was it 142 million dollars? From there Ben used his Economics major to manage his money well- except when a certain woman was concerned. Darci, queen of Idaho, melted Ben's heart. The result was debts which lasted until the next payday. Ben spent 2/C and 1/C year anxious to move on- but not anxious enough to be anything but easygoing. Along the way he had time to be one hell of a roommate. From Friday night stogies, rocket wars, golf bets, rubbing alcohol, trips through Manhattan at midnight, and the rainy evening when Kevin "fell off the ledge," there was never a dull moment. Remember A-N "90"? Thanks for a great two years. Best of luck in your career-who knows? You might catch a glimpse of my mast lights someday. C-ya! Jim-bob

Fiore Louis Nardo II
Columbia, Pennsylvania
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Day 1, Youngster Year, I met my new roommate who modestly introduced himself as "Sweet Lou, God's Gift to Women." Since then, however, he has become a gift to only one woman, Toni, but not in an old-fashioned way. Lou earned a reputation early in 9th Company as a very generous guy, especially when he offered Captain Shupp a handful of coins at the Army-Navy Game. The Shupster kindly returned Lou's generosity with a 3000-series thankyou note. Lou does not appreciate being bothered when he spends the weekend at home, probably because when Juan called him 2nd class summer it was to tell him he was UA and had a form-2 waiting for him on his desk. Lou has had a few other interesting experiences in the past four years: the club in the Bahamas, the night in the car and the drink on the shirt in Pensacola, and the infamous 1st and Lou, to name a few. Perhaps Lou's greatest accomplishment at the Academy was lettering in varsity dinghy sailing and simultaneously avoiding drill. But through it all he has kept his priorities straight: liberty, sleep, and food. Best of luck at nuke school, in marriage, and if you're really good this year, maybe you'll get handcuffs for Christmas. DCR

Juan Jimenez Orozco
Foster City, California
Nuclear Power-Surface

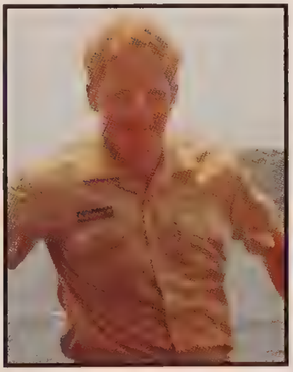
Juan came to us via 16th Co., where firsties were firsties and Juan was their friend. Of course since he was a napster I'm sure the upperclass recognized his superior performance right away. (Why do they call you Bumper anyway, Juan?) The truth of the matter is Juan is a true diplomat. His ability to turn harsh truth into polite euphemism won him many friends. To say Juan has many friends is blasphemous. He knows EVERYONE! It could be said that Juan is our class' version of "The Pistol." Tugboat has hooked us all up at one time or another. ("got any tickets to the football game this weekend Juan) Bumper and the women got off to a slow start("They don't call him the sausage for nothing"). Second class year was Juan's year though. His roomates say it all started when he began practicing Spanish (a Romance language) in his sleep. No matter what lit the love light in Juano's life, it was no secret the beaches was where his best courting occurred. Delaware however was where he found his true love. Jen is still wondering why she always gets the short end of the deal. Now The Big O is whipped and proud of it. The memories are many buddy. From the days of Relish to the tandem puke, they'll all be cherished. Don't be one of them. CORSICANS FOREVER. YJS

Michael Andrew Parker
Stamford, Connecticut
Naval Flight Officer

He was destined to attend the Academy. Not only was he born under the sign of the ram, but the doctor gave him the old slap at the Naval Academy hospital on hospital point. The extra push was probably him being the son of a '60 grad. After spending two years on the "Connie" and a year at the party school in Newport, he was ready for all the challenges at the Academy. He does sometimes wonder if that solo at the Army-Navy game was worth it. Eventhough his family home is now in Connecticut, his love of the slopes will always keep his heart in God's country."

Dennis Fern Penepacker II
Skokie, Illinois
Nuclear Power-Surface

D came to us from a little suburb of Chicago and honestly believes that the Bears and the Bulls win every game. Newspaper boxscores, TV reporters, testimonies from his loved ones—none of these can cause him to back down. This approach to life eventually leads anyone who argues with him to either believe Dennis or to tell Dennis that they believe him (except for sweet Luisa). He is equally proficient at making fun of anything important, and he strives to accomplish this in the most grotesque manner possible. However, he somehow brings a lot of good into other peoples' lives, and he's even done me a little good. (Although he would never admit it.) "A little good" has included thousands of hours of E.I., getting me adopted by Mrs. B, helping me find the right service selection, inspiring me to propose to the right girl, educating my human side, and literally saving my life. To my best friend, a man who was born to be a Surface Warrior, I can only conclude with, "Fair winds and following seas." TAD



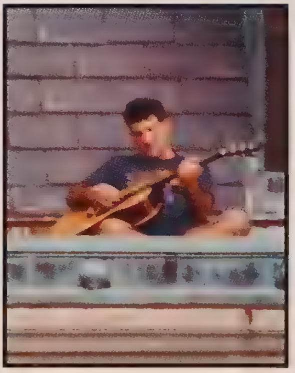
Daniel Charles Reed
Albany, California
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Dan, the self proclaimed "golden boy-A's fan from Cali," came to nine from an obscurred plebe year in 19. Dan came to us as the founder of the nuke, let's all get hitched and shack up club. He quickly ran into trouble with a disorder spreading through the company known as motor tongue, but his one true love, Kelly, regardless of time or distance is the only girl he'd shave his head for. "That got me what I had to get." Dan survived a short career as a pole vaulter, but traded in his pole for a piece 2nd class year. "That's my only regret...I have to drill." That year Dan was put up for the Noble prize in physics for his patented Diff-Eq. solution method, just divide out the d's. I've always said you need a good math foundation, C what I mean. Dan would always go that extra mile for you, but 1 1/2 miles always seemed a bit too far. Often reflecting on his glory days in high school, Dan convinced me I wouldn't want to be the one to piss him off, but drenching his laundry is another story. Dan's on his way to a happy marriage and nuke school, and if you asked him, he'd be the first to tell you, "my butt is happy." Good luck Dan, I'll see you in Orlando. FLN

Jose Manuel Rodriguez
Far Rockaway, New York
Navy Pilot

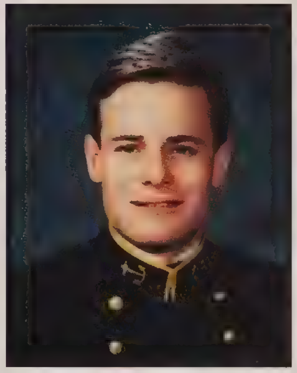
Aliases: Manny, Guido, Don Juan. Thinks he's a "prior enlisted" just because he went to NAPS - then again, anyone who went to the Newport NTC MacDonnald's as much as we did should have the right to claim prior SOMETHING. Plebe year: 36th Co.- just another stellar plebe chopping in place, knees high, eyes affixed to the ceiling, thumbs on chin, remaining digits pulling chin toward neck... Youngster year: we got lucky:9th Co.and Capt "Ready" Schupp. Jose changes his name to "Manny" because there were too many "Jose's" - only to find out that there were too many "Manny's" (asi es la vida). Second Class year: big flamer. EE on a wing and a prayer, but passed none-the-less! O.K., I won't mention double-E. And, last but not least, - Firsties. So what ended up happening with all those air billets anyway? Did you get to P-Cola before the class of '93? Lastly, home will always be NYC - he still thinks the Manhattan skyline is more picturesque than the Rockies (it's O.K., we understand). MAP

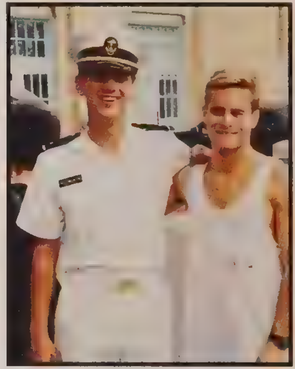
Anthony Felan Saenz
San Antonio, Texas
Surface Warfare
"I'm not the Joker...I'm the penguin. I've got the money!"—Thwacker—Enshrouded lysolic blue inferno - I hate it when it rains...—"Find the wound, ma'am."—Tuan, Tuan Pham, BPDMS—"Sir, request permission to levitate, Sir." Very well, Mr. Saenz. Levitate.—John, don't! Stop choking him!—Saenz, wake up, Saenz.—"Dan, I borrowed your pipe, but you don't care because "—Do you not learn this stuff just to spite me?—"Who says aluminum won't burn?"—Shove off!—Saenz, go out and find a girl! "I will. I'll do it!" But whatever you do don't talk about blood, fire, or school.—"Excuse me. Is Jeth working here tonight?"—"Tuan, no matter what you do, you are not going to sleep tonight."—"Harry, I think that our upperclassmen are afraid of us."—Salsa party!—18 Jan or the 19th—A giant cross—Meg's PE gear—Spiral staircase—the Gateway to the Sea—Go SWO—No more clams—SHE LOVES YOU!—"I will." HMGIII



Yianis James Selinidis
Port Arthur, Texas
Surface Warfare
Yianis (..Sell-My-What?!?) came to ninth company (..with a banjo on his knee, well, almost) after spending a tough plebe year in slack six. He started youngster year in rare form (Towson) beginning a long-standing tradition of memorable weekends (Queen-"FBG"). Youngster year ended and second class year opened like a fairy tale (Little Red-Irish HOOD); the new car was bought (..parking ticket magnet..APR1:"someone must've stole it Yan") and Yianis was a travelin' man. Taps took on a new meaning as Juanis "Mario Andretti" Selinozco tried to set a new land-speed record each weekend (..nope, don't know where he is). We thought that we lost him to the Hari Krishnas one night when he decided to accelerate his bald spot(do it..come on, do it..chick's dig it!). When it came time to be a firstie the fairytale was over (..the wolf won) and Yianis concentrated mainly on naval science on his weekends, namely trolling (..Peck'heads & accountants). Always the conscientious Physics major, "Relish" thumbed his nose at the AC boards by studying constantly, stopping only for the dartboard, the rack, card games, playing the guitar, going out, sitting on the ledge, etc. Finishing up and goin' SWO, Yianis is a true friend of whom we'll always have fond memories. JJK

Daniel Patrick Shea
Visalia, California
Special Warfare
What more can be said about this leprechaun from California? Plebe year drinking Hershey's and tabasco sauce at tables, inciting rumbles, b-day parties, and passing out the brick as 27th Co 4/C Morale Officer. His "misguided hooliganism" continued youngster year until a literal "run in" with the Commandant. A typical night out for this Irishman included shooting ketchup at O'Brian's and disturbing the public at McGarvey's. Good thing he was off restriction before Ring Dance because his booze cruise wouldn't have been the same without him. 1/C year crew went by the wayside but the motivation and workout will continue on the beaches of Coronado. Remember, it's only a mental thing... Danny-boy, the first recollection I have of you is this: 2/C Salerno"Mr. Shea, where are you from?" Dan Shea"Ireland, Maam." nuff said. You were a loyal pal through thick and thin, Dan old man. Though sometimes your adrenaline surpassed your better judgement, you were always there to help a sinking shipmate (Sat morning, 2/C Lawson, Brain-dead roommate. Sound familiar?) Or celebrating our return from X-mas leave with Kell, DZ, Swo, & Stu. Please put on some insulation before SPUDS and do good things. WNB CPS

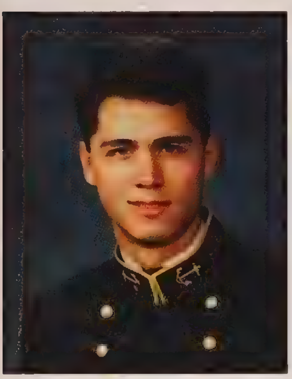




Kevin Joseph Sofield
Oakhurst, New Jersey
Surface Warfare
A few remarks about Swo-Dad, otherwise known as Elwood, connoiseur of Baltimore-Annapolis area Pickling Estabs. & dedicated to BDHR. Social etiquette by John V. "Swo" started his midn career in the 33co. 8th wing off campus housing, with none other than Miller as a roomate.(It was later asked how such a smart guy would end up having 2 lax players for roomates) 3/c year can be summed up with: when is Joe going to drive? Philosophy with Jimbo, life and times with Chaz, Ben & Kev as neighbors, stogies darts, unsat friends, tubing on Cobossee with the Stanline Grandlake Stream Special & the barefoot Reggae dancer in Portland. 2/c year brought weekends w/Todd, Maggie, Stout & Vick, E. Brick on disc in the BMW, Army /Navy 90-where's my camera John? New Years in 'Cuse, arrival of the chick-magnetized Beemer, the ultimate Ring Dance plan, late night brawls with Sasquatch. The last of the classic Sofield-VornDick tailgaiters, therapist/ carpenter/ mason at Johns but always good times & company, covers out the sunroof, the beefy-D, Honorary member at U.M. Phi Delta Theta w/Danny K, teaching George cricket, cuttin-rug in G.Burg, golf with Aunt Ann & Uncle Hal, and then the infamous Cami came along. In all a friend to the end. Good luck Elwood! Where's Swo? He's real real gone...SWD

Alexander Edward Stewart
Lynn Haven, Florida
Medical Corps

Alex came to the Naval Academy from Panama City, Florida and from everywhere else that his father's Naval career had taken him. It was plebe year that Alex started perfecting his knack for doing better than everyone at everything; but his success could never be attributed to his great organizational skills or his hard charging attitude. Alex's motto was always,"Why do now what I can do tomorrow?" Even with this less than ideal work schedule and the fact that he spent his weekends with Ben and John K., Alex started a string of academic success that would continue for three years. Youngster year Alex was scrambled into Ninth company. While always seeming to be the innocent one, Alex was really the mastermind behind unauthorized endeavors. But then, this was the last pre-Kathy year...Second class summer Alex was lucky enough to room with John S. and John W.; and even luckier for Alex, he was in one of three co-ed groups. Amidst the all-night party in Quantico, Alex somehow met the girl of his dreams; He was later joined by John S., and, funny enough, they started becoming more and more alike (same car, same watch, same girlfriend...). Into First Class Year, Alex kept his poor time management skills and his poor sleeping habits- and because he liked it so much, he's doing it all over again for four more years! Good luck in Navy medicine...J.D.S

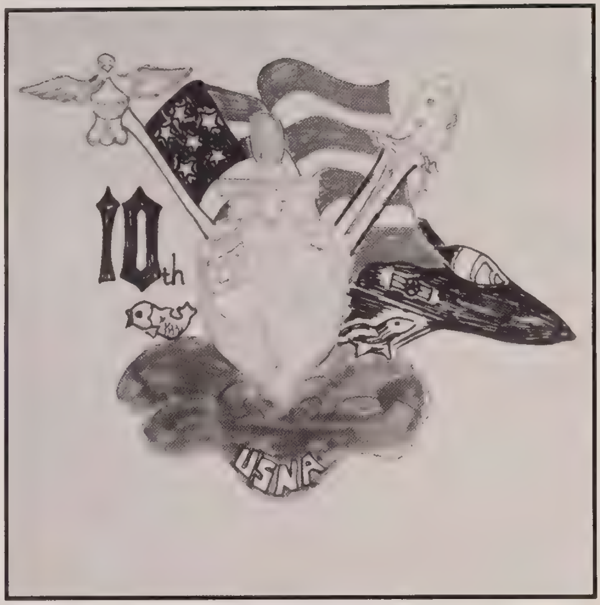


Christopher Peter Stuart
Fairfax Station, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Aaahh...aaaahhh...tired...tired of listening to gossip...gossip...and complaint. X is for Xerxes, devoured by mice. A patient young lad you are Stu m'boy, a survivor of the eight year program...where have these past three gone? If it wasn't lounging on the ledge or the weirdroom, it was usually at one of your favorite watering holes closeby. Wait...you didn't let me finish...I'm not gonna hurtcha...Don't let Lt. D's swo-dom rub off too much, you might become a normal person. You spent your final days decaying in front of the terminal...just like our hero down the hall. Just drape a rat carcass over that permanent part of your's and the ladies 'll love ya. A cup of the ol' chives, Suuhh? Actually, I feel safe heading into the Fleet with someone as clinically demented as I, so make me and the rest of Slime Nine proud. Appy-polly-logies Spiderman. Your humble narrator...DZ. P.S. Thorp those you love.

Alexander James Waugh
Ewing, New Jersey
Marine Corps

Alex..Waugh..Waughbanger..Benwaugh..came to Canoe U. from that beautiful state of N.J. by way of Yarch Military Acad. in Harlingen Texas, determined never to be a Marine. But very soon after arriving his grades plummetted to the maximum USMC requirement of just below a 2.0, at least until after late Youngster year and an Ax board. I wonder if those marathon sessions in steerage affected your grades, but at least we always had a good time at summer school. Along with Alex came a long stream of serious commitments to women(many at the same time). This man never knew a dry spell, I guess they were attracted to his nose. Waugh was also a major stockholder of Dockside Liquors, major Crabtown bars and various dumbsters. However, Franny's wasn't enough, Alex had to experience the Hofbrauhaus in Munchen, Germany. In Europe, always in a festive mood, he had a knack of finding himself fondling statues(P.S. Alex watch out for that bus). It is no wonder that they made you Conduct Officer, at least you knew the tricks of the trade. It is hard to believe that this master of Midn Regs evolved from such a plebe summer sweat, Wilksy would have been proud. Well I'm glad to see you eat your words and go Corps because I might get a stereo system out of this. Best of Luck, Bott. J.R.W.



William Lynn Campbell Jr.
Nashville, Tennessee
Marine Corps

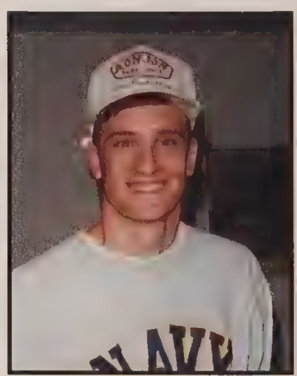
Chip came from what he calls God's country and we call Hicksville. His biggest flaw before entering USNA was, and still is, his misconceptions regarding the true winners of the "War of Northern Aggression." Although his southern heritage blinded him on this point, his "proper" southern upbringing gave USNA an apple pie rascal. Not much is known about his plebe year except for the fact that he lived up to the "SKATE" in the company's name. Youngster cruise found Chip doing airborne pushups followed by a glorious cruise on the "Finest Fed Frigate" in the fleet. Chip's love life was like a bad card game in which his favorite card was the four of clubs. This card and others were often dealt to him and his refusal to fold earned him an exclusive letter sweater. Chip's finest accomplishments include: the pursuit and apprehension of a stereo thief, Grand Master Guru of 10th company players, being able to retain his dip while taking a face plant into Utah powder, and the courting of a category of girls attracted to guitar playing jarhead wanna-bees. Chip's success in earning his sweater carried over so that he earned bonus points on his state driving record. He made contributions every few months to the highway patrolman's vacation fund. Chip will be the first guitar-playing, Copenhagen dipping, cammie wearing, ground-pounder in the Corps. - RKW, TPW

Timothy Todd Carr
Milwaukee, Wisconsin
Navy Pilot

Mixing,Tim, Timmy, Rockin' Timmy-C., Shamu, rolled into USNA from Beercity, Wizconzin and spent a wonderful year in fourteen hanging with Doug, Tim, Bill, and his only stars. Youngster year got off to a good start: Dawg Nolan sidekick - reward: 33 days. Contemplating Madison, Smoke Hall C.O., flight quarters, can crushing champion of the sky rack, laundry bag wars, squeeze cheese, Daytona - snortin beaners, gunnin Harleys, gets left behind for his own good, Disney World - King of the Teacups. Ing, the Norwegian dream. Mixing, WRNV. 2/C year: the geek of 5223, Aero labs from hell - banished to the hall. Where's my Leinenkugals? Put that last nail in the coffin, that last shovel full of dirt. Maryland Party - Maryland connection - Maryland sea anchor! Best grades in the room, the bag soap. Firstie: Co. Cdr. The new dawghouse - adopts Pfister - Wharf rat - Lil' Ditty's - Goodbye Tim - It was great. P.S. How's Lori? RCW-JAP

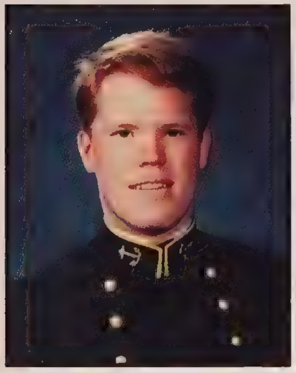
Daniel James Durn
Coopersburg, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

Durn came to USNA via NTS Orlando. What would 10th Co. done without Dan's knowledge of the "Great White Fleet"? Dan's performance during these four fine years by the Bay has been characterized by spit shined shoes, shirt stays, military creases, a hard corp attitude, and a few soap box preaches. But lying beneath that immaculate military bearing was a "BM" mentality on liberty on "the TRAIL." The midnight run to G-town with the Body and Mucc. Troy's place and the USAA number. Champions and the youngster party. Being the "old man" of 10th Co., Dan has transitioned from throwing pop tops to the domestic Ward Cleaver of the 90's. Dan looked to the skies to find his future and found a blonde Texan. Good thing McD was already looking. Now, it will only be a matter of time before Dan loads up the panneled wagon with 2 kids, a dog, and a cat and heads west to Wally World with the Griswalds. Don't spread too much salt on the west coast! M.G.M.



Thomas Dale Fugelstad
Belmont, California
Surface Warfare

Tom came to USNA from San Francisco, and he was a man driven to extremes from the outset. He never did anything half-way, especially on his own time!. Tom then came to 10th Company with a dark cloud over him. He was a sailor and a lover, naturally we never saw much of him. Tom had already picked up a letter sweater, of a different sort, before joining 10. As second class year passed we all got to know him a lot better. He distinguished himself by picking up a sailing letter sweater and a Salisbury sorority! Fuges qualified as an aviator in the F-8 over 1st Class cruise. He was not only the offshore sailing team captain, but also the only firstie with a 3 person, 2 man room. Tom's talents include burger juggling, technicolor redecorating, cycling, knife handling and wrestling on Hospital Point. Tom has done and seen it all, he has been ripped off, hit for moving violations while parked, tested the neighborhood crime watch (not in the criminal sense) and been through extensive physical therapy both at medical and in Virginia Beach. Tom will be haze gray-underway whether aboard ship or at mach 2. However, no matter where he goes and what he does, Tom will come out on top. Tom is one helluva guy and we wish him the very best! DOOOOOH!! Good on ya! Fargleschnarfer, Fuges, Fujimo. -NAV, WLC



Mark Antony Guillory Jr.
Albany, California
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Mark began his naval career by graduating first in his NAPS class, but he's not a geek, even though he is going nuke. Mark really hates running, that's why he ran the Marine Corps Marathon. We were running two outers a day to practice for that thing, and ran 22 miles beforehand. How dumb. Remember this Mark, "Man this water's cold!" Don't forget all the good times we had just kicking back talking about stuff, going to church ("I hope father doesn't see us"), going out, my sponsors house. Mark had all the girls: Heather, and of course, Ashley. He was a vital member of Reef Points staff and starred on the Batt swimming team. Mark is the ultimate sacrificer, taking on the jobs that no one else would do. He is the nicest, most sincere person you will ever meet. Thank you for all the good times and heart to heart talks. You're one of my closest buddies. ROY

Alberto David Gutierrez Jr.
Katy, Texas
Nuclear Power-Submarines

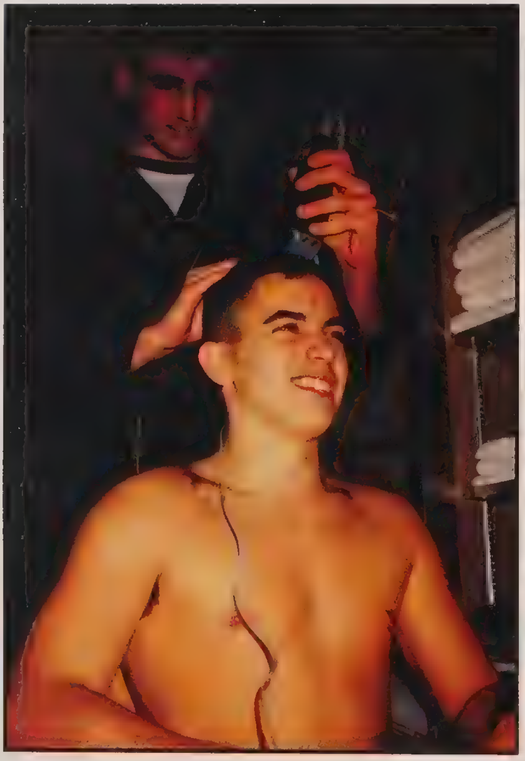
Guti arrived in Annapolis from the Lone-Star state with one thing on his mind: finding a girlfriend. Though he was unsuccessful in this respect, Dave would succeed at every other endeavor at USNA. "Tecumseh" rowed through a smooth plebe year as the ghost of 1-1, thanks to lightweight crew and CSTS. Though he'd give up crew youngster year, Dave would forever remain a lightweight, from the Yellow Banana to the Margaritas in Danville and especially in comparison with his women. After earning his dolphins over the summer, youngster year in 10 saw Dave living in Party Mary's office with his nose in the right place, and in Halsey, "Boy, I sure am getting huge." Second class summer brought adventures in front of the Washington Monument and in Law of Armed Conflict, which Dave liked so much he decided to take it again the next summer. Let it never be said that he ever got something without working for it, for Dave survived second class year with AERO and EE thanks to lots of hard work and a little bit of help from the george. Everything has come together for Guti as a firstie: Airborne wings, Sup's stars, the girl of his dreams, or were they nightmares, and a porkchop for his lip. Good luck Dave, as you enter the silent service. You are a great friend to all of us, and the submarine force is lucky to get you. MGR

William Keith Kimmel II
Indianapolis, Indiana
Naval Flight Officer

Keith came to us from Hoosierland with his rubberband arm, baseball glove, and a few extra Indy 500 tires around his waist (the Michelin Man look). Determined to be a student, he flipped a coin and chose Mech-E. After running out of sweaty towels, Keith saw the light and wisely joined the ranks of "ex-students gone Poly Sci." Youngster year brought problems with Party Mary and Uncle Pawlo, roommate spasms ("I'm not rooming with Kimmel, me neither...") and female trouble (or lack there of). Brent & Rob took on the Kimmel challenge 2/c yr. provided he sleep on the top rack for the remaining 2 yrs. and keep the Copenhagen off the toothbrushes. Keith got a girlfriend by default, made futile attempts at becoming a PT stud, spilled milk on Brent's stereo, and had his face rearranged in Indy. At this point we have no further dirt as we never saw him again due to the ball & chain effect in D.C. Bill moped around on the drink, sun, sand-fest of Daytona Spring Break '90 (blo me a kiss). Service Selection night summed up Keith's 4 yrs.; 95 out of 95 for NFO. Keep sucking in that gut you sandbag! NAVY AIR! Your idols, BRENT & ROB.

Anthony John Lesperance
Stephenson, Michigan
Surface Warfare

Tony comes to us from the Great White North. After a short stay at Univ. of Michigan, he decided to leave the party life behind for the gray walls and warm weather of Annapolis. Youngster year, Tony was the fallen angel in a room full of stars. The following year found Tony budgeting his time between Frannie O's, the company wardroom, and "strapping up" plebes. "Hey Dan, how many 16" guns are on a Tico?" As the CO of Frannie O's, Tony became acquainted with many local women. Though most were twice his age, he managed to come back to the hall every weekend with a new love in his life. 1/C summer, Tony thought he'd finally found the one and only. It's been rumored that she has since found a nice peaceful home in the psychiatric ward of the Maryland State Hospital. Thanks a lot Tony. 1/C year, Tony decided he'd make a good "fatherly figure" meanwhile causing his wingman, Buddy, to go down in flames (or was that lard?) Fair winds and following seas. Hey Tony, you're over 23 now, don't you think it's about time to settle down? Wade, Bud, Guti



John Charles Mann Jr.
York, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

John came to USNA to further his education and receive a graduate degree beyond high school- not in education or academics, but in the social arena. Johnny never shied away from putting on his goggles. He did not need a BUDDY to jump on the grenade- just a drink! After breaking many a girl's heart, Johnny "Hat-trick, Old Bay" Mann finally did find the love of his life. She was MELISSA, but in this case he got a taste of his medicine. Johnny sought to expand his exploits and shifted base to OC during summers. In OC John got involved in the real estate business by becoming an expert on different apartment styles. Johnny was an innovator, he liked the young, the old, the many, the big, and the beautiful! Hailing from York, Pa., John is as widely known as the barbells- too bad he never used them! John laid cable and cleaned pipes to get through school. John is also known for his fierce competitive desire and athletic ability which paved his way towards 2 letters in V-ball. In the footsteps of Socrates, Johnny made forever lasting immpressions with his philosophical quotes. No need to repeat his high school yearbook, for his quote is etched in stone. 1/C year Johnny blessed us with the legendary one- "Where is Milwaukee's Best made?" Just one last question Mann- Where has all the K-creme gone? GOOD LUCK SWO DADDY. PSO

Max Garland McCoy Jr.
Winter Springs, Florida
Navy Pilot

We don't know where Cruiser (fast cars and fast ——?), came to us from. He acts like Arkansas, but he says Florida. We think it's Hazard county. Roscoe finished plebe year losing $5 in Olongapo, but he felt pretty good about it. Youngster year brought the Marlboro Man Wannabe to 10, misguided hooliganism, and a new company officer, or was that a sponsor? How did you get an 'A' in performance that year, not to mention yard driving priveleges? 2/c year brought Blazer a lot of stress (his poor trash can), MADDOG, and abs workouts from Daytona to College Park. Matt Cooper Jr. always covered your back, whether it was on M Street or the intramural field. Blazer started 1/c summer with a non-reciprocating Ring dance date and finished it with the Silver Bullet, not the beer. Mercury decided that the Corps wasn't for him, they might have sent him to winter Ranger School, where he might have lost his trigger finger, thus his social life. 1/c year brought a transfer to 11th Company and 4/c weekend privileges. Nav Air's getting a good man, good luck Cooter! Mooch, Dan, Body, and Bill

Rob Roy McGregor
Clarksburg, California
Navy Pilot

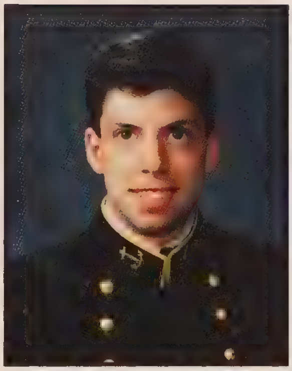
Rob, "Chuck", McYeager came to us from Butt Montana, after a brief stint in Hickville, Ca. He showed up with his Shotgun Messiah disc and Best Dressed Trophy in hand. After deciding that drill was not for him, Rob tried out for the football team where he spent the next 3 years bulking up so he could get a date on the east coast. His ambitions finally paid off 1/c year as he lettered and got a date. Clipping right along, Rob was a master of the 4 hr. D and one set of summer school. Always wanting to be the HMFIC, Rob's motivation waned when it came to Airborne, once a LEG, always a LEG! Ex-Pav disciple, and devoted 49er/A's fan (don't lose the broom) Rob never hesitated when it came to jumping on the bandwagon. A social driller, Rob could only master the 108th. All things aside, Rob is a hard worker, evidenced by his being awarded many football hustler of the week trophies. A.J. Foyt McGregor sank many a day and dollar into his Midstang. Rob is heading to P-Cola with his Shotgun Messiah disc and Best Dressed trophy in tow. By the way, we want our wardrobes back. BEST OF LUCK, FLY NAVY! YOUR HEROES, BRENT & BILL

James Joseph Mucciarone
Margate, New Jersey
Special Warfare

James came to us by way of sweet home Alabama where he will probably retire. Plebe year was a real treat, rooming with Tom Cruise. After a year of sweating, Mooch came to the other side of the world. He quickly made a name for himself as Brigade Boxing Champion. And speaking of Champions, we all loved Jim's glass smashing act in Georgetown. Also Mooch spent many nights eating saltines and enjoying the Bear, as he was trying to cut weight for boxing. Bueller? Bueller anybody? Mooch was always eager to celebrate birthdays like his 21st at the Weather Rail and his 22nd boxing with unapparelled opponents. First class summer Jim went to Coronado where he set the new O-Course record at Mini-BUDS, a whopping 21 minutes. but, he must have found something he liked because he's headed back to Coronado. I hope the instructors don't try to be his mother like we did. During First class year Mooch had more time to drive his Mercury Sable, at least when it was out of the shop! Good thing he took EE so he could figure out the electronic wiring on the side of the road returning from Army/Navy. Mooch, you have been a great buddy, and we are going to miss you and your six-year frams!!! "Charlie don't surf" and neither do SEALS!!

Romuel Badulis Nafarrete
National City, California
Surface Warfare

It's been 4 years since Roy migrated to the east coast, but now he's going back to Cali; the land he loves. Before he goes back, let's remember all the wonderful times he had. Ever since I-day, Roy was confident he would be successful at USNA. He was President of the Fil-Am Club and Reef Points. He was a star on the basketball court and the football field. "He brings respect to the Nafarrete name." Not only was he on Supe's list most of the time, he also had the girls in the Annapolis area crying out for him. There were many hearts broken when he finally met his perfect match-MARIA. Roy "The Boy" is famous for being the youngest member of our class. That's ok with him because he enjoys being young and does not drink or gamble (a very special quality for a mid). We'll never forget how we met our sponsors (The Libao's). Roy's bola-bola came in handy several times; especially at U. of Delaware,"Exotic and Erotic." Always remember: the night w/James Taylor, Tokyo Rose, Kings Dominion, Mexico, the Oxon Hill Crew, your piano lessons, and all the fun times w/Rod, Nan, Norm, Racquel, Gerald, Jim, Pete, Dennis, Mylene and everyone else. I hope you enjoy your future because you deserve it. You've been my very best friend and we'll never let that change. BINGO



Paul Sherman Olin
Syracuse, New York
Navy Pilot

Paul's Pre-Naval Academy credentials are questionable—first ski school then tennis camp. (Where's high school?) The Prince of Syracuse was carried through his plebe year by tennis and his Mommy; and still is-1991 black 300 ZX and the Army enlisted Syracuse native-nice punt Paul. In need of muscles, Paul "salad" Olin was tossed through his youngster year. In addition, he held the batting title for most strikeouts on the social scene. 2/C year rolled in with Puerto Rico and the Oreo cookie. Ring dance brought the love of his life (first love ever) and a symbolic gold bracelet which was never to be seen again; not sure whether the offspring was Pauls's first choice. "If I were only 30 yrs. younger!" Next came Paul's 21st. birthday: a night he'll never remember. Thanks for the sodas that night Paul; we earned them after lugging your buck 50 body home. Eyeing up the future ensigns of 93, Paul pushed his friends aside (literally out of the room) and started lifting weights; "Oh my AITKING body." Sad faced and shoulders slumped over, Paul rebounded over Buddy with a frizzy haired 12 yr. old looking companion. Look out Alexanders! Good times still to come. FLY NAVY AIR. Your heroes, John, Brent, Buddy, and Wade.

John Abraham Paul
Harrisonburg, Virginia
Nuclear Power-Submarines
Hailing from the Burg Abe arrived at USNA bound for admiraldom. Armed with his Navy Science Award briefcase, he was able to survive a year with Kerndog and a semester of Nnnelson. By the time he made his debut in 10 he was possibly the smartest person alive. This was hidden by his mangled face. A dedicated bEEn pole, he often resembled the child who would get into trouble because he was bored. This led to many outrageous accomplishments: ZZZ Power, Sail & B, the DD bag, Thanksgiving turkeys, the george, BGM's, Abe Navy Classics-Beat Exams, and the art projects on the blinds. After studying all weekend, he would litter the room with labels: Air out!, KY, and Superposition is the george. With Zippo in pocket, Missa Pau! never hesitated to utilize the warp drive in the Capri and visit Mia on an occasional W.E whether he hated her or loved her. Unfortanately, he has fallen victim to the double barrel frontal assault, and will remain the goofiest member of 5223. Nukes don't know what they're getting: the next CNO or a warped auto mechanic. Anyway, we will always be proud to share a supplimentary beverage with Abe. RCW TTC

Eric Nelson Pfister
Newport Beach, California
Surface Warfare
Mister Pfister landed in good times ten after a brutal year in Playboy 21. Dead set on surface line, Eric chose Mech E to prepare himself for pipes and began his turbulent career in Rickover Hall. Wild Bill, Rocket Reed, and Machine-Gun McCoy gave him the headaches that were only agitated by nightly visits by Don Raines. "Hey, Pfist, you got the homework done?" He became Navy V-ball's premier setter, because even his goofy jumping shoes could not get him higher than the net. They could get him high enough to miss a few p-rades. Although he took no weekends as a youngster and a 2/C, he quickly became reformed 1/C year with his discovery of the power of the burger. This was due mainly to his obsession with his abdominals, and his record setting punt in Guti's room on an infamous night (Yes, we know about that). The Sea Dragon tried to set him back, with dead batteries and flat tires. He would not be vanquished- thanx Pfist, "Do you mind if I use your printer?"

Donald Lee Raines Jr.
Clemmons, North Carolina
Navy Pilot
With visions of Pud dancing in his head; Don showed up in Annapolis from the Tarheel State ready to take Navy by storm. But early on Don could see that it was not meant to be, when he saw that they'd put him in the basketball dorm and when Duff failed to recognize "Mike" as "the best hitter that the Naval Academy ever saw." Don knew that he'd have to make his mark in other ways, with his good looks and his hugeness. Thank goodness for hair dryers and aminos! With a little help from Mr. Right, the Perfect One, and Big Daddy, Don sweated his way through plebe year. Youngster year saw Road Trip in the Yellow Banana back and forth between NC and MD, with Friday nights at the Banks of the 21st, until a state trooper halted this temporarily. Second class year brought Don a broken heart, and a search for a Ring Dance date. In this time of dire need, Don's friends helped him with this quest. Meanwhile, Don managed to survive the Triple Crown of Mech-E, while keeping his buddies in stiches with his unique brand of Southern humor. Don's love life came together first class year as he finally found the girl of his dreams back home, and was ready to give up bachelorhood after a two week courtship. "When you know, you know." Don, we're all the better for having known you and wish you the best of luck as you soar into the wild blue yonder. MGR,EPR,ADG

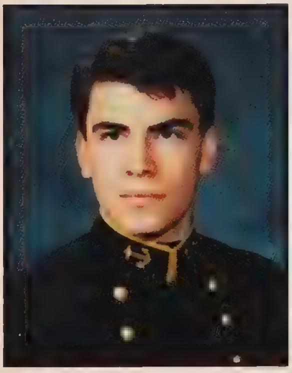
Matthew Galvin Reardon
West Roxbury, Massachusettes
Surface Warfare
Matt arrived in Annapolis a Latin scholar from Beantown who'd taken a wrong turn on his way to Harvard, but quickly abandoned these classical pursuits for ocean engineering and football. It wasn't always an easy road trip for him, especially plebe year in 20 when early morning company rumbling earned him the title of leader of the great plebe revolt that never was, no thanks to classmate loyalty. Matt saw salvation youngster year, where his fire-fighting heroics in the wardroom, wisdom-teeth surgery, and sterling V became legend. Second class year for Matt brought late nights that never ended, a couple of semesters of Thermo and love scars that stretched from D.C. to London. Unlike the cursed fate of his beloved Red Sox, Boston's jolly Irish giant never choked when it came to Navy. Matt ran, lifted, and ate his way to a spot on the varsity football team as a youngster, after walking-on as a 194 lb. plebe. Matt's big heart lifted his fellow teammates, and earned the respect and friendship of all who knew him. With the face of a million generations, Matt has become one of USNA's most liked individuals and is sure to succeed on the high seas. Matt should have a head start there, seeing as he's been working on his XO quals the last two years. May the waves be forever smooth. ADG, TPW Mom & Dad and the TEAM, Thanks for all of your support! I love you all. MGR

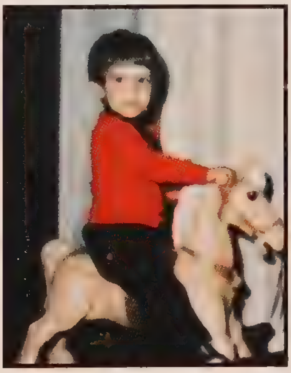
Edward Paul Reddick Jr.
Cheverly, Maryland
Surface Warfare

Eddie arrived at USNA on the heels of David Robinson with promises to become Navy's next Sports Illustrated cover boy. It is a good thing that Ed picked up basketball because "BOOM," he found out plebe summer that sailing was not his cup of tea. Once Ac-year rolled around, Eddie was shocked to find out that we weren't allowed to commute to Annapolis from the "crib" in Cheverly, yet he seemed to get around this as he became the first plebe ever to take weekends which also enabled him to take full advantage of Mom's personal laundry service. Ed survived plebe year as the muscle behind the biggest smart-alec plebe room in the history of the Naval Academy with Mr. Right, Digger, and Mike Raines. Academically, for someone who lived so close, Ed's mind was so far away. What's your major anyway?!, Mech E, Econ, Poly Sci, ahh Graduation! Eddies's contributions to Navy hoops have been outstanding. As team captain for the past two years, he earned the honors of Honorable Mention All-American, All CAA, and 1300 points. We're all waiting for an SI cover! Big Ed developed another talent in the last four years, not swimming, but the keen ability to have a good time. Ed, the circus will have to wait five years while the surface Navy has you. It's been great rooming with you for four years Big Daddy, even though you've always been the smallest in the room. DON

Gilbert David Rivera Jr.
Las Vegas, New Mexico
Naval Flight Officer

Buddy, with his amiable personality, rolled into Annapolis with his back still a little damp. His reasons for joining the Navy are questionable considering the closest body of water to his homeland is the Rio Grande. The Latin Lover's famous hang-ups were Disco Dahlgren, the Turf Field, and Guti's Grand Am. Buddy studied about aircraft design and incorporated the principles of 'test piloting' into his private life. He flew the prototypes for several of the company's future aviators. After visiting Po City youngster year, Buddy didn't want to come back. His first class tour abroad took him to Ecuador, where he decided to take a vacation and call it "training." During 2/c year, Buddy flexed his imaginary muscles at a frat house in Susquehanna — Scrawny STILL regrets it! 2/c Ring Dance found Buddy sporting around with Guti-n-Guti. All he had for memories of the night was some incident he couldn't talk about (or remember) and a hefty bill. First class year brought along his coming of age (the big 21), the miserable O-course thanks to Paul, and his new sponsors, the L-sisters. May the skies be as friendly to him as he is to us. Buena Suerte! PWS, ADG, JCM, AJL, MGR





William James Robinette III
Duncan, Oklahoma
Surface Warfare

Coming from a very small high school, Jim did not have much of a chance in excelling at the Academy as far as academics go. And after his first semester here, proved it. After a bad first semester, things only seemed to get worse second. Not only were grades a problem, but there were many other outside problems that seemed to signal the end, but there was always one thing he could count on to pull him through, and he didn't realize how important that one thing would be. After a lawsuit and an ac board, things started to smooth out with a "red light" trip to Europe with J.Q. and some wild questions. After looking over the edge and almost falling off, Jim had to pull a 2.0 first sem youngster year or enjoy the next three years at a "real" school. Six nights a week in the library paid off and he has not seen the sub two o since. Second sem 3/C year brought no talk to some and a free stereo to others, with a big thanks to Chip. 2/C summer brought a "cold" trip home and "hot" trip to bathroom in Andros. With ac year came fear of EE and a letter on Oct 29 that changed his whole life. Firsty summer was Cancun, Mach 1.15, and June 15. Ac year brought no more library and a phone, and a weekend in October. Don't forget about the military, and take care of that wonderful preoccupation. ILU..

Peter Wade Skelton
Jefferson, Georgia
Navy Pilot

Wade took time off the cotton fields in Dixie to join us here in the real world at USNA. Though he was a little naive at first, he soon learned the ways of the world. Plebe year in company three was no problem at all. He was so stealthy that he probably does not remember who his roommates were back then. As a youngster Wade moved into Good Times Ten, continuing his ability to not be around, Wade, thanks to his sharp eye on the pistol range, shot at pieces of paper as a sport, too bad they weren't rabbits. Commissioning week that same year was the one that changed poor Wade's life forever. In a matter of ten days, he decided that pistol was no longer his cup of grits and met the girl of his dreams by accident while standing MCMO. How are you gonna explain that one to the kids? Exactly one year later, these two love birds were watching all the couples dance at the Class of 91 Ring Dance. Once love set in, Wade was doomed to the everlasting purgatory of domestic life with Kelly and model airplanes. We, his friends in the tenth company were never to see him again, not even at football games. He did, however manage to earn stars as well as help out all as the company computer guru. "Hey Wade, do you know how to find a lost file?" Good luck in Naval Aviation, just remember that these planes are real. BUD, GUT, DON, MGR, JCM

Joshua Grant Skule
Pennington, New Jersey
Marine Corps

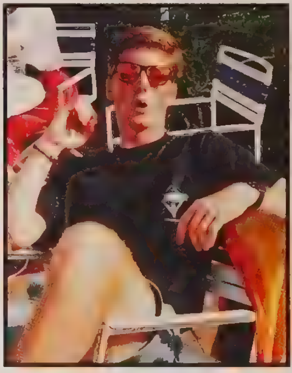
Josh "The Body" came to USNA from Jersey, carrying a football and his Soldier of Fortune collection. His professional development started immediately with Dutch, (Hoo-yah), EJ and PK Averna. (2 PCR's) Josh played in 8 of 11 football games that year, making all of the highlight films as longsnapper. He went incognito 3/c year (3 PCR's), growing long hair and not letting anyone know he was in 10th co., including the company officer. He spent most of his time in G-town with Bueller, Mandarich and drainpipes. His only defeat was with Diego Garcia, the Nav prof, not the island. By 2/c year (3 PCR's) he raised himself to legend status with Diamond. Even if Schenk got the credit for the Army kick we were cheering for you. Josh ended the year with the ring dance (you didn't want to call her anyway) and a bus ride to Q-co. Ah yes... Bulldog, where the Brain-dead ball player's popularity soared, especially at drill. A few months, and 2 smashed front-ends later, he was ready for an intoxicating 1/c year (1 PCR!). Good luck in the Corps, where violence is a way of life. You'll be the only Marine with more hair on your back than your head.

Nicholas Alan Vision
Annapolis, Maryland
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Nick was never accused of being subtle. He was always one to speak his mind to anyone, anytime. A fierce competitor, he will never get wrestling out of his blood. Too strong for the Navy team, Nick was sure to take on anyone in the hallway, and for that matter, anyone who looked at him funny. After sliding past ol' Capt. Buckley plebe year without letting too much professionalism rub off, Vis' moved across the world to find temporary sanctuary with Ma Purdy in 10th. When asked if he ever studied,he would explain that his books were brand new and he aimed to keep them that way. Nick was never one to turn down the offer to have a good time! When Nick's parents moved to Annapolis from Penn., it gave Nick and his classmates the opportunity to crash and kick back on a regular basis. Nick always claimed to be good at three things- drinking, eating and racking. He could fall asleep before he hit the pillow, claiming it maximized his potential for dreaming. After spending firstie summer finding his true home underwater, Nick moved down to 5-0 as Batt Supply, Oops, Reg. Supply, nice promotion scheme. Fortunately this didn't affect his social responsibilities. He is quick to tell of the night his 'stang attacked him- "hey Nick, why are there tire tracks on your summer whites?" Or the dining in quote "You don't like my glasses..Admiral?" "Four more!" Fuges

Timothy Paul Wachendorfer
Northport, New York
Navy Pilot

Tim came to Canoe U. from "Longisland" and spent plebe year in the 20th Company. He skated through plebe year unknown to many because of his adventures on the water. His claim to fame was that he lived with the company bully and stellar Savell. As a plebe, Tim met the first of many Trinites and is still a legend on that campus. It was this girl from a fine Catholic school who would be the first to steal Tim's heart. After plebe year, Tim undertook more adventures with his Trinity girl and SCUBA school, barely surviving both. He came to 10th Company with his baby-faced bully roommate and continued his stealth existence. He buckled down and survived rough times with his beloved Math professors and sweat stains can still be seen in Chauvenet. A lover of the outdoors, he continued to work hard at sailing and skiing while managing to achieve citizen status in Georgetown. He overcame adverse odds to become an All-American sailor and staying with the Math Department. First class year he proved his athletic prowess by jumping from Gate 1 all the way into Smoke Hall. He continued his juggling act, but then was taken down hard by the girl from Ohio. Tim plans on being a flyboy and we know that he'll do well wherever he goes. We will always remember the red-head from Long Island as a great friend and a great roommate. Good luck. WLC, RKW, MGR

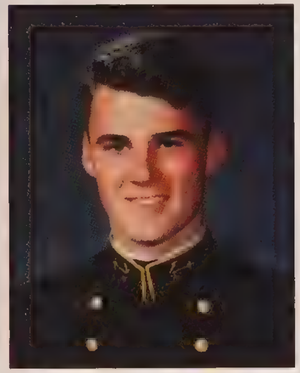


Brent Calvin Walker
Danville, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot

Brent came to us from the thriving metropolis of Danville, Pa. with his NAPS money, his towel, his Club Nouveau disk, and his best dancer trophy in tow. 1st semester youngster year was highlighted by getting rocked by rocks resulting in an appearance at the long table, changing majors resulting in a life sentence to summer school, and totaling EHV's car. We were able to pry Brent from Nimitz and his fingers from his callic for one week of sand, sights, friends, roommates, waah!, 10 hotelmates, and locking his keys in the car. 2/c year, WKK subs in for Stars and Bars, Brent lands in a tree for his gold wings, Daytona II, LAX tailgater, and ring dance with Old Reliable. 1/c summer...school was followed by a trip to Whidbey where he lost his ring, puked in a Prowler, and got Olde Bay. Meanwhile his parents bought a $3000 deer with his BMW. 1/c year started with BW sporting PollywannaWalker, her mom, as well as the world's greatest tailgate-mom. Our esteemed wrestler took a boxing lesson at Army-Navy. Brent became the big cheese coasting into graduation and will be heading to Pensacola with his cauliflower tail, Club Nouveau disk, and his best dancing trophy in tow. FLY NAVY! CHUCK & BILL

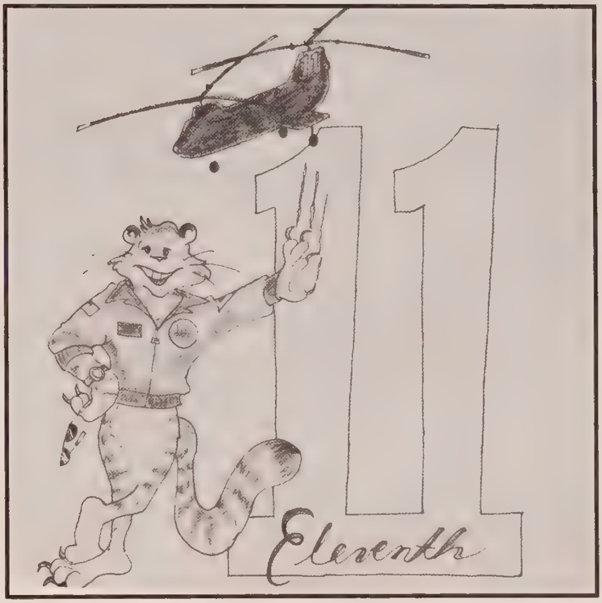
Rodney Collins Ward
Baltimore, Maryland
Navy Pilot

After a year off at Farragut the Rodman roled into a hard charging plebe year, taking a weekend, corrupting Smitty, and best-befriending the co.cdr. Youngster year the fun really started: Dave, the wall, Max, BF Sondra, Cecilia. Heather-Jennifer act. Daytona-blister, lizardman, the jet. Served one year sentence in 5234. Sailing, Keg, the mighty I, foredeck rockstar. Carvel-yers. Airborne tack, HUGE, Ampin! Hard! 2/C year: 5223! Synthetic trou snapback, Citadel tradition. VW914. Balloon launching - the lacrosse stick. THE BUS! Daytona, again. Superposition is the george. SM662:readvanced calc and the victory lap. Mousetraps: the orgy of death. Phased Array, the grill, lithium, rack bouncing. Break out the Calipers. Wharf Rat. Can Crushing. The old burger - the wedding - the new burger. Yeah, firsties! N.C. road trips. "Fun to party with" Doghouse, pilot scare, hard work, good grades. A two man, then one man room. Status Board. Weeknight libs. Ratney, go fly planes. JAP-TTC



Robert Knox Williams
Placentia, California
Naval Flight Officer

Bob. Bob-O. Bob came to the academy from Callie, bringing with him that state's sedated, laid back attitude. He skated through plebe year being told he was too "apathetic". Bob went on to be an aero major; investing in candle oil. This intense studying led to Bob's confusion between the head and the coffin area under a rack. Who would have thought, Bob? Younster cruise brought two gray hulls and nicotine experimentation. Bob being the stud that he is, just ask him, bought the B-52's single "Love Shack." Too bad the roof fell in on him. Second class summer, Bob fell in love again, with his T-Bird. To bad it took until second semester of senior year to get his first ticket. Bob was brilliant when we went to Utah for Spring Break. The keys, "I thought you had them." Bob loves to ski and swim, especially water polo; just ask the Canadians. For some reason beyond human understanding, Bob went bubblehead for 1st class cruise but finally saw the light and is going to put his life in someone else's hands in a plane. Bob's been a great influence on everyone, always doing what is right. Bob "Too Mellow" Williams will kick butt no matter what he does. Good luck Bob-O. WLC, TPW



Heidi Kristen Berg
Washington D. C.
Cryptology

After spending two years at FIT, Heidi came to the Academy to row. She considered plebe year optional- none of us at the boathouse knew she was a plebe 'til she spooned us 2nd semester. Coming to 11 from 16, we weren't quite sure what to make of Petunia (most of the time we couldn't understand what she said) but soon enough we came to tolerate her cultured ways. Give her a lb. of coffee, a Shakespeare book, and the Mission soundtrack and she'll be pleased as punch (at least until the coffee runs out). Heidi found an outlet for her dramatic inclinations by spending many hours in Mahan giving birth to a sheep and playing Portia. When not in Mahan or Sampson, our problem child rented space in Smoke Hall at least once every semester. It remains to be seen if she'll make it 8 of 8. Always the professional one, Heidi spent 1/c cruise on leave- Bulldog. In her words it was an "intellectual vacuum." Heidi held the attention of many a hopeful beau, but the coming of Zeus precluded any mere mortal from capturing her fancy. We continue to hope she eventually proves her grandmother wrong and wins the bet. Heidi, to whom the Academy is a computer school, fare weel, fair maiden, and may that quick wit of yours serve you well in your quest for knowledge, a man more intelligent than yourself, and the perfect cup of tea. KMH, SCM, KMM, JLJ

Brent William Brown
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot

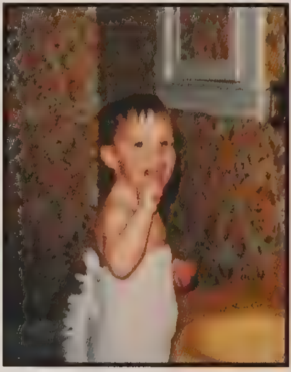
You made it! Only God knows how, and without complaining one bit. "All I want to know is WHY? Just give me the diploma and naval aviation, that's all I want. I'm Brent Brown, MR. BIG/HUGE" He was the super plebe with the super squad leader. Who can forget Chaz, determined to bring BB down. How bout some teeth with your Big Mac? (Navy Dentists) Since you are a juicy cerebrum, physics-no problem. (BB vs Krev) I've seen it all-waking up in the bathroom in your underwear, guido wardrobe, hair gel, XS shirts, mandatory lectures, bathroom every 10 min, low blood sugar (Are you alive?), and Rosco in fluids. Because of you, I know how credit cards stay in business. The workout program (Halsey, Metagrow), diet (pasta, cereal and vitamins). "I wish I was as big as my brother" Of course, there's Toni, Brent's ONE AND ONLY! (Spring Break's with her-oops) Finally, the VETTE. Nice stereo($1500), no problem, GO SWO! Well ICE, that covers it. Whether Air or Seals, I know you'll do great. If you ever need help, let me know and I'll do it. Been a great 4 years together, take care buddy. Good luck! FMS(#1)

Jude Thomas Burke
Alexandria, Virginia
Navy Pilot

Jude seems to thrive on misery. What other explanation is there for Bulldog, SERE, Mech. E, and being a Red Sox fan? He is a walking library of useless sports trivia. Look for Jude if you want to know what college the backup center for the Packers went to. Only Jude would consider driving 13 hours to see a ball game at Cominsky Park. But "It's something you could tell your grand kids about." The MLK b-day weekend ski trip turned into an annual event. Maybe someday you'll stay on the trails. Jude has an insatiable appetite for the uncommon, except for Armands. During these last three years in prison, Jude and a few of us found out the hard way that it just doesn't really matter. After years of losing intramural teams, Jude became the "franchise" player for the Brigade Champion company basketball and fieldball teams first class year. His green VW bug was a "great" car. Who cares if it had no heat and needed to be push-started? Jude can be found watching sports, eating, playing sports or wishing he were doing one of the three. He also tends to hunt for gouge at two in the morning not realizing that he is the only one who wants to be awake. Thanks Jude for enlightening our afternoons and bringing a new view of sarcasm into the world. RAL and Malice.

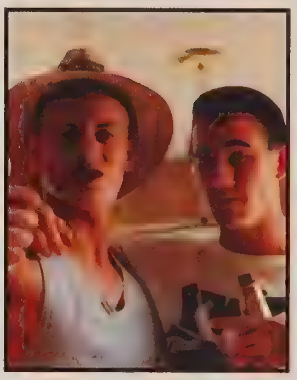
Christopher Conrad Cote
Lake Angelus, Michigan
Navy Pilot

Shorte' came to USNA via NAPS, LAX, 150s, 2.0 and go, Polisci=QPR high=goin' to fly (195/195). When Coty joined us from the Tomcat Co.(thanks to Newton and Finley), we were amazed that that much ego could fit into that SHORT of a guy. He soon showed us what all that ego was good for though, as SOMEHOW he always got the most phone #'s. He always had a weakness for the women, but dining outs usually caused him to disregard all 'dating subtleties' except for large boyfriends who outranked him (although we're sure the Lt. didn't mind- she was ONLY his fiancee'). But he met his match in his Ring Dance date-even Coty couldn't make headway with her. Years of tradition fell by the wayside under the ring-you can guess how the rest of the night went. Polisci was good to him though, and when he finally got into his major (all that SP and EE out of the way) he left Ac-tracking sheets behind him. Everyone swore Chris was SALTY SAM because of his abundant knowledge of rumors. 1/c year he retired from LAX due to the increasing pull of the BLUE MAGNET.. Chris is leaving us to head to PCOLA, and we shudder to think what a flight suit and the beaches will do to him. We wish you the best of luck, although we know you won't need it when you've got such a BIG MOUTH! RFH, RWP, FDW, HKB



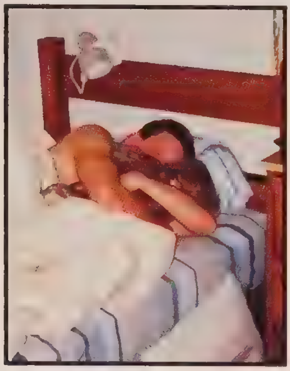
Andrew Christopher Est
Saint Charles, Missouri
Naval Flight Officer

Young Ace left the utterly boring state of Misery at a fresh 17 for bigger and better things. To his dismay, he found USNA. The stealth pleber first learned the importance of a wet shave and that plebes aren't allowed to sit in the Yard. He was quickly branded a genius for his ability to pull VGEP grades while sleeping through all classes. "They are so boring!" he always said. Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde was a true party animal, just add some courage. South Padre Island and Cancun bring memories of spirits and a balcony. After following Feemsa's lead, Ace returned from Ocean City sporting a new look and a sore ear. A quick interlude at Hood resulted in a change of tactics. Money seemed his best bet when the Ring Dance came as Tiffy flew roundtrip from Arizona. What a night to remember? Quiet Dr. Jekyll earned our respect but we all await Mr. Hyde's return. CSL,EPW,LCS



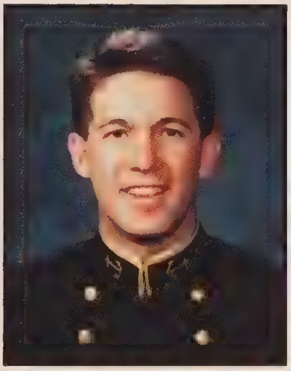
Jason Lahaye Gagnon
Martin, South Dakota
Surface Warfare

Jason came to USNA as a redneck from South Dakota. His 4/c year was spent in Serene 18, which had the reputation as 3rd batt's toughest company despite its placid nickname. As a baseball manager 4/c and 3/c year, Jason picked up the nickname Scooter. Maybe it has something to do with a certain muppet? 2/c year he switched to managing tennis and women's basketball, which established Jason as 11th Co's pro-manager. There were about 105 SI majors 3/c year. Now, Jason is one of the remaining 35. Even though ADA is 3 letters long, Jason often described it with 4 letters. His favorite SI homework was SSI/D&D games. Jason spent late nights pondering the ramifications of casting the stun spell or simply bludgeoning his opponents into submission. Jason was a perpetual lemon buyer. He never seemed to have any luck with cars, especially the brown beast(which he had to pay a garage owner to take off his hands). His second car, a midstang, did better but it still refused to attend an Oregon wedding. THEN THERE WAS HER. Who she is we don't know, but she is a nice gal(we only met her once). We do know one thing though, she is shorter than him. We heard that Jennifer and Jason had their first date at her senior prom...aahh! Now they are engaged, but to tie the knot they have to wait 4 years until she graduates! JSW,JMV



Donald David Geismar III
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Nuclear Power-Surface

Gizmo. The boy genius whose only reading was done for fun (or to fill in the time he was not sleeping). Two years my roommate - the pair that should never have worked, but somehow did. Taps? Don't ask me where he is.... Suffered through all of my moods, all of the early wake-ups, all of the cutting weight.... Thanks for all of your patience. Bad Luck? You? No Way! You didn't need the weekends with Em gone anyway! Ahhhh - Emily. Now there is what Giz is all about. The only two places Dave ever goes is with Em or to the phone rooms. I wish you two the best of luck always. Friendship, amigo. JDM



Joel William Gutierrez
Santa Maria, California
Navy Pilot

Joel came to this magnificent city on the Severn as a seventeen year-old tan California dude-rocker who wore his plebe dixie cup on the back of his head, and now, after four years together by the Bay of intense military training, he will leave us as a twenty-one year old tan California dude-rocker who wears an Ensign's cover on the back of his head. Plebe year was "most excellent" to our hero as he made many new friends in Fighting Five with names like DaChang, Gambodia, Cameron Bay, and Jacob's Ladda. Joel managed to be one of those few who could keep his 20/20 peepers in good enough condition to take to the air, even with his highly demanding academic pursuits in bull castle. He wasn't the book worm all of the time, however, with always enough liberty left to chase the ladies. Sometimes, he would even catch one, although I think it was because he could run faster. Good luck in P-cola. If you can ever put down that high school yearbook, maybe I'll be your backseater. BNT

Richard Fenton Hayes
Albuquerque, New Mexico
Special Operations

Happy and I met under strange circumstances, and decided to room together for the duration. His passion for women in uniform was obvious, and he spent two years in a constant state of frustration with one. The third year he spent trying to forget the last two, and he made up for lost time by frequenting the Annapolis scene, and seeing what the locals had to offer. His professionalism earned him three stripes as Co CDR, while his fondness for heavy machinery earned him a black N. In his time at USNA he's been interested in every warfare specialty, and worn every pin possible. His greatest achievement, however, has been brightening the lives of everyone around him.HJM - 1/c year brought Happy three stripes and new found freedom to roam the local establishments of Annapolis. 4/c Ax, Clutch, and DAD brought out the best in both of us 2/c year. Penguins, snoring, and months of early morning Pre-everything brought many moments of sleeplessness. Through it all-trips to D.C. with HUGE, BOO-BOO, and the Killer, Staunton, and Annapolis, it has been real, but not always real fun. Because-U-Deserve-What-Every-Individual-Should-Enjoy-Regularly! 'Guns, Guns, Guns'. Later daze, C^3

Matthew David Heck
Annandale, Virginia
Navy Pilot

Computers anyone? Never came across a computer that wasn't Matt's best friend. "Hey Frank, check out this program." NAPS was first where he was a local Pub member for the duration. Entered the Academy "FACE DOWN" at the Parents Wknd P-rade posing as the guide on. He came here to play football, but his brother stole all the talent...MEATSQUAD. Halsey Weightlifter! More computer time. "Good-luck...wear the P-hat" First class year brought Matty many things...BIG BAD 4-Wheel Drive Blazer, Going Bald. Weekends at M.W.U to see his forever love Vicki...June 1 marriage. Favorite past time...Turbo Pascal, trading computers. "Cricket anyone? I have a program to keep score." GEEK! Remember Martinez. 4 Year roommate. How about those fights. Sorry about the fluid in the flip-flops! Can't beat the Math major...Go Navy Air and the 2 year TAD. Good-Luck Buddy! FEK.

Karin Marie Hogan
Cedar Falls, Iowa
Supply Corps

Kari joined 11th Co and quickly established her own order of priority- one must be well-rested,well-fed,and warm before any Academy stuff need be attended to. Kari was unfortunately struck down by mono and was forced to take to her rack,although she rallied in a grand style and never missed a weekend. Those weekends sure exhausted her but a good solid week of rest got her ready for the next one. After earning her nickname RACK POTATAH,she decided just because she RECOVERED was no reason to miss her naps,and a time-honored tradition was set. Classmate loyalty obliged us to join her in her fearless struggle against fatigue. Kari had hoped to major in crew, and was quite annoyed when they kept bringing up academics, the VAILS were coming up. But despite only passing interest in classes, she had the highest grades amoungst us, and thus she decided to increase the challenge by GOING to classes. First-class year found Kari as Captain, fulfilling her Academy goal which was far more illustrious than mine of Head Restrictee. Potatah has decided to Service Select Supply Corps in order to guarantee her creature comforts for years to come. HKB, SCM, KMM, JLJ

Michael Gene Jennings
Duncansville, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

Michael Gene Patrick "Waylon" Jennings, the financial wizard of Altoona, has redefined the term "preferred customer" to the credit card industry of America. Against all of the advice and wisdom of his contemporaries, Mike has joined the illustrious ranks of the respectable monogomous walking dead. His diminutive fiance, Michele, has her hands full to say the least. Ever since his days as the "Plebe Drill Team Captain", and later as a regular in the Goucher College Fan Club, Mike has managed to find every loophole here at USNA. His extensive collection of household appliances made his room a home away from Altoona. Mike's run in with the AC Boards taught him humility, what summer at the Academy is like, and the meaning of the word "enigma." By the way Mike, have you told your parents yet? Firstie year wrought more financial woes, further tribulations with the mile and a half run, and an engagement. Which was the worst? We won't speculate. This pilot-turned-NFO-turned-SWO Daddy will no doubt continue to seek out the good life and the good money wherever he goes. CJWSO'T & SC

Daniel Brian Keto
Redmond, Washington
Cryptology

Dan came to the Academy from Spokane, WA. He quickly made a name for himself plebe summer by arguing the validity of his "Sea Lawyer" sign with the upperclass. Then came plebe year. Dan contemplated his resignation, but spent the year torturing Kawabunga and Slate and having an attitude readjustment by his upperclass. Youngster cruise brought Europe, Africa, and a passionate dislikement of ships. Then came Youngster year with his nocturnal roommates Happy and Huge. Second class year brought an attitude change. It also brought a back injury from a ski trip down an escalator in Georgetown with a Zoomie. Cancun came and went along with his tan. Then came first class cruise: a FOREX to Sweden and $3500 per diem. Dan's final year was dedicated to spending as much time in the rack, the weightroom, and on the golf course as possible. Dan spent Xmas on the ski slopes in Idaho laughing at me as I attempted to learn how to ski. The spring brought another trip to the tanning booth followed by Cancun and Cozumel. After four years complaining about the Academy, Dan surprised everybody by considering a career path that would require an 8 year committment. DWD

Frank Edward Krevetski Jr.
Armagh, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot

Frank, best known for having the highest SAT score of anybody to enter the Academy, left his home town (pop 51) in search of a little excitement. Plebe year really cut into Frank's sleep and then there was that Forced Draft Blower Sir... A born leader who scored second on the leadership exam plebe year. Youngster year: NKOB, Frank's first C.D. Fatal Attraction. 2/c year: Sold his computer and could finally pay off some of the bets he lost. How about all of those nights at Fred and Judy's and the rides back with the coffee can. Football: Meat Squad, passing out, finally quit so he could become coach. 1/c year: NSWC and Krevetski got engaged. 300ZX. Why was the floor so wet again? After four years it will be different without Frank. I won't forget the good times or bad. Good luck in aviation. MDH.

Marc Scott Lederer
North Lauderdale, Florida
Surface Warfare

Wolfman came to USNA from the sunny shores of Fort Lauderdale, the notorious home of spring break. Not much of plebe year got to "Mr. White Works Travolta" except our roommate, but that didn't keep him from smiling at every youngster come around. Navy cheerleading hasn't been the same since. As plebe year came to an end, our hero found himself saying adios to skate eight and hola to eleven. Youngster year could probably be called his don juan year, starting when he went to see a movie with his roommates. Marc survived it though, as well as the endless hours of Saturday morning rack. Marc started out second class year right by showing his special talent in MOB's and by developing a special relationship with the OTC. His luck with a young potential for the Ring Dance was beyond compare. Undaunted, he decided to take a blind date who took an aversion to calamari in his new car. So where is our hero now? Well, instead of hanging out at the mall he can be found at Franny O's. It's a good thing that you have a movie collection to help us keep our sanity. It has definitely been an experience! And like they say in old Mexico, AMF—Adios My Friend. Waka-Waka. BKA/SHIP/WOODS

Robert Andrew Liner
Danbury, Connecticut
Surface Warfare

Rob, did you set the alarm? Rob, a quiet victim of 5th company was indoctrinated into the lighter side of life by deciding to be my roommate. Did things change by senior year? Well, Rob had 3 roommates plebe year...my best friend was one of those three. He was removed for associating with the wrong crowd, myself. Rob's other two roommates moved on to be stripers, while Rob became king of the Stribling death march. Rob, did you set the alarm? What would've happened if Rob had roomed with another? Brigade Commander maybe? Acceptance to nuclear power? I hope it's safe to say I saved you from a smarter yet deeper life, GO SWO! Rob can be assured that nothing in the future will shock or surprise him. He is now prepared for future life...wherever that may be. Rob is one of the most caring individuals I've ever met though I haven't figured out why yet. His favorite way of getting back at me is letting me wallow in my guilt. Rob is the kind of guy who will pick me up at 2a.m. after spreading the front half of my car all over Forrest Dr., then lend me his car the next weekend. Thanks Rob, for being a true friend and guiding me to the straight and narrow no matter how difficult it was. I know you'll go far. Hey clown, would you set the alarm? What? Malice

Karen Marie Machinski
Sugarland, Texas
General Unrestricted Line

Karen joined us being known only as "ROW, SEATS!!" Although the belligerent Texan struck fear in all our hearts when we first met her, she soon found her niche in the Youngsterette room as the Bundle of Joy. After weeks of training "No Bundle, don't snarl-say hello!", we discovered NEVER to mess with Bundle when she sleeps (or at least Fran did,may she rest in peace). Opposing goalies learned to never mess with her when she was awake either, as her teammates often remarked on her resemblance to a tazmanian devil on the soccer field. When we questioned her inordinate amount of EI from a certain 2/c in the co. we were voriferously attacked for our "gutter minds"- which in all honesty they were (as the quote board attests). "We are just friends, for God's sake!" 1/c year found Bundle armed with a sword, and stripes as Fencing Captain, which suited her bellicose personality brillantly. HKB,KMH,SCM

Jeffrey Deeren McCreary
Tucson, Arizona
Naval Flight Officer

Jeff came to us from the end of the line 36. He brought with him a bike he couldn't ride, shiny leathers, and an ATTITUDE! Youngster year was spent mostly in the rack when he wasn't fighting with his roommate or having another chance to excel professionally in Smoke Hall. In that same year, we saw the results of Jeff's summer spent at SERE. While refusing to be taken as a POW at the Air Force game, Jeff demonstrated his ability to mentally withstand the forces of regurgitation. After his stint with the 'Annapolis Biking Squad,' Jeff decided that coxing on the Ltwt's was more to his suit earning himself an 'N'. He established himself as the Brigade leader in classroom attendance. That magical #83 helped 11 lead the way. He surprised us all with his Bic mentality when it came to a certain 4/c, which eventually gave him the reigns in 11-SCARY!. Jeff was 'REALLY GOOD FRIENDS' with everyone, especially with all the girls downtown, or so he thought. The fall of '90 never deterred Jeff from giving himself weekends. During these given weekends, Jeff showed us all that a small body doesn't mean a small tolerance. He is a pilot at heart, but his academic endeavours and his 210/195 may lead to a life at sea with a mug and a donut. Jeff, you will do great with whatever path you follow. Good Luck. C^3, RFH, HJM

Hugh James McFarlane
Columbia, Maryland
Special Warfare

Hugh came to us from Club 34 where he had already established several unbreakable and unmentionable habits. HUGE disdained such things as chopping (he had the 2nd longest no chopping chit plebe year) and studying during his year in the Club, but by 2/c year he was running marathons and wearing stars! Youngster year saw him attempting to change his major to crew because he decided he only had time for two things at the Academy and rack was one of them. He spent study hours making mixes, starving himself, and adding his own personal touch to the room. Crew developed his masochism till he decided he would be forced to be a SEAL in order to get his requisite pain quota every day. Despite his blown knees, he continued to devise daily tortures (he called them 'workouts') and spend his final summer getting a taste of BUD/S. He left us 2/c year for Harvard on the Hudson, but returned the next semester with a reputation and stars, although he quickly exchanged the latter for Ac-tracking sheets. He amazed us all with his weekend hedonism, and we think he was born a few thousand years to late since he would have made a great Roman-depraved, sadistic, and will argue about ANYTHING! RFH, HKB

Sarah Chadwell Morley
Ithaca, New York
Naval Flight Officer

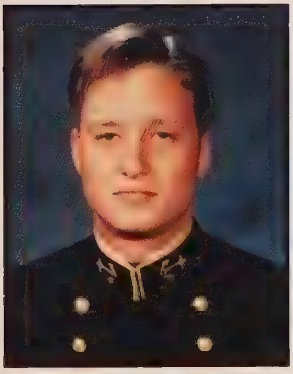
Chadwell, a veritable Athena with the blood of devil-dogs flowing in her veins, joined us with an incurable and debilitating disease: a prediliction for red-stickers. SEAL red-stickers. With such "gods" obscuring her vision from her stay at Ft. Benning, mere midshipmen held no appeal. After leaping from helicopters so excessively she was impaled with a slab of gold(ballast?). She spent the rest of her youngster year with crew, soccer, staying awake and studying, squaring her previous QPR to give her more gold to impale. Chadwell proved beyond a doubt that her preference for below-freezing room temperatures did pickle her brain when she went to Bulldog because "I don't want to go on a grayhull". Why have nightly liberty when you can get up at 0400 and enjoy the delightful Quantico summers jar-head style? Chad even sheared her flowing locks for Mother Green, but then decided it suited her utilitarian Spartan style. First-class year found Chad armed with a sword and living on Olympus with the striper-gods. Her baby-blues failed her for pilot (we think its from missing her daily nap) but she is still bound for P-cola as a backseater (she does have the vocabulary for it). We don't worry about her-if troubles did arise Mamma Airborne would eaily float to safety and probably manage to land in an area only she could see as advantageous. HKB,KMH,KMM,JLJ

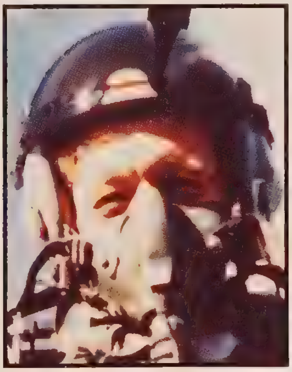
Frank Martin Schenk Jr.
Pembroke Pines, Florida
Oceanography

Does he need an introduction? This distinguished graduate nominee is the only mid that put the Dant and Sup at ease. Can you believe what effect winning the '89 Army-Navy game can have? Girls swarmed from everywhere. He always had trouble saying no, (Old H.S. sweeties and out-of-state girls), C'mon man.—What Frankie got out of here: Gifts and awards from all over for making "The Kick", the key to all the doors in the Navy, Supt's list-many times without even studying-bum, fame and a laptop. Things he should have received: Teacher's Pet Award, a pair of shoes other than his thongs (typical Florida boy) and a speed bump award for his '90 Army-Navy missed tackle.—Good luck Frankie-keep doin well!! Remember: BB's diet (pasta, cereal and some more pasta), Roscos, Bon Jovi Spring Breaks, Final exam weeks and just four good years with the Fellas. BB and BOO-BOO

Christopher John Treacy
Bainbridge Island, Washington
Navy Pilot

Christopher John William Shamus O'Treacy; The Judge; Rudy; Hippy;"I know I'm a slob. I'll clean it up later." "So what's your point?" "Gee, Chris, what country is she from?" "I'm fixin' to..." "Macumba!" "Oh-perfect"; Boris the Spider; "Gee, why don't you go to sleep in the shower?" "We didn't keep you up did we?"; Ring Dance 0230: "What do you mean you cancelled our reservations!" "Oh no, not again." Chris as the cosmopolitan midshipman comes to us from the yuppy community of Bainbridge Island, Washington (though his father was not the street cleaner of island legend) and can be credited with more foreign relations successes than Henry Kissinger or the State Department. This jet-jock kamikaze future naval aviator will surely be in need of a good B/N because his `feet dry' navigational skills leave many things to be desired (particularly in Baltimore). Chris has also managed to prove on the highways that slamming on the brakes doesn't necessarily mean you'll fly right by—crash (It was a good lookin' car). In Pensacola he will do fine as he has already found a home on the beaches, but watch out for the sand crabs! MGJ TMO





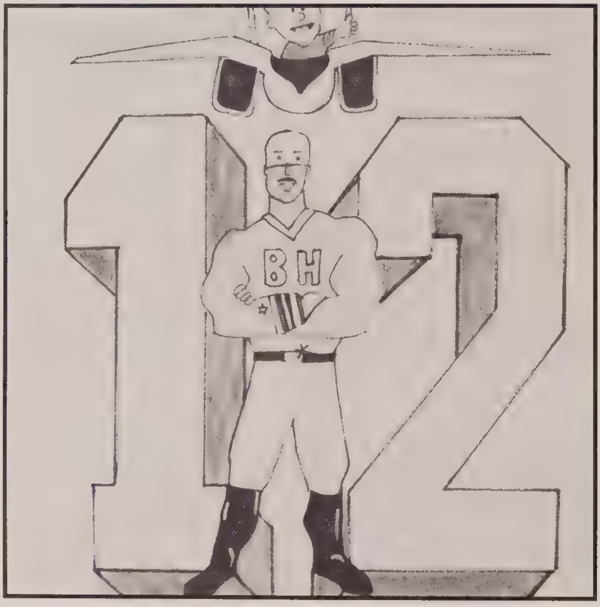
James Melvin VanderMeer
Baldwin, Wisconsin
Navy Pilot

Jim is a good guy. Jim came from Baldwin, Wisconsin. Dawn came from San Diego, California. Jim loves Dawn. Dawn loves Jim. Jim and Dawn are getting married. Jim and Dawn want lots of kids. Jim and Dawn will have 3 kids within five years ($100 says so). Dawn bakes good cookies. Jim's roommates like Dawn's cookies. Jim works hard. Jim lives in the library. Jim makes me look bad. Jim had four stripes (by promotion through attrition). Jim is very moral, but his roommates are not (long live the SI swimsuit issue!). Jim can't wait to be married. Jim spends spring break shopping for drapes for Jim and Dawn's apartment. Jim wants to fly. Jim will be a good pilot. Dawn will be a good Navy wife. Jim and Dawn will be successful. Jim and Dawn will be happy. Jim is a good guy. DBK

Forrest David Wilkins
Seattle, Washington
Surface Warfare

As a plebe, Forrest had a rough squad with ruthless upperclass ("Woodsy, you want a ride to Baltimore to see your girl? Tell you what, just borrow my car."). And yet, he somehow survived. But he has always been a fighter, rising up to great challenges. After all, who can forget the BIG FIGHT? The great "Papa Bear" Wilkins mercilessly battering his opponent's fists with his face, wearing him down, until the two-headed, sixteen-fingered ref unjustly stopped the fight. But still our Forrest strove on, tackling such obstacles as rucks, mauls, scrums and routine pre-rugby practice. And then he found true love - hooked up by mom no less. And now my rowdy friend has settled on down. Good luck as a SWO Daddy (though I know you're a jarhead at heart). Your brother eagle. WCB

Jeffrey Scott Woodbury
Kailua, Hawaii
Surface Warfare
Like some TEA, Jeff? Yep, the ultimate ladies' man has finally been snagged. You say you don't believe he was a ladies' man? Just ask him to listen to Billy Joel sometime. Woody has also had a serious affair with his cars. His first was a 'vette...You guessed it—a chevette. Ol' Betsy got him around real good 2nd class year; except when it was parked all week in front of the Sup's house. His firstie-mobile is a black Rex. Tigger has been to New York so many times he can do it without a driver. Woody also likes to take pictures—especially of a certain girlfriend. He likes to take pictures so much he became photo editor of this Lucky Bag (Thanks for the phone!). He's wanted aviation his whole life, but now he might go SWO just to get stationed at Staten Island. That's so he can use his D-qual (how 'bout that exam, huh?) to sail to pick up that TEA I mentioned earlier. That's only if he doesn't go home (like Mom wants him to) to Hawaii. Speaking of Hawaii, Jeff really looks out for his homestate boys—makes sure they get to the right places, surf in the best spots (what? NOT the North Shore?). Woody has taken to this 2nd semester firstie thing with a vengeance. Especially the part about squad leaders waking up 10 minutes early (oo-rah). Remember Glee Club tours, bowling-summer whites, company/batt soccer and your pal, scooter. JLG



David Sylvan Allen
Barstow, California
Nuclear Power-Submarines
Dave has never had a "BIG DAVE" and his midstang from California have come full circle from marine, to aviator, to sub-marine. It's obvious Airborne Dave is a man of many talents! To name a few distinguishing traits is fairly easy - Able to study Russian for a grueling 2+ years and STILL not recieve a minor! Can keep a girl in almost every state and not get caught (well, ALMOST). Our "XO from hell" must remeber a few things- NO PRIVATELY OPERATED EXPLOSIVES on subs, DON'T pick your service selection because you have big debts, and there are no airborne bail-out chutes on subs!!! We all know you will tear'm up at NUKE school (PAYBACK for the interview!) and teach those bubbleheads how to have fun! Adios- U R outta here! -FLY NAVY-your bud, MLW.

Christian Marcus Bonat
Rockville, Maryland
Navy Pilot
It was only a short drive on I-Day for Christian, Native of Bethesda, MD and attendee of Georgetown University for one year prior. Christian breezed through his four years at the Academy with little academic stress. He would have been wearing the stars of justice if he could only crack the code to the mile and a half. This must have been the only code he could not crack, for his list of accomplishments is great: Rugby president, VGEP, Honors History major, and VTNA to name a few. When he was not ripping up the rugby field or burning down the highway in his '66 Vette he could be found resting as much as possible in deep sleep. He is not one for getting things done ahead of time (40 page papers, stereo fuzes, formations) but he finally gets around to it. Christian is southern bound to Pensacola with Sun Tzu in one hand, aviator glasses in the other. Oh no, what if he has to fly fighters instead of attack? Will he get over it? Although he'll always wonder what it is like to be a Marine Corps pilot. I know, pick up your left hand so you don't lose your watch. Best of luck. RCF

Scott Andrew Chandler
Manchester, New Hampshire
Surface Warfare

Scotty came to the Academy as a quiet, shy New Englander. His plebe year was spent in the stealth mode, but a change was beginning to take place. He soon became a PT fanatic and could be seen most mornings running around the Yard carrying a log over his head. He also became an active diver, earning his Navy quals even though a drunken driver tried to ruin his plans. Backpacking was a hobby that produced some very special memories; camping on Boo Boo Lane in Yogi Bear's Jellystone Park, his Sear's Special cotton sleeping bag in sub-freezing weather, and his famous quote, "I'm sure the trail is just up around that rock." During his first class year, Scott was put in charge of the man-propelled sub project. As D & B Commander, he managed to earn the respect of the Brigade and lead the Corps to its first victory at Air Force in history. After his initial SWO tour, Scott is planning on transferring to the diving community where he can put his education in life support systems to use. DD

Dean Wade Dorcas
Bellingham, Washington
Navy Pilot

Narrowly sliding into the Academy after attending a year of college, Dean decided to switch coasts in search of the admiration attached to being a Navy pilot. Grades started off as an obstacle, but he was able to recover enough to ace his last two years and graduate in the top ten of his class. Dean has an attraction with national championships for some reason; in high school he was the number one motorcyclist in the country while at the Academy he changed interests and earned the same honor while rowing with the crew team. Other memories provided by the Academy include: earning his commercial dive license and almost using it in North Carolina, his strange preoccupation with appendage soap, world championship Spuds-ball matches. While keeping hair has been a problem, keeping friends hasn't and Dean has made a lot of good ones. Good luck, Wang, and remember not to try and help out any more friends with their investments. SC and DK

Carter Brewer Edge
Woodstock, Georgia
Nuclear Power-Submarines

What do you get when you mix a big, slow, easy-going, Georgia-boy with the harsh realities of life outside a small town? You get a lasting relationship of friendships that I could not have survived without. Against all odds, I made it through plebe year and made the Egyptian connection up in 12. I'll never forget living with you. With my little star shining down on me, I made a turn around and had some great times. Thanks Karl, Mike, BK, and everyone else. I could always count on you guys to push me on. I learned not to take life's blows too seriously as they come down the road. With the encouragement of my father, my friends, my True Love Michell and the memory of my mother, I keep going.... Dan you are still dangerous and Eddie stay away from my truck! (I'll meet you under the Sphynx one day). CBE

Robert Charles Friedman
Bethel, Pennsylvania
Marine Corps

Who is Bob Friedman? Isn't he Navy's center, #68, who anchored the Hogs for three years? No, he's an engineer trying to "build the future" while still staying sat, right? No no, Bob's the guy who came to Navy to break as many hearts as possible between Annapolis and his hometown of Bethel Park, Pa. Which is it? Well, Bob tackled all of these responsibilities with equal ferocity while at Navy. The quiet leader of the football team loved his ocean engineering major so much that he took thermo twice just to make sure he had it down. Bob had the toughest schedule in the Brigade while at Navy(just ask him). Despite all of his athletic and academic responsibilities Big Bob alwaya found a way to keep a few girls on the side. Messages from these hopeful females probably still litter Bancroft Hall as Bob moves on to join the fleet. Or is it the FMF? Bob had as much trouble deciding on a service selection as he did deciding on which girl to call back. He refused to go nuke when he found out that he didn't get an interview("they threw me out for being too good a player"). A burstof motivation in his final year, Yaaaaarrch!!! seemed to drive Bob to the USMC. Or will he come to his senses and Fly Navy instead of the Corps? Whatever Bob chooses it will be the other services loss. A good man is hard to find. Good luck buddy, whether you're zorchin' or poundin'. BONO

Harry Melanchthon Gray III
Liverpool, New York
Supply Corps

Stacks of stuff. The very tall man. Pyromania. Formal study gear. Nice tan. Sex Pistols pro report. Widgetting deck plates with German dictionary. Clams till Herndon. This is the key week. She loves you! Light shows. Steak on a rope. Two stars and one black "N". Chicken breast bernaisse sauce, marblecake with icing. Thwaking. Smells like buttermilk pancakes. Salsa party. Yellow submarine. "I hate it when it rains". Flaming methane. Plastic cup announcements. Jumping into cold water (swim class). Shave your legs for Besson. Boondockers on leave. Cannot add. Class of '33. EEEEEEEEE!!! Tan from a bottle. Messing with Peck. Did you hear what the Dant said? Trivia. Japanese monument. T-court insane noises. Tuan Pham stories. Spring break '90. Going to Robert's. Tailgaiter. Seafood fests at the Allen's. UVA frat party. So many sports; so little dedication. Shopping spree. Secular pig. "Four years together with Mr. Gray". I've got the fastest roommate in the world. See you later, by! - JJT

Jacob Lance Heinz
Annandale, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Jake took a giant leap from Annandale to Annapolis and followed some inner desire to struggle through EE. Early adventures included weekends with Kendall their sponsor/convict friend and hellion runs to Myrtle Beach, South Carolina, with Gramps and buddies from yesteryear. He was inseparable from his roommate Pit, they shared everything, and laughed their way through all four years together. Jake was always a good time, but the faces grew fewer at his annual birthday 'gater until soon only Pit and the hairy old man were left. First class year was definitely the year of the MUTANTS with Joe, Rod and Abe. The reincarnation of the King of rock and roll, Jake was always a hip Dude. Unfortunately Rickover wasn't a big ELVIS fan so Snake ended up throwing a dart at the ship list service selection night, which probably was for the best anyway as he was too much of a loony case to be cramped underwater in a tub anyway. Joe.

Walter Ardell Hokett
Tucson, Arizona
Nuclear Power-Submarines

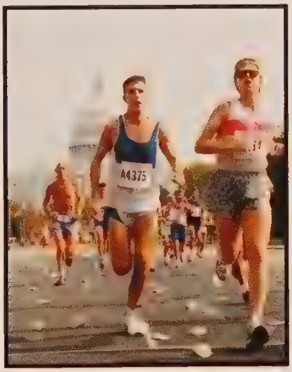
From the shores of Arizona to the Halls of Mother B, Waldo Hokett(Rhymes w/Rocket) started his Navy Career in 35th Co. Gator provided room 5150 w/an endless source of entertainment. What's in the overhead? In between many hours of flight simulator (when did he study?), he found time to start his own personal laundry service in the closet. (can I clean my sheets that way too?!) Can you really surf in Arizona or do they only have Highways there? What happened on the 18th hole or was that in the kitchen? What's that on the sausage, hey there are 40 more in the closet! Wally was the leader in roommate relationships and flexibility. (Take that off my desk! Greg, stop snoring!) After 35th Co, he went to toolshed, but not before sparking an interest in submarines as he qualified on 3/c cruise. Youngster year he chose the perfect major for a submariner: aero! With the advent of 2/c summer and his new car, Wally and Greg drove across country, but not before christening it. 2/c year also saw Wally make new friends in strange places like ATM lines and the Dants conference room. Finally, 1/c year saw Waldo achieve his goal: a nuke billet. Congrats! We had some great times together which we'll never forget. Wally, you've been a great friend and roommate. Best of luck as a sub officer and remember...Surf Naked! BLD GJK

Leon Roman Jablow IV
Cranford, New Jersey
Surface Warfare

Like something from a B movie, Leon found himself escaping from New Jersey to be quickly thrown into USNA. He spent Plebe year sweating for professional grades in Big Stix. Not getting enough in one year, he subjected himself to living in a steel whale and was finally shot ashore to live with Joe, Bono, and Lou in 12. Capturing the Academy on film and ensuring that the Plebes had a meaningful stay soon became two favorite pastimes. When the fair treatment and undying support on 3-2 became too much, visiting sisters in D.C. for a B-Day or partying in Brielle with lots of good friends were the fashion. But he never left the company behind and "everyone" was invited to his Army/Navy tailgater, which ensured that he saw a lot of Smoke Hall and added a sweater to his wardrobe. Time was well spent sunning on the balcony, sharing chow packages, and plotting to rule the world. Victim of a freak judo accident, Leon quelled his superhuman mutation with surgery and pain killers. A sacrificial pawn in the nuclear community, Leon is following in the steps of Decatur and Nelson to dash across the seas. J.G.R.

Brian Edward Kelly
Springfield, Virginia
Nuclear Power-Submarines

A good friend who four years ago decided to come to Navy and complete the Kelly Armed Forces Triangle. A man of quick wit and quicker feet who made this place almost bearable at times. Blaine kept his calm whether he was running faster than a Mustang or just parking his car in G-Town. The nuclear forces picked well when they accepted this ex-Maverick. A fun guy, whether he was giving a rendition of some old movie or just showing us how to redecorate the room. He learned a lot at Navy- like always look at the menu prices before eating and never bring your roommates home when your sister is there. Don't ever forget La Hacienda, meditating on St. George's Island, participating in 12th Co. heavyweight football, or those great CSTS liberty ports. JBHN — MAC, TUNA, DAN.



Glen Warren MacDonald
Yonkers, New York
Surface Warfare

"Guido" came to us from the peaceful streets of New York City, where games such as police car hide-n-seek made for a serene and idyllic adolescence. Numerous run-ins with things such as poly-sci profs, "friends" from G-town, and black-eyed Physics study breaks set the stage for fun times Youngster year with green tables and silver stars. To no one's surprise, GMAC emerged unscathed. The following summer led to a softening of Glen's heart. Soft though his heart may have been, the Yonkers Kid never forgot his roots. Besting a firstie during finals was no problem, and CSTS proved to Glen that his magic number was CLI. A down-to-earth, peace-loving fellow (when he's not choking out his opponents on the Judo mat) who's not as purple as some may believe, this New Yorker is sure to keep whatever wardroom he's in on its toes. To all who know him, a great friend. JBHN - DAN,TUNA,BEK

Michiko Jeannette Martin
Prince George, Virginia
Oceanography

From New Cumberlain, PA (via Alaska, Bahrain and Okinawa, thanks to the US Army) came Michiko J. Martin, ready to conquer the world. An intro to Navy life came from a unique Dirty 30 attitude and people like Capt Hitler, alias Capt Clueless, "the common enemy." Mich's desire saw her through the year an Honors English major with grades some thought too good. After finding new friends and a new beginning in the Dirty Dozen, Mich worked diligently to rise to the top of her new major, Oceanography. She became a dedicated softball player, a valued pitcher known for her control and enthusiasm. Second Class year in "Ironclad 12" brought flaming, the chow call station from Hell and "being too hard" balanced by sup's list stars, long hair and a very special young man. Our final year by the Bay made Mich a Battalion commander, with four stripes, p-rades, and too many meetings, and a squad leader, with more time for softball, trips to NJ and big choices: SWO? Ocean Option?? Oceanography??? The Red Sea!?! Saudi Arabia!?!? Michiko, whichever you choose, I know you'll be a great success. Thank you for being an outstanding roommate and the best friend I've ever had. Best of luck in the real world! Lynn.

Randall Willem Peck
Montgomery, Texas
Naval Flight Officer

Randy came to USNA from Houston, Texas. Somehow, Harry and Dan accepted this cleft-chinned, baby-faced English major as a youngster year roommate. He told them that the key to physics was, "To know what you're looking for and then to find it." - after two years we realized how right he was. If you wanted advice about a girl he would simply say, " She loves you!" His plant, Rosie, and Goat Court antics bring fond memories of youngster year. What never will be forgotten about our napoleonic clergyman was his 'late-nighters' every night. But, we all knew those late nighters were justifiable, as time-management was surely Randy's strong suit. Randy, a walk-on wrestler, could take-on multiple aggressors, including a 45 min. study-break against Jon and Harry at 0200 in SDB's. Another form of Peck entertainment was his uncanny ability to catch in his mouth just about anything thrown his way. Peck-your closet was a mess; you were only marginally whipped; you ran your sailboat aground; you narrowed your service selection down to 4 communities; you ripped your closet door off to place it under your mattress; you slept like a cat, but most of all your actions and friendship will never leave the hearts of many in 12th Co. We just hope they redesign the cockpit to fit your long legs. JJT

Scott Allen Pitcock
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot

Scott Pitcock, Pit for short, is the only guy we know who combed his hair before Pre-Airborne training at 4:30 in the morning. A volleyball playing wonder Pit decided to grace us with his presence straight out of high school from Plum Pennsylvania. Scott gained notoriety as the messiest man alive beginning his plebe year when he lived with two of the coolest guys ever to enter USNA. Unfortunately they both got the boot before we reached graduation. Pit aspired to great heights during his time here obtaining three stripes his last year and distinguishing himself as the shortest volleyball captain in the history of the Naval Academy. But, when he wasn't playing volleyball Scott completed the famous five with Marc, Marty, Jake, and Allen and took part in some of the most righteous shenanigans ever to occur in the greater Annapolis area. Scott kicked sonic butt in the ocean engineering dept. and went above and beyond the grades he needed to get his Navy pilot billet. He is well on his way to being the next terror of the skies, revered in every country on the globe. JLH & AC

Joseph Raymond Popp
Tampa, Florida
Naval Flight Officer

Another survivor of Stalag 17, the man we called "Crash" (next time remember the Gear goes down before landing) has come to the end of four years. Also known as a "man with his tape", he always strove to be Mr. Proffessional, but never did quite make it. "Crash", however, broke a lot of records in the four years - in computer games!. He is the tetris buster (talk about an addiction) and definately the king of the beach. Who else would stay up ALL night playing a video game?! Besides his Aviation Adventures "Crash" made a good impact on the ground, too. That will teach him to drive on a back road in S.C. at 2 a.m. And who can ever forget his trials with women? Will he ever forget "Gee, look what she sent you in that letter !". Who said relationships lasted forever? But he'll never forget that warm September night and the "Fun" in Transport 12 on Santee Basin!. He'll always be remembered for his famous saying, "We all know what the root of all evil is". And of course his plebes will never forget: "Why, why, why?". Plebes were his favoriate pets. He taught them professionalism - as he defines it. Well, the four years are over but we will never forget him, his precious Camaro or his video library (beats Block Buster). AAD

ALSH '91
ARIA '91
OPP '91

John Anthony Price
Seven Hills, Ohio
Surface Warfare

Well John, after three years of grueling studying and being unsat, you've finally made it as an EE. Relax, you deserve it. No more thermo, no more DEEGITOE, no more lights out at 0430, no more as the department saying goes "well rested, well rested." The closest you've gotten to the rack is racquetball. Now you can rack. "Now look," the man from Cleveland has had many adventures. Although you "missed" plebe summer, you got enough stress from officer wake up calls youngster year. From "ETES" to calculating the force of the wheel of a semi on your car, your engineering skills have shone. Raking in perdiem doing SDI, the quest for Yvonne, last minute gate runs from the Chitwoods, and the submarine from hell. Remember "you can't spell geek without an EE" "you piece of ....", and that's not all. There were road trips to CT, VA, and NJ with an especially long one to FLA; a sister with a "shrine"; "weelll.. I suppose you could do it that waayy"; all math was made for EE; come a"Rounds"; and now you can fry. Well its time to relax. Now you can "just chill" jammin' on the piano and harmonica to Clapton and Muddy. A cynic to the last, have fun in sunny San Diego. Thanks for being there to listen to me babble while you should have been studying and thanks for keeping me honest. You've been a great friend. GO SWO! MJLR

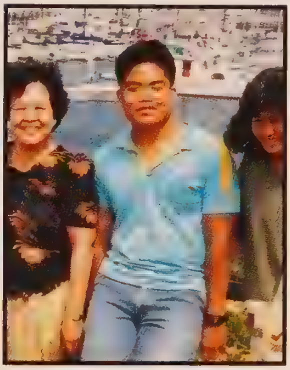
Joseph Gregory Rehak
Jackson, New Jersey
Special Warfare

Michelle Dumadaug Reyes
Olmstead Falls, Ohio
General Unrestricted Line

The Elf waltzed into USNA from picturesque Cleveland, Ohio. Since then, she has taken the place by storm, leaving broken hearts and gymnastics championships in her wake. So many nicknames have been used to describe her - Sunshine, Sprout, Shorty - but "Elfie" seems to have stuck since that fateful summer of running with wolves. What else do you call someone who flings her body though the air at high rates of speed for fun, and always has a smile on her face? Second Class year found our heroine leading an engineer's social life. But after a few setbacks and a lot of chocolate, Shelle jumped back into the swing of things. Four stripes?! Hug a Wrestler? I need a date to Ring Dance...Ho Chi Minh; McDonald's flag (you stepped on the brakes!); YP cruise from hell (OPS!); lash that sailor to the fo'c'stle, she's dead weight. You're getting what?! He's a civilian?! I'm clumsy, that's why I'm a gymnast! I fell on my head again, no big deal. Shelle - you are awesome and I will miss you so much. Good Luck and God Bless You! QAF

Michael John Rigo
Jamaica Plain, Massachusetts
Surface Warfare

Mike hails from Boston, Mass., the Hub of the Universe (which he would not let me forget). A proud alumnus of Boston Latin School (the oldest high school in the nation - another fact I'll never forget), Mike has saved everything he ever owned with the exception of his high school Greek notes. He's still mad at me for making him throw them away, since he's needed them several times since. Beyond his ability to save everything, Mike has several other unique talents, including his uncanny aptitude for remembering useless and insignificant facts, and his gift for walking in a manner recognizable at a distance of greater than 200 yards. But these are mere trivialities when compared with his ability to sleep for long hours, when fully rested, through the loudest of disturbances (including an alarm clock ringing continuously for several minutes). It is this quality, along with a constant yearning to improve himself in this area, which has earned him the affectionate nickname RACKO. He may never see Syracuse, but Mike is immortalized with such classic lines as "I'd better rack until the caffeine takes effect." His spot on the varsity sailing team occupied most of his afternoons, weekends, and summers, while the rack or the wardroom occupied much of his free time. Good luck and GO SWO! JAP



Nathaniel Reynante Saria
San Jose, California
Surface Warfare

With handmade glasses, Nathan came to 4th wing terrace screaming, "I'm late, I'm late for a very important date.." This is how most of Nathan's plebe year company mates will remember him. Nate, a native Californian, came to USNA in search of a challenge, and he got one. After rooming together all plebe year in 5th company, Nathan left for the chillness of 12th company. Though a chem major at first, he saw the light and went Poly Sci. Nathan and I spent countless, hours studying in good ol' Nimitz trying to understand those all important EE concepts. Nathan has always been a staunch supporter of the Navy, mostly because his dad is ex-navy. However, Nathan has become very homesick for his California sun and will become a SWO dad in his state. He is one of the kindest individuals one could ever meet. His devotion to God as well as his friends is a quality that I admire. His immense support for the Nav's is sure to have left an impression on those he leaves behind. Nate, thanks for all of the great memories.

Daniel Walter Scott
Indianapolis, Indiana
Naval Flight Officer

DAN!! He came to USNA from the populated state of Indiana. Leaving hundreds of broken hearts, DAN started plebe year motivated to fly the F-14, but by the third month earned a better kind of wings. Stalag 13—Pham and foot skin, an 'F' in Calc, Saenz the 'thwacker,' and April pro-reports longer than CNN war coverage. Youngster year he moved to 12, lived with a short Napoleon from Texas, and the one from Liverpool. Recons and Salsa— Restriction and the gorilla. Second semester he resided with a new breed— the station wagon and Georgetown— darts and service selection— academic comebacks. Second class year with the 'boys'— Super Seal 'Pup,' Super Stars, Rings and Cars, St. George Island and speed limits, Kim and clothes for free(What'd he pay with?). First Class summer in Canada, 15,000 miles for love, the room, the bow and dogs, Donna and NY. Droopy, Tom & Jerry, MCI, and US Sprint. Good luck as an NFO, and I'll never forget cuddling....Tuna

Loretta Lynn Stroth
Jackson, Ohio
Navy Pilot

From "the middle of nowhere, Ohio (population: 8)," emerged Loretta Lynn Stroth, known as just "Lynn" to friends here—ready to take on the world, or at least USNA. Her first stop was the halls of 2-2 and Roaring 20 encountering Satan and Gilbert (her two personal favorites). But Stroth-Monster persisted, and despite her broken hand (you should have seen the wall!) she kept chopping her way through the year. Third class cruise was a totally new concept: USS Portland, gardens of England, romance and love. Academic year brought Lynn-bo to 3-2 and the Dirty Dozen where she battled computer science classes (the first of many to come), swimming, and the unstoppable L-M team. Second class year saw more trips to Norfolk ("It was $15 in tolls!"), swimming (again!), softball N-sweaters, cramming for EE (more-n-more "pop"), "peace, love, and tranquility," flaming and giving 4/C ? an ulcer. First class year (finally): pistol detail, cruise (on a Tico?!), new roommate (sorry), more computer geeking, the infamous Ops-boss, Margarita Maggies (the start of something new & exciting), the anti-aqua-rock swim plan, Batt Swim Team Stud, squad leader, old roomie, navy pilot and graduation!! Lynn, you've been the best roommate and buddy ever. Thanks for all the laughter and good times. Good luck in everything—I'm going to miss you! Fly Navy. Mich

Jonathan James Testwuide
New York, New York
Surface Warfare

Spazweed. Testwuide Devil. Super metabolism. Fudge, fudge, fudge, I got a knot in my lace. Drinking iced tea (with flouride) in the dark, while washing cars in Nebraska. Chicks. Wh Wh Wh What do you think...I I I don't think so, and I'll tell you why. Bomb pops, black licorice, Neco waffers, those gummy orange slices. 11 times in a row...I think beef or chicken does it. Adjusting blank overhead projectors. A veritable plethora of cologne, and one sweet smelling towel. Hooked up. Are you gonna mess with me tonight? Winter fan. Contact lens dexterity. Testwuide's homemade "gouge"...I've got the "gouge". Widgetting deck plates. Black "N" and stealing Beck's. Spring break 90'. Little, yellow sticky pads. I hate this song...two months later...Hey, Louie, what's that song that goes.... Should I call this girl? Stuffing towels under the door. Notebook cover SQPR calculations. Snapping head after brushing hair. Lifting to go lift. Meep, Ehhhh. Loser. She's hot! Waxing the deck, and painting the walls. Shaving chest hairs. Liberals. See-buying. Tennisball head. Clorox head. Plastic cup 1MC announcements. Jon, have a great life! Eh hm. HMG

Kristen Claire Waller
Fairfax Station, Virginia
Supply Corps

Kristen (aka Squirt) hailed from the ferociously tough 35th, where she was quickly indoctrinated into the fine art of skating. She managed to get on track with the right people and came out unscathed, but avoiding the police earned her a conduct cardigan and an elbow to the nose earned her the name "Bird". Entering 12th youngster year, she became an intricate part of the hoops team, although some say she wanted to play for the Puerto Rican team, where she could spend hours swapping Wuwus and eating Nachos with Osvaldo. What is your sign, anyway? Caught running to the airplane, Kristen left P.R in a tear. Because of her professional attitude she has opted to go into "THE CORPS" instead of flying. A real 1/c cruise persuaded her, I think. Sulking in the sun in North Carolina (Go Tarheels) didn't hurt either.-PET

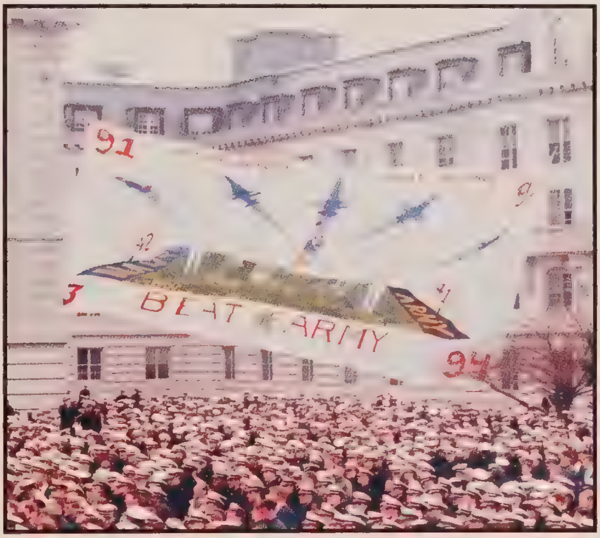
Michael Leigh Walsh
McAllen, Texas
Navy Pilot

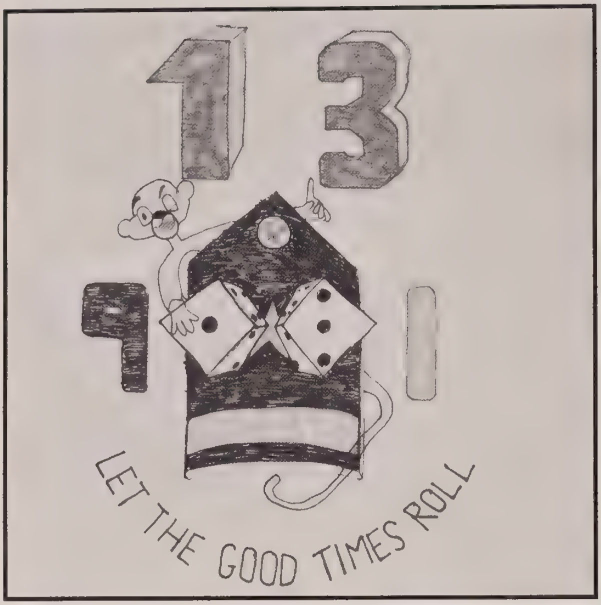
Texas Cowboy Mike can be classified as "NOCTURNAL". He will spend all day in the sack and then crawl out around 0200 for some quality programming time. Of course this applies to weekends too, he always comes back with stories using words such as tall, blonde, thin, pretty face, her place, ECT... Of course Mike has a professional side to him!... Staying up all night to get ready for that jump (by watching "pro-flicks" in the wardroom), practicing small boat skills on Nimitz lake (Sorry you got caught Jeff!), and the essentials of PYRO-technics. Mike has had many honors bestowed upon him while here at USNA: -Such as having the highest CQPR (GPA) at an academic board and failing half his math courses and EE(then getting A's in them!). And getting put up for stripes by his classmates (too bad the officers on the board thought it was a good joke!) He has found that the best way to get an 'A' in a class is to show up 10 minutes late every day.(profs REALLY like that) With such credentials Mike is off for Naval Aviation, but fortunately for him he gets a year and a half of sleep before he starts. "Take it where you can get it"- GOOD LUCK! DSA.

NAVY
SAILING
NAVY

Michael William Zuna
Tallahassee, Florida
Naval Flight Officer

Ah, Tuna-the kid with the hair from way down there. A plebe year like no other- Jennifer, all that money, all those firstie parties, sailing— Newport and Bermuda, Jennifer and Kristen (Ishena), Club Med and Palermo, UA, the XO, and a mid the crew truly loved. Youngster year- Scott's alarm, all those supportive firsties, preferred stocks, and a new stick. Plebe Summer, the stick, Chuck Norris moves, problem plebe and the grease au jus. Second class year with Arnold and the "boys", wrong ways on 50, Kamikazis and Kristen at Champions, Florida and burying BK in the sand, Harry's 21st, spring comes and he thinks he's Gorbachev. A summer spent underway, Co Cdr, the enforcer, zero tolerance chit policy, THE ROOM, Manhattan, Binghamton, a second try at hugeness, governor of Florida, 'morning sunshine', Windows on the World, Donna counselling. NFO and go. Admiral Zuna? The best, most impossible roommate in history. Best of luck always and never let it get on your shoulder- DWS




13
9
1
LET THE GOOD TIMES ROLL

Molly Beth Armijo
Bozeman, Montana
Supply Corps

Molly B was "only here for 30 days" how did it evolve into 4 years? Many things brought her thru the barn of hell, especially laughs w/ Mo...MollyJo & her big green eyes came to us from Bozeman, MT. 4/c year found her at Hubbard Hall,where she gained a pack of friends she was never able to shake. 3/c year we set the tone for the next 3 yrs,w/ our first weekend out-drinking in civvies at the Brigade Cdr's house. The next weekend Molly decided to visit Smoke Hall. Although Molly began 3/c year living fast and furiously w/ the girls from 11 & Frannie-O, it ended w/ a kinder, gentler Molly: she had succumbed to the Dark Side & acquired a Concubine. She may have given up single life,but she still helped Frannie & me commisserate over our tribulations w/ a bottle of Peach Schnapps. Although Molly's crew career was ended by a back injury,she always remained a crewba at heart (Chinese food is like benchpulls, you gotta pace yourself)... Though one might think a MT girl & her NJ roomie would be opposites, they often found themselves repeating famous words from their 1st party together. It also swore Molly off vodka, but in no way hindered her social habits. Always up for a good time away from USNA, she also made it fun for those around her while she was here. Thanks for always being there, Molly, & remember "those words." Good luck...KAT, MO, HEIDI

David Bryan Blackwood
Wellesley, Massachusetts
Surface Warfare

When Dave (alias Blackie and Ugh-Blackwood) left New England and set out to attend Canoe U, I don't think he had any idea of the adventure that was to come. He came here seeking four things: hugeness, babes, to row, and to be a Marine. The quest to attain these goals began Plebe year when he rowed in the 1st HWT. boat. His priorities soon changed. He went out for crew his 3/C year and when it ended in June, he decided to 'hang up his oar.' However, life looked up for Dave. Being that he was already of legal age, his field of sport became the bars of Annapolis. The 'fairer sex' and 'fun' became the priorities of this mid. A typical weekend for Dave consisted of juggling time between three different dates and possibly meeting a fourth. When Dave's parents bought a house in Florida, leave times became consumed with the quest for 'beaches and balmy weather'('babes' are assumed). The Road Trip of Justice over EOS leave his 2/C year left a path of destruction all the way from Annapolis to Sarasota and back. 1/C Summer was not a high point for Blackie. As opposed to the warm climate of Florida, the sunny tropic scenes of Quantico did not agree with young Blackwood. Dave, you will always be red and gold at heart. Your time here at USNA has had its pitfalls, but you hung through it all in rare form. Stay huge, Oooh-Rah, and Semper Cervesa.SRL&TRT

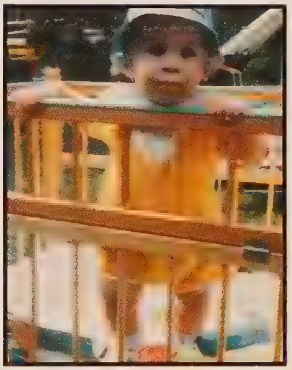
Paul Ivan Bowen III
Davidsonville, Maryland
Surface Warfare

Paul rolled into Lucky 13 from Seventh Heaven. Youngster year found us in the only two man room which was used for midnight workouts(where the he?? did all that energy go?). Paul stayed out of trouble until that dreaded sub brief(Lax practice isnt higher on the table of priorities?).We will never forget 3/c Army game, just how did we get home and who kept changing the radio dial? Remember Cappy, eating, and that Hendrix noise. Weekends in D.C. at Mr Days (that was alot of beer for $3.50-who's driving?).We did do justice in the Islands. Don't worry be Happy.2/c year (can we forget it happened), "I did not resist!!! Result—The Black N Sweater (At least one of us has a letter sweater). A classic room (50000, honor board, ac-board, conduct board-best in the brigade). Don't forget your 21st, sunday libs, no gate's too high, and oooh that smell. Lax? well we had fun practicing RIGHT? Friday sizzler then hot tubbing, can't beat that. 1/c year brought many libs (you were a three striper?). The cycle of women always ends with one. Hi beans! Seriously, its been great Paul, thanks for making it worth while. You were like the bro I didn't have (midnight BS sessions). Good luck in life I know you'll do it right. God help the seven seas. All engines ahead full—Ensign Bowen now has the Con!!! Your buddy always. JDII

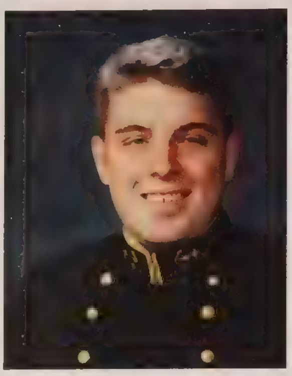
Hai Thanh Cao
Annadale, Virginia
General Unrestricted Line
Hai came to Navy just to spite Mom & Dad, after 3 years of college and bootcamp. After weathering plebe year in 28,she came to 13 to live with Jen.The arctic ice zone corruption, a Batt CDR, a classmate, and a J.G. all brought excitement to 3/c year. Army week brought a pepsi machine, and a van full of '92. And who could forget a dining out and fuzzy navels? A trip to Cali completed the year with some wine tasting, some cablecars, and a lot of shopping. 2/c year summer had a few ups, a new toy and a lot of downs. Academic year saw us settle down to study and flame, achieving more success in some areas than others. Hai was quickly dubbed Dragon Lady by 93, but with some aid from the Rocket soon joined Jen in the hall on weekends. Army week again: nameplates? haven't seen them... She decided to do NAFAC to meet people, didn't meet people, she met a Woop! No Hai, Rickett's after taps isn't allowed. 1/C year brought a West Point ring dance followed quickly by an engagement! But Sir, why can't I join the Army?? Another Army week: oops I think we missed our leg, no Hai the plebes aren't yelling beat Army just to annoy you. UNSAT again?? Why are you a EE?? It is definintely time for you to finish school. Well believe it or not it looks like we made it. I wish you and Michael all the happiness that you deserve, and I wouldn't trade these three years for anything...JLN

Michael Patrick Capuano
Palos Park, Illinois
Nuclear Power-Surface
After 17 years of bliss, Mike came to Annapolis. Why? For the money, of course. Plebe year came and went, and with it so did D. Youngster year brought a new friend and major, both of which were a challenge. Frequent trips to Virginia came and went, and so did N.G. After committing himself to the Navy for 7 big years, he went on to commit himself to A.R. for 10 months. Although the end of the year brought about Mike's departure from A.R., he continued his relationship with EE for some time to come. With the advent of first class year came the renewal of Mike's passion for D. This time she was here to stay. Although occasional visits from J.S. sidetracked him, Mike remained faithful to his hometown girl. This is quite amazing since Maggie's was right around the corner, and his buddy Droopy encouraged his nocturnal activities. First class year brought many trials and tribulations into Cap's life. Some of them include cheesecake, apple pie, and of course Wednesday's oatmeal cookies. Hey Mike, been to any good briefs lately? Or were you listening to the Stones and Jimi? We know you weren't studying. Maybe you were working out. Well, through thick and thin you've been a good friend and roommate. Good luck with Navy and with Dar. Don't forget your Dad's constant reminding, "Remember the honor concept." DJR and GJK

John Emanuel Colletti
Canonsburg, Pennsylvania
Supply Corps
The city of rust and steel forged a great one in the HAMMER. Just a neophyte on the planet on I-day, he soon proved his wisdom and ability far exceeded the candles on the cake. Coming into 13 with a guitar, intense zeal and a young face, the Piano Man lived large. Trips to York, nuturing a musical ability that would later thrill crowds at talent shows, and learning the basics of FBD's (12 o'clock and all's well!) passed youngster year. Jack also continued his summer time learned fancy of leaping out of still flying aircraft to get those gold ones. Ever on the alert, the budding warrior saved his roommates from killer goats in the head. A Tie-dyed utility shirt and DayGlo turtleneck marked the fastpitch champion catcher on the diamond. Pistol, cruising to Pitt in that go-cart and painting in Va. summed to a great summer. Spaghetti was always game for anything, whether fix'in brakes on the Olds or going to catch Lou and a few sips from the Carribbean at Merriweather. Hammer loved getting up in the AM unless it was to drive the Orange Oscillating Z for an early flight. The LabKing's common sense approach kept his head above water and helped design structures for that very lucky 13 ball. 91 has given the Sun god new light and a big "You've Made It" Thanks for being a terrific roommate and incredible friend. BEST OF LUCK. jrd



Joseph Dapollonio II
Lanham, Maryland
Supply Corps
After spending a year as the most feared Retiever in the league, DAP walked away from a "real life" to do what he always wanted: become a warrior. Following a militant Plebe year on the Porch, Joe entered Stalag 13 as a professed teetotaler. That lasted all of one weekend, and the legend "Italian Stallion" was born. Whether at Kangaroo Katies, in College Park or on the islands, Dap refused to let anyone drink him under the table. All of the fun quickly ended, as 2nd Class year hit with full force. As a member of the "most fried room" in the Brigade, Dap held his own with a valiant showing in front of the Sup (damn that was a close vote)! Athletically, Dap proved to be a machine as JV Lax Captain, but he met his match in the Bear. You definitely weren't the only one! During the summers Joe continued his march toward the Corps by leaping from planes and crushing puny NAPSters. Ships and Dap did not mix too well, however, and there were two chances of him taking any ulcer tests. With Aero and Lax in his past, a convertible in his present, there is no telling how many babes will be in his future. Well Dap, I guess it is finally time to leave home and join the Corps...just remember that there aren't any M-16's or grenades in Athens. It has been the best three years of my life, I will always love you, kid. Carpe Diem, and hey, hurry up and pass the donuts. PB



Jason Christopher Davis
Champaign, Illinois
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Well Doc Wiz that day we thought would never come, the Fifth of Juvember, is finally upon us. The House Brothers and the Too Hype Posse are finally getting ready to make its worldwide tour. We had some fun on the way, though. Youngster year was what built THE HOUSE. Remember those runs to the wardroom to HOUSE ice cream. What about Fredneck and D.J. Orph and the land yacht during the Midwinter Dark Ages. Easter brought us Bobby Brown and burnt green cards simultaneously. The trip to the HB outpost created the first rule of HOUSE and a wild time in Chi-town. Second Class year took us from "Lotta Restriction" to our "Blue House" on WRNV airwaves. Along the way there was Marley Madness, a snowy trip to Army and the Almighty Bell. The Posse was always there to give guidance when Wild Bill got too wild or the Rocket had too much flame. What about the Harbor Inn and Cool Rock Moose's Cisco Posse. Don't ever Block these from your Marine E. mind. J, I can truly say you've made these years on the Severn bearable. With your stubborn will, I'm sure you will have continued success the rest of your days. Thank you for being there for me and putting up with all the ill hijinks. You have a friend for life at the HBHQ and wherever else you go. I wish you the best. PKITB. BTG.

John Richard Delaere
Geneva, Illinois
Navy Pilot

After a year at U. Michigan (in the Dork Belt), the kid from K-Zoo packed his bags for the Boat School. "Delerious" did the Plebe thing and scrambled his way into Stalag 13 where he soon proved his love for the wild blue yonder. JD was in his prime as a youngster with Floydian Elixirs and Hendrix Emulators flying about and an occasional "Woohoo-gee" for laughs. However, Johnny's vocal skills were best demonstrated when singing backups for Lou and the VU while Rockin' and Rollin' with Sweet Jane. Dellaray shined as we bashed heads in Fieldball and Heavies, and his athletic prowess allowed 13 to bring home the Brigade Fastpitch trophy. "Johnny Down" was soon inducted into the infamous "Posse", which he represented quite well as CC. As a Plebe detailer, Johnny Rhythm was a force on the parade deck and at the pistol range (This guy's got more medals than Chesty Puller!) The J.Crew man kept me honest and out of trouble—a "Big Brother" to his terminally underage roomate. All you flyboys, watch out for this one—this guy's got "JETS" tattoed across his chest. "Velvet", its been said a million times before, but for old time's sake, "You're a helluva guy!" May you always fly straight and level if times get tough, and remember Lou—Hold your head up high. JC

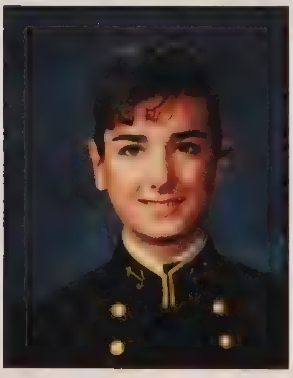
Anthony Richard Domino
Middletown, Delaware
Navy Pilot

Tony Domino, better known as Pizon. #60 on the ball field, and a quarterback's worst nightmare. Yes, he was a stud football player (or so he said). As always, along with F-ball and good looks came the women. Thank God, the long jumping plague from Delaware has finally been replaced by "The Hop." Now you can go live happily ever after with your red corvette, fly jets, and breed pro-football players. The horse rancher from Delaware also excelled in the classroom as a scientist of politics. I don't know how I would have made it through EN300 without his bountiful knowledge. As a roommate, there could be none better. I guess the size difference and the fact that he owns pitbulls kept the few arguments from getting too out of hand. To close, here are a few unanswered questions I'd like to ponder: Exactly how big is the sleeping giant? How many hairs do you have on your back? Which is more important: regs or a Cinderella concert? How many times will you have to win the lotto to get out of debt? Did the Impala and the Catalina actually have engines or were they foot powered like the Flintstone mobiles? Good luck to a great friend and future naval aviator. Go DB's K.L.

NAVY 35
NAVY 60

Kathryn Anne Fitzpatrick
North Brunswick, New Jersey
Civil Engineer Corps

Kathy came to USNA from exit 8A New Jersey w/ a smile on her face & a "yeah, sir" as her one basic response. When her upperclass found she was a Doublemint,her batlike screeching became famous. Kat entered 13 Co 3/C year,& for awhile not even her roommate could tell which one she was. But soon she created her own style both on the XC course & off. She set records & became a 2X All American! Kat was a hard charger who never lost her energy-And no wonder; she was on a constant sugar high. The famous 3/C party proved she was not another systems geek. 2/C year added another dimension to her life of the Floridian persuasion,and since then life was never the same. She traveled up and down the East coast to ensure she got her fill of skiing and sun. 1/C summer was spent trying to keep Alex a secret(Funny they ended up on the same cruise)and drinking anything as long as she couldn't taste the alcohol. Professionally,Kat decided she didn't want to go SWO after stormy sail cruise "episodes." So CEC it was. Even though she and her roommate came from totally different worlds (Yes, Kat those ARE mountains in the picture) they got along great . Late nite talks, laughs, chocolate binges, and having "the BEST roommate." Kat, thanks for always being there these past four years-you're a great friend with unlimited bounds-LIZ, MOLLY

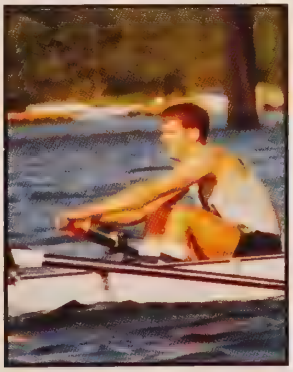


Brian Thomas Green
Woodbridge, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Power B, "You've come a long way, baby." Who'da thought the innocent kid from Dull City would become the monster that thrived on Bell, Bud, and Hersheys. From clocking McCarthy to jamoking Hammer's Audi with a Taco-Fosters yawn, you have nearly mastered the art of dis. (You have had a great teacher) The "Posse" has many things to remember you by: The Spelling B "Spirt Meter", "I gotta go to the library, man.", your infamous pointing pose in pictures, and your "Carlton Banks" rhythm. The House Brothers have seen the best, and worst of America. The trip to HB Outpost, the Windy City, numerous trips to HBHQ, UVA Midwinters, Easter without your psyco roommate, New Kids (n-Play), Ed's condemned shack, B-more, Marley Madness, & many more. In fact, B-more was the building BLOCK that put you above 7-UP and into the realm of Cisco & the 20/20 Mad Dog vision. Nothing ever got Simple Green down, not Mineo, EE, "real" restriction, or a barrage of disses from various Posse members. The rack, however did get him down and kept him there. To you, Power B, I say thanks for always being there to listen to me, and for putting up with so much B.S. for three years. I know that with your determination, success will be yours. You're a true friend, and I wish you the best. JCD

Chad Michael Jungbluth
Hartland, Wisconsin
Navy Pilot

Chadrack. Attached at the major, the sport, hopefully at the three-wire. More time talking crew than physics. Here's to all the golds-better be one in Spain. My other roommate. A BMW?! Detail Daddy and McTool. Flight billets-squeak! The tall, quiet logical one vs. the short, little, hotheaded, irrational (sounds like Irish, doesn't it?). The Severn is in our blood forever. The Source, sunrises, seawall, the whispered catch and the singing boats. Soon there will be night landing stories and maybe even spacewalks. Always finding "her" when we are apart. Never destined to be the right one. Well maybe someday. Did you ever find time for coach's chair? Being crazy with Laura and Steph...Where's Jeff, classes? Nah... Still have a lot of future to cover together. C'ya in Spain, look me up when you want to learn to fly. Flat waters and good winds. Watch the stars, bud. Friends and Flight Forever.JDM

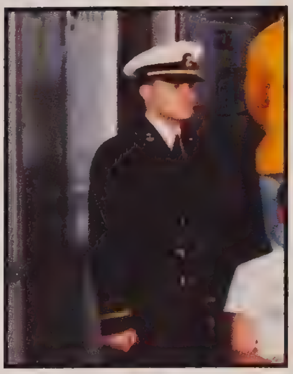


Gregory Jude Kelly
Marmora, New Jersey
Surface Warfare

Otherwise known as Mr. Efficient, Carnot has developed a ritual in his time at USNA. Never missing a sunrise, a good energy source, he announces the coming day with...oops! Stepped on a duck! He can brush his teeth while getting dressed while taping off while reading the weather reports. Did you sleep well? Of course not, with all that noise! Shaddup...or I'll throw a sock! Then its off to breakfast, and don't forget to bring up some fruit to fuel that furnace. Gotta run later today, with all those shoes in the closet. Classes were fun too, with such courses as EE and ES. Don't sweat the small stuff-obviously you didn't! What do you mean I'm not trying, Dad? These four years have been memorable. Plebe year with rock-n-roll, pledging decks, gulping water, and those late-night conversations. Thanksgiving in NJ and Spring in Tucson (Sabino!). Remember the intersection in Mexico? I do! Moving to 13 introduced him to the Chicago connection and a whole new (relax!) outlook on life as an upperclassman, especially when he wasn't running for marathons or from the cops. 2 for 7 was a good workout, but what a price to pay! Overall, as graduation nears, we realize what a great friend we all have in Greg. He is there to help us in times of trouble and share in our triumphs. In short, he is one hell of a guy. I want to be just like him-minus the sideburns. BLD,MPC,WAH

Heath Charles Kolman
Beloit, Kansas
Nuclear Power-Surface

Funky Kolman Dina left the rolling hills of Below-it, KS to come to USNA. Having lived at high altitudes near the Rocky Mountain Ball of Twine, Heath adjusted quickly to life at sea level and was soon rowing on the crew team. The Mighty Warrior hunted peasants at home and was often seen in the yard with his bow and arrow. Full of incredible stories of deadly hunting adventures, the Great White Hunter had only one small field mouse caught with a fishing pole to show for his ferocious expeditions. Heap founded the He-man Women Hater Club as a plebe and worked hard to silence his friends who were "weak" enough to claim female companionship. As a youngster, Heath inflicted tortures of headlocks and deadly ear vices until he took his eyes out of the boat and fell victim to the Korean pizza queen on his "very last blind date ever!" Heath talked a lot for a big league chew cowboy from KS where conversation is sparse and the R in "warsh" is silent. HiCK will get the Navy's only stinger missile billet. Remember the pee-scare bear at RMH and the "scented" drive across country...crack your window! The next time you want to go see the buffalo let me sleep past 0600. Enjoy your life at sea and may the Lords of the Ring ride on forever. See you in the upper-room! Your all natural Smuckers Brother, RJT. HCK



Keith William Lehnhardt
Laurel, Maryland
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Super Genius! The smartest member of '91 in 13th company. Coasting as a plebe was much easier on crutches. Mr. Intensity when it comes to his computer. An organizing machine to the extent of financial records on computer disks. Yet, he has no finances. A fantastic dirtbag! Most common response for visitors to see him on Sunday was "He'll be back at midnight." This in part to an event which occurred March 3, 1990. A date which will live in infamy. The Decatur Skater survived Hick, the legend, without any permanent damage. Amazing! Has dipped below a 3.0 only twice. (After March 3rd, of course.) Owns a dog which doesn't heel, yet graduated from obedience school. Mr. Fix-it at anything especially wood carving and rotary engines. A racquetball terror. A gouge hound (pedigree at that). Yeah, lightweight football coach. A great person, a great roommate. Hey, Keith, so much for the medical corps, or flight, or agriculture. Have fun with subs. Long live Hank Jr.!!!! T.D.

Stuart Russell Lockhart
Linwood, New Jersey
Marine Corps

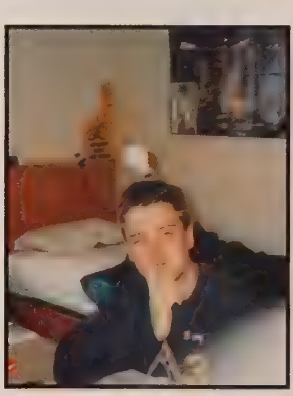
After an illustrious rowing career at Holy Spirit High, Stu-ra came to the "NAVY" Academy because there is no Marine Academy. He joined 13th Co. and added to the diverse group that made up this company's Class of 91. An often misunderstood young man, Stu would lead by example even if no one else cared to follow. He had his goals and would let nothing slow him down. Stu was allowed to join the huge brothers, despite his puny lightweight body and blended quite nicely. Like his roommates, he was someone with a unique personality that no one else would be able to understand. Early morning torture sessions and earning stars became his distinguishing traits. After plebe detail, he left for a vacation with the Coast Guard. He was being groomed for one of the top positions, he was a man of wit, humor, a decent man, then his methods became... unsound. Although anyone could see the potential of a future leader of men, few knew of his other side. Kept busy with his double major (crew/history) it would he hard to find time for wild weekends, but two years of living with us seems to have corrupted him and he now rages with the best of 'em, Army/Navy '90 'nuff said. The Marine Corps is getting a good man in Stuart Russell Lockhart. Semper Fi. DBB

James Clifton Logsdon
Gastonia, North Carolina
Navy Pilot

The Log ... Loghead ... Youngster Year ... Blast Shield, Dog Zebra, Rack, Rack, Rack ... Founding of The Posse ... Flamers ... Special K and two man room ... nope, Shep joins the group ... 3 man room ... backgammon ... tape on the rack ... You look like a hog! ... Riding the Rocket ... PHITB ... Cold Miser ... Close that damn window!! ... Tunnels of Cu Chi ... Army/Navy trip ... Ac Board ... General ... Blood on the Court ... 2LC ... "Where's Log? NC, where else?" ... Golden Pillowcase ... Power B's sioree ... Ring Dance ... First Class ... YP's ... Aviation Cruise ... Sturahh!! ... The Barn ... Bell runs ... John Madden ... Jack Nicklaus ... The Nazi Experience ... The Ready Room ... The Posse Corner ... The Posse Platoon ... The Vietnam Experience ... Doc Wiz upgrades to VGA ... Solitaire ... Midnight, Doc Wiz, "Joe Montana?" NO!! "Why you dissin' me?" ... Service Selection ... Pilot (January of '93?) ... Many parties to come ... Graduation ... Chapel Wedding? ... P'Cola ... F-14's, C-2's or helos??? ... Hopefully F-14's, or all that Ready Room training will have been wasted ... Good Luck and Good Hunting to a Great Friend. SJS

John Joseph Lonergan
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

YoYoYo-What up what up what up? Only Lonny G knows the meaning of this phrase. Before we continue,I just want you to know that I will still attend boys' nights out even after I am married. Our most used phrase of the year is "Oh, I'm sorry, am I in your way?" or "Oh, am I bothering you?" ILL!! You know why you're going to be the best officer on your FFG-7? It's your dynamic personality. You're the best friend anyone can ever have. We've discussed women, sex (You can't have one without the other), grades, teachers, subjects, war, peace, racism, Harlem, beer (its easy to talk about beer once you've had a few), family, marriage, divorce, kids, long-range goals & short-range goals. That's what friends are for. Yo Mol...Special K...Yo,Piesano...word...Hey,John,can I go in for you, there's only 6 seconds left...I have alot of homework tonite (yeah, right!)... Where you goin? To the JONESES!! Tacos & Beer! Wow, serious bubbles, Huh? One day PowerB & I will beat you & Navy Jo. Remember, I love you, babe! I'll see you at my wedding! Remember, never leave a rock unturned! Challenge yourself & everyone around you! SPECIAL K



Daniel Brien Morio
Spring Hill, Florida
Naval Flight Officer
Danny Boy came to us from Spring Hill by way of NAPS, where he polished his skills in English, including an extensive 4-letter, monosyllabic vocabulary. He began his illustrious career in 22nd Company, where this football player was fried for not knowing the football schedule- a mere coincidence? we think not. Youngster summer introduced Dan to the wine and women of the Portland Rose Festival, as his banner/shower curtain shows. 3/c year continued Dan's love for women, and his 17 hour UA did nothing to stop that love, though it did stifle it for several weekends, during which Dan applied his lusts to General Science. Proud of his accuracy with the BULLseye, and in order to survive his 24 Dec 89 engagement to pistol-wielding Lisa, Dan forced down countless box lunches and stood far behind the plebes at pistol detail. On his 1/c YP booze cruise to Cozumel, Dan was quoted as saying "the last thing that came up was that little red pill." Luckily, SWO medical won't be seeing Dan for any more little red pills, and besides, NFO's have all those ZIP-LOC pockets, so watch out. "You ate us out of house and home!!" quip sponsors R.T. and N.T. Best of luck with wife and pilot - MCS, Bebe.

Jennifer Lynne Nicholls
Stockton, California
Naval Flight Officer
Jen came to Navy with one goal in mind: flight wings on a flight jacket. Heat of 2nd company has Jen flying as high as our kites end of plebe year—right into the Arctic Ice Zone, after a small accident in the Atlantic. The year: "Got my All-Americans. Never gonna swim again!" Yeah, right! Army week, Pepsi machine, yearbook party at the Yacht Club, talks 'til 3. EOSL: Hai meets Cali and Rob for the first time, dress shopping (again?!?), wine tasting in Napa Valley. 2/C summer, wasn't much fun except for Jen's new toy: too many downs. The year brought bad grades, bad eyes ("Nope, if I can't fly I'll do something else.") and that recess from the lifetime membership of the 2% club. EE, Wind Tunnel labs, Wild-Bill. No wonder we're always broke! 1/C cruise: "Hai, I do look much better in a flight suit than khakis!" Rob's back (I told you so!) and so are Jen's grades. Laura Ashley or taffeta, Jen? Thank God for Dant's WE's and Cinderella Libs. Senioritis struck early. How many more days til swimming retirement? Jen earned her 3rd star and sang Blue and Gold on the army pool deck! Service Selection: so Jen will have to wear her jacket sitting in the back seat Don't know how we managed to fit so much into three years, Jen, but I couldn't have chosen a better person to do it with. Have fun at flight school (I'm sure you will!) and much love to you and Rob. HTC

Terrence Sean Reed
Oxnard, California
Naval Flight Officer
Gangly, scrawny, computer geek, all fit him well. NAPS taught him much..how to get by with the minimum needed effort. He arrived into the territory of the Tomcat company. Living on 7-4 put him in the best shape he's ever been, its been all downhill since then. 3/c summer took him to San Dog and some REFTRA. 3/c year brought him into 13 with a vengeance and a fry for his computer being in the wrong place at the wrong time. Sean tried his mightiest to tame the EE beast, but settled with General Science. Never one to go home during the summer, he tried the life of the academian, summer school 1/c and 2/c summers, and of course mandatory professionalism. 2/c summer made him realize NFO is the way to go. 1/c summer took him to the Nimitz, where he reinforced his desire to fly Navy. Sean's only sexual experience during his 1 & 1/2 yr. stint of self-inflicted celibacy was a worn, but faithful 5 1/4" floppy. He has now realized that women do still exist out there in the world. Now on to the real world. Good luck, your friend...Dan'l B Moron

Marc Christian Schweighofer
Cedar Rapids, Iowa
Surface Warfare
Schweigs left the great sea state of Iowa to join the chosen few at Momma B's minimum security penitentiary. His plebe year wasn't the fondest memory, being the recipient of many deuces. He persisted and joined the ranks of 13th company. Youngster summer took him to the Roosevelt and to summer school for calc. He enrolled in the difficult major of single E. 2/c summer convinced him he was not going USMC. 1/c cruise brought him to the west coast and beyond, San Dog and Hawaii. He struggled through 3 terms of EE, but survived. Many a weekend were spent at the boat school performing for the glee club and the Masqueraders. One result of all this hard work was his favorite pasttime, meeting women. His dream has been air, but the sea has pulled him in, lookout world a SWO is born. The 3 years shared at the Till's fortified a friendship for life...DBM The "MAN WITH A VOICE," this Jedi Knight joined the corps (glee corps) youngster year. After a year in the background he became one of the leading voices in the Skivs (the one on the very bottom). In our last two years drank copious amounts of alcohol & he managed to pick up several gorgeous babes (he's got the looks). Hope you do well & find lots of elevators. If I'm ever looking for you I'll listen for R&R and I know you'll be there. God bless you - NRS

Scott Jospeh Shepard
Paxinos, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

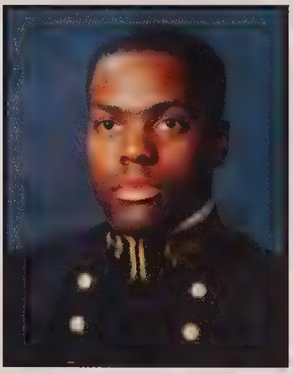
Sheepherder ... Third Class Year ... set up for blind date at Valentine's Dance, (but who gets who?) ... then Second Class Year ... you upset 2 man equilibrium with Special K ... Wheel of Fortune ... Jeopardy ... Backgammon ... Tetanus shots ... Heat miser ... returning early from Christmas leave to meet chain of command ... still a political scientist (Where else is there to go?) ... blood on the court hoops and torquing the rim ... induction into the Posse ... You look just like a hog ... "I'd like to juxtapose the notion of a soiree at my humble abode" ... Power B's Power Bash ... Ring Dance with Mike ... finally, First Class Year ...Plebe Summer ... Stu-Rah in the barn ... 91 spirit window ... golfing (with the Posse or with Jack Nicklaus) ... blitzkrieg ... sucker in the middle ... run for the border ... Rickover Ready Room ... Davis' with Mike ... Army run and party at Lono's ... Supe's list ... moving next to the House Brothers ... Posse platoon ... move over John Madden ... dissing and getting ill ... "Oh, I've never had a sheep before." ... tape on the rack ... Service Selection ... Surface Line, Mighty Fine (oiler out of Haiphong) ... graduation ... What's (who's) next? That's the 100 buck question ... Good luck in the REAL Navy JCL

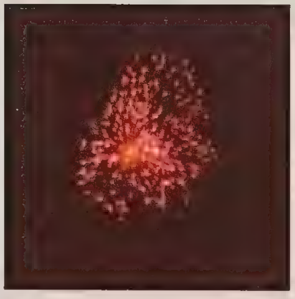
Tyler Robert Turvold
Aiea, Hawaii
Navy Pilot

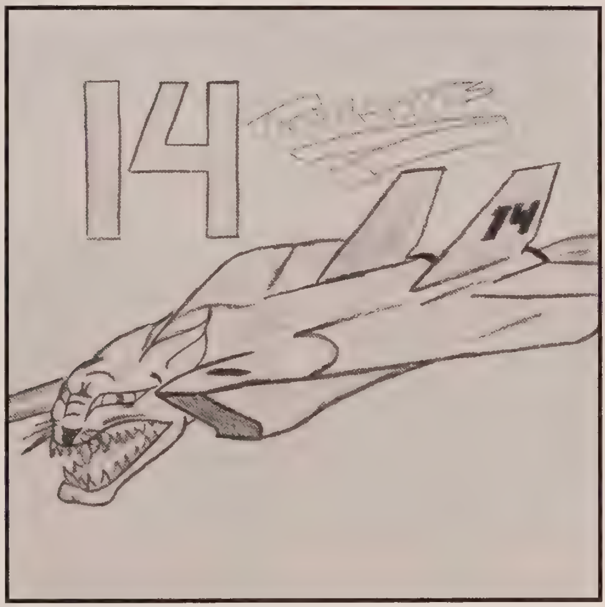
The god of the surf and sun arose from the waters of Aiea and came east in the form of a golden haired midshipman. You may call him yaweh, but he is better known as T-squared. Tyler came east to mingle with the mortals and do what any god whould like to do, go to USNA and become a Naval Aviator. While at the Academy it was not hard for him to excel in all aspects of a Mids life. From the volleyball courts to the classrooms, from the halls of Bancroft to the social scenes of Annapolis, the Turv could seemingly do no wrong. With good grades and a personality no one could dislike, Ty earned the honors of plebe detail, sups list, 2/c striper, 1/c Batt XO and huge room vice-president. By all appearances he seemed to be the epitome of what a Mid should be, but Tyler seemed to have his own perspective on the way things should be. 3/c year saw "true story Stud Bolt", the Road Hog, "is he in our company?" and a variety of young lasses. 2/c year saw the coming of Eddie P. and the forming of a tri-service pact of brotherhood, a dark haired maiden who couldn't hold Tyler back from raging on weekends and who could forget the Road-Trip-of-Justice. 1/c responsibilities?, RHIP, but only so far, better put yourself in hack. Many good times lie ahead, sucess is inevitable for young Turvold, but good luck anyway and see you in the fleet or on the beach, brother. DBB

Kelvin Lynn Upson
Orlando, Florida
Navy Pilot

Yo,Special K! I didn't know Kelvin before being scrambled into 13th Co, but I heard that he was a genius when the topic was world affairs ("Doesn't Yassir Arafat live in 4th Wing?") Once enveloped into Stalag 13,we were exposed to Hickmonium which put Kelvin in an everlasting state of intoxication and me on restriction. However,we were able to weather the academic storm and Capt Red to become upperclass! Whew! 2/C year I buy a conservative car,but Kelvin, who doesn't like attention,buys a cherry red Formula Firebird ("I can't inflate these tires to 80PSI?") Too bad He'll be trading "Peaches" in for a deluxe, paneled station-wagon soon. Flight school and a family car—what a combo! Because of his dynamic personality and great sense of humor he'll be successful in all his future endeavors. His attitude made the low times high times,and I know the Navy can't issue me another friend like him. But since you'll be leaving me for someone else in June, I want you to remember the good times we had: brushing our teeth, combing our hair, showering w/ soap, Gospel Choir, studying? (Nah!) boys' nights, late nite jokes, girls, sex, intellectual conversations (yeah, right!), and b-ball...Now just touch me after graduation and walk away! Your wingman forever! LONO

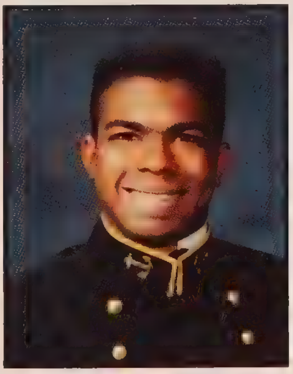


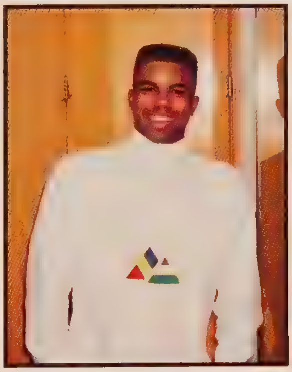




Kenneth Sydney Barber
Chicago, Illinois
Surface Warfare

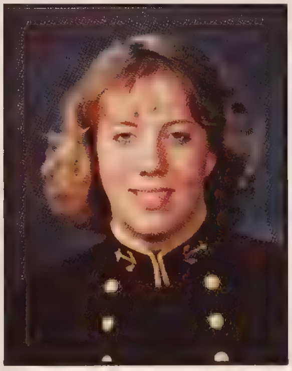
Ken came to us from the tough streets of Chicago, or was it the suburbs? Always a know-it-all, "you should have asked me first," his GPA never reflected his high degree of intellect. Although academics were never his top priority, he was able to convince many people (including himself) that he was a diligent, dedicated student. Because Pete Herrman never realized Bear's potential as a shooting guard, Bear had to settle for being Navy's all-time leading scorer in intramural hoops. 1/c year saw Ken become more sophisticated after visiting Upstate N.Y. for Thanksgiving. I'll never forget when the Upstaters came to Annapolis. Always a lady-killer, hearts will be breaking all over Baltimore and D.C. when Bear graduates. Although surely a career man, if Ken ever decides to give the civilian world a try, he'll always have a job with me. DJN





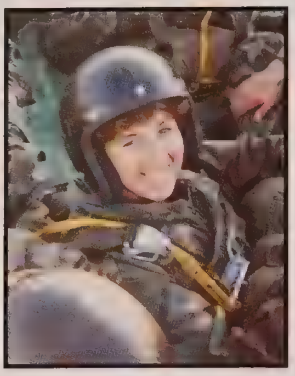
Jon Fritz Beckman
Wausau, Wisconsin
Naval Flight Officer

Hailing from God's Country, Boris came to Canoe U. a very studious and reserved Wisconsinite. A year spent with the Jordanian Wonder certainly kept things interesting in Dirty 30. Youngster year introduced him to the wild man from south Philly and for the rest of the semester Echo & the Beckman were on tour! Echo's fall in an ac casualty brought yet another roommate, and all of this combined with the 'skeller made a 180 degree change in Boris - no more Mr. Nice Guy! Spring break found us on a pilgrimage to the Keys, leaping over walls and through unguarded doors before cruising 100+ miles for a donut at 0300. Second class year began the battle for satness, with endless hours spent in evasion mode and late night contemplation of life on the ledge. It was touch and go, but we beat the Board!! Returning from D.C. at the speed of light with seconds to spare, Hospital Pt. olympics, and endless tiger calls from the sink were w.e. rituals. Rack-o-ramas, inventing new moves to rap music, led into 1/C year and a hopeless association with the AU crew. "Here's to the breezes..." As a future NFO you'll surely take Pensacola by storm - best of luck and thanx for being a great roomie and friend!! - DDG



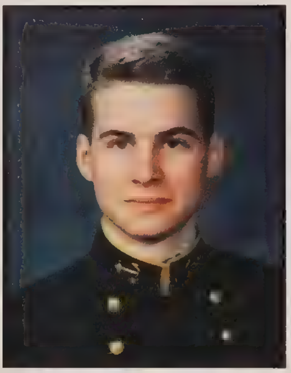
Jodi Lynn Bloomer
New Brighton, Minnesota
General Unrestricted LIne

Jodi Bloomdog - this is your life! Whod've thought a little Minnesota swimmer with a mean mile and a contagious laugh could get through USNA? The only problem was a plebe year roommate that couldn't figure how to use a toothbrush. Of course, she prioritized as a youngster in 14..rackrackrack. K-Rod busted her sleep schedule, going from the weekend to the meal list, but new Buddys kept her smiling.. Second class summer resolved her personal dilemmas(CARPE DIEM) but does she remember it? Road trips to Rehoboth and one towel at Quantico got us through the dirt. Her professionalism peaked with nosocks-formations and SDBs that lived. Always in tune (on a $9 radio) she awoke from the PCR nightmare to swim again, become SAT and find that youngster year has its good points. Remember your lost computer report(*&^%) and sleeping with the lights on. Keep your laugh, love you roomie! WE ALWAYS WIN! MO



Shaunna Maureen Corcoran
Spring Valley, California
Surface Warfare

Thank God we asked you to room with us! From the moment the "dictionary queen of company 14" walked into our lives, our language has never been the same. From stories about Airborne to wild dates at home, Shaunna has entertained us. Click...whir...a NATS addict, your life literally depended on what and who you wrote (B&J). The yellow Navy boat was one of a kind, "Who owns that big banana?". Truly from California, Shaunna almost traded her gold Airborne wings for a Zodiac. Although not a socialite like B, many good times were had by us at: Chick'n'Ruth's (I stress many; chocolate cake)-Baltimore (jet skiing? I love jet skiing!), singing trios at Maggies (We love D. Mode-no "silence" here!), "I'll never date a Mid"-only ones who look like Marines, "so when was the last time you played spoons-you are a bartender?"-"where am I?"-"so, did you stay there??". Thankfully you discovered Spec Ops (No other community could handle you!) In two years they'll send you to dive school and then we'll all be in trouble! What did you say Shaunna? "And then I said, Naah, Naah, Naah, Naah! You should have seen his face!" You know, Sheena, Old MacDonald could use you on his farm! We love you a lot and its been a blast together. The three of us are the bestest roomies that could have happened. You always were our best friend, you know!- BLL & CMR



Guy Raymond Coursey
Aloha, Oregon
Marine Corps

The fable starts, "Once upon a time there was an Alaskan farm boy who traveled East to join the Navy. This snow-hardened eskimo's mental and physical shape was more vivacious than his mentors. Armed with plebe year, Guy marched to Georgia, where he attacked jump school. By summer's end, our Yukon-explorer determined his fate, Marine Corps was the only choice. He parachuted his way into fourteen where Shelford and Huge barraged him with social callings. Our fair-skinned hero used his Polar Bear shooting days to help the Navy Rifle team. Next, the man of steel took over as a platoon commander, ruling his men with an iron fist, recalling his days at Quantico to aid in his leadership experience. To add to his misery, Mad-man Morgan took off with Guy to Australia. The Outback Red man will not be forgotten by his city-slicker friends, just laughed at for goin' Corps. Best Wishes in life buddy and don't talk to animals. Jeff.

Neal Simon Cuevas
Upper Marlboro, Maryland
Intelligence

Leaving his illustrious fleet career as a photo-journalist, Neal arrived on the banks of the Severn after a year in Newport. The halls of Bancroft returned him to the area of the sprawling metropolis of Upper Marlboro. After waltzing through plebe year, Neal joined the ranks of the Tomcat company. Spring break of youngster year returned Jose Cuervo to his roots. In Puerto Rico, he caught up on old times with his relatives, took in the sites, and viewed the local Wildlife. After missing the MAC flight, Moochous Maximus went into high gear and conned a fellow grad for the return fare. The man of many laughs pursued his goals as a bull major and made the varsity LAX team second class year. Neal received the crack of the whip as he brought his new love to visit the Criminals of Bancroft over Christmas break. His escapades continued with the criminals as he and his love came together. Cuervo returned for his last year and found himself facing a fouled financial fix. May all your dreams come true. Hasta luego...DUDE! HUGE, MMs, WTS

Maureen Fox
New Castle, Delaware
General Unrestricted Line

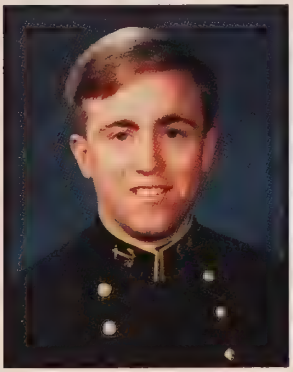
Maureen (affectionately known as MO) came to USNA on a flight from Spain after 3 YEARS at UofD.WHY? No one seems to really know. The only girl who got flowers plebe summer, she sailed through plebe year in the confines of 12 evading the lewd glances of upperclass with her '87 plebe summer shirt (a FIVE STRIPER?) "Its not frat!" It was in 14 that Shmoal, Arthur (KOB) and the Bearterrorists kept her in cackles (is it NORMAL to laugh this much?) but dodging the BOOW, hunting for funerals and writing INTOXICATING papers kept it interesting. Not to mention checking the PCR and staying locked on. Time on the phone doesn't count, so Mo was only at Navy for 2 years. Her axiom got her through: IT JUST DOESN'T MATTER. She sang her way to S.D. (WhatabunchofLOZERS), but how did she get to Vienna, USAFA and VGEP? Probably B.S'd! 2/c summer, Rehoboth beach and Deep Creek brought out the best in Mo. Then to AFA where DanO rescued her from the Crazed doolies. Versatile, Mo represented the U.S with the Ambassadors of Austria but had only remembered 1 towel in Quantico. RUTRO, too much funny. Too bad her "fast car" wasn't on the physics labs of Farragut. Don't forget Batman and Coach! Off to the CIA...laughing all the way. We love you, Motrin. JODI, JM & TS.

David Douglas Gilbert
Silver Creek, New York
Surface Warfare

Abandoning the snowdrifts of western New York, Dougie came to USNA to pursue a higher calling. Plebe year in the Club brought bouts with Willie the Weenie & the Supster. A new improved roommate second semester brought exposure to rap music & late night tiger growls from the sink. But who can forget the 'skeller and 100 mile pilgrimages to Dunkin's at 0300 or wall jumping in Key West. Who but Dougie could do 133 Physics problems in a weekend & maintain his sanity (I think)? Prayers to the god of satness second class year must have worked. We beat the board!!! When he got 'em back, Dougie proved how far one could go on a weekend - but really, Florida?? Without a doubt you'll go far...whatever you do. One couldn't ask for a better roommate or friend. We made it! - Boris

Christopher Ryan Huwaldt
McMinnville, Oregon
Surface Warfare

"HEY HUWALDT, TURN OFF THAT MOON-WALKING MUSIC!" Chris arrived at Annapolis as a primitive "fisher-hunter-gatherer" from the Hugeopolis McMinnville. After receiving many lashings in 36 for laughing and being a happy camper, Chris moved on to meet his first psycho roommate "Sheldog" on an unforgettable excursion in the Med. Then the prankster came to the Tomcat company. Huge (a self-created nickname...and Huge still lives!) loved hangin' out with the fellas, especially road-tripping. The end of youngster year re-united Huge with his high school sweetheart Allison. Then BABE was transported to Crabtown in order to facilitate funtastic forays to Lafayette. In search of More, the XO sought the companionship of Amy but quickly and tactlessly withdrew to Allison. This smoking "mainstream rebel" now works on gut-reduction as he confuses himself pondering over the nuke, aviation and SWO communities in an attempt to swiftly put his economic studies to use by joining Skip in insurance. This A.J. squared-away warrior will continue to conquer the rack. Carpe diem. "Psycho" MJM



Youngjoon Kim
Carrolton, Texas
Marine Corps

A recent addition to the room, Young turned us from the Dynamic Duo into the Three Musketeers. In spite of his late hours playing video games and teeny-bopper music, we kept him on another semester. His motto through these long years of travail has been "think-there must be a harder way." We'll never forget how he took six showers a day and then put on the same sweaty clothes, or the incredible soda bills he amassed. Also known as Templeton the hall rat, Young man never let liberty get in the way of a fun-filled day at Camp Tecumseh. He was also never one to keep his opinions private. After an altercation with a classmate, he was sent to his room for 45 days to think about it. He hardly noticed the difference between a normal weekend and restriction. He'll make a great Marine. Watch out General Gray, Youngjoon is headed your way.

Paul Andrew Larson
Beloit, Wisconsin
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Having been well indoctrinated into the military as a plebe in Slack Six, Paul came to 14 after a sub cruise that decided his service selection. Thousands of dollars and only 5 years! His committment to the military was deceiving; despite appearances he really had one. Paul's inalienable right to complain began early and never abated. Whether it was drill (every time), mandatory briefs, or company officer's time. But Paul never succumbed to the temptation to lower his professionalism by missing these evolutions through an ECA or sport (varsity water boy?) Endless weekends were spent girl-hunting while he cruised through the week working on his 3.85 CQPR as a Physics major. Summers took him from Subic to Los Alamos to good ol' USNA (why take leave when you can do detail?) Second class year meant more professionalism as training officer. Paul's monopoly in that respect was inspiring to the rest of us. PE and performance alternately robbed him of his stars, so he became a Trident scholar to get 3-striper libs. It was hard to tell which took up more time 1/C year, Trident work or his rack, but he managed to do both well. From grad school to nuke school to the Fleet, Paul will bring a unique personality to each that would have been missed here. To a great roomie and friend, good luck, fair thermoclines and following undercurrents. - GWS

Barbara Lynn Lopez
Washington, District of Columbia
General Unrestricted Line

It was the best of times and the worst of times, through the many men(and finally Mike) and the academic struggle- you came up on top. With your bubbly personality there was never a dull moment or a quiet one in 14. Always remember: HAIR-poofy, Darth Vader, purple, no bangs (aack!), VOICE-Marge Simpson (also see hair), "excuse me", AEROBICS-try not to look like a fag!, a mental as well as physical workout (you stud you), flex and point for 8, black eyes. Going out with Babs always brought new adventures. "Is this a dumpster?", the wet rainy nights on the pier, Jason's. You were the one thing that made this place bearable-helpful, generous, study breaks (brrrng brrng). We knew we could always count on you. You're the best and you deserve the best life has to offer."You'll do fine." Thanks for all you've ever done for us. We love you! S & C

Joel Robert Macritchie
New Milford, Connecticut
Surface Warfare

SPARTUS,QUARTZ! We knew there was something DIFFERENT about Shmoel when he whipped out his purple thinking cap and showed up for 5 total plebe quarters. The whole year! But, armed with a demented outlook & maniacal laugh Joel managed to outwit the dungeonmasters of 12th to move to 14th (with Mo, of course). Off to professionalism, JOEL style. Rooming with the most duty bound Timothy, Joel opted to toe the line but never succumb to normality. While not doing the watch bill (*&%^%&) or flaming on anything that walked, he was found reading the new scifi or wrecking the average ear with superprogressive (strange) music. A great eye for fashion was wrecked by the laundry thief and the gas, phone (and omigod is it a ring..) bills left him in poverty. First class year found him rolling down 50 for daily Chris visits, the forever relationship. SWOdom will get a BZ in Joel, but can the Navy handle a CO who thinks Normal is a dirty word? Never change, Joel. We love you AS IS! Even if you're hairy. The best of times, together..(this is blackmail). We'll miss you, you CLODLIKE FOOL. Love, MO.

Kurt Lloyd Metcalf
Leon, Iowa
Nuclear Power-Surface

Kurt came to USNA from the sprawling metropolis of Leon, Iowa, having forsaken a three year head start at U of I for the joys of an Academy education. Our hero endured plebe year in a cavalier manner, resisting the urge to assault upperclass who were not only smaller, but would have been calling him "Sir" had he stayed at IU. We were just getting to know Kurt youngster year when he was abducted by "Peg," whose charms soon rendered our mild mannered farm boy helpless. Bitten by the love bug, Kurt was rarely seen on weekends, though he was rumored to have been sighted in D.C. on several occasions. Second Class year found him wrestling with the rigors of Honors History, NAFAC, and CSTS, though he did take time to Beat Army in New York for $5 a shot, not including the tip. Lulled away from Peg by the siren of the sea for firstie cruise, Kurt came back as a salty dog in a cast. Undaunted by the knowledge that he could no longer wear wings, Kurt quickly opted for a glowing SWO badge. Wherever life may take, I wish him and Peg all the luck and happiness in the world. Thanks for the friendship — Guido

Morgan Justin Miller
Fredericksburg, Texas
Naval Flight Officer

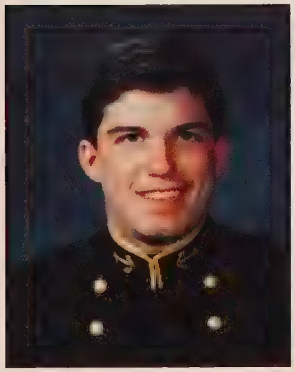
After one regimented year at NMMI, Morgan fought hard all plebe year trying to keep up with Andy, offshore sailing, and grades. Psycho was released from two eight and entered the Tomcat company, where the adventure began. Certainly Morgan has demonstrated a special demeanor when he growled ferociously at the guard at gate eight or when he dug holes in the Long Island beach. Morgan really did flee from the babes who constantly pursued him... it's just that he experienced a convenient lack of speed at times. A Christmas by the bay would have stopped most mids, Morgan never even slowed down. "Can nothing stop this man?" After four years of restraint this debonair dazzler of dames is on the loose. Armed only with his commission, quick wit and charm, he will continue his travels abroad. Japan, Germany, Switzerland, Great Britain, Spain, and "down under - mate:" while the rest of the world awaits the arrival of this warrior. The gods must be crazy but may the sun always shine on you in whatever you do - your pal, Huge! CRH

Daniel Eugene Murphy
Syosset, New York
Navy Pilot

DANNY M CAME TO USNA FROM SYOSSET, NY TO HANG WITH SB, SULLY+ WAGS. DAN WAS THE GOLDEN CHILD OF 16-NEVER FRIED OR PROBABLY EVEN YELLED AT; HIS ABILITY, INTELLIGENCE, LEADERSHIP, AND HUMOR WERE OBVIOUS. 3/C YEAR HE MASTERED THE ART OF RACKING, BECAME AN EXPERT BEAR THIEF AND SLEPT 12 HRS A DAY (2 YRS AT USNA) CHEERFUL IN THE MORNING, DAN WAS FORCED TO TALK. "GIVE ME GOLF OR GIVE ME DEATH" SUMS IT UP. TALENTED ENOUGH TO GOLF FOR NAVY, MURPH CHOSE TO RELAX IN THE MACD POOL WITH A CALM, CHARMING POLO COACH. 4 YRS OF VARSITY CHLORINE IMMERSION MAY HAVE ACCELERATED THE HAIR LOSS! THE WOMAN DROUGHT ENDED WITH A CHARMING SPONSORS DAUGHTER. CARE PACKAGES BY THE TON, TALK OF DUNLOP, AND BILLS TO BE PAID SHOWED HE WAS HEAD OVER HEELS. TENN BEAT UVA AT THE SUGAR BOWL, VINDICATING MURPH FOREVER. GOOD LUCK + REMEMBER MOM DAD B+K LOVE YA AS I DO. FAIR WINDS AND FOLLOWING SEAS MY FRIEND. DAN O

Dennis Joseph Nealon
Vestal, New York
Supply Corps

Vestal's finest, All-American Lacrosse player and compulsive sleeper. Denny had sort of an albatross about him when I first met him, having managed to have each one of his previous roomates separated for some reason or another. This was probably a self-sacrifice on their part to escape the constant playing of his Van Morrison disks. Nevertheless, Dennis always has a smile to accompany his waddling stride. This might be an explanation for his curious inability to be on time for anything...what's the rush, anyway, you know. Denny was never accused of being an inconsistent performer but when passed over for high stripes he was forced to comfort himself with his ever present stick. Now he marches off to join the ranks of the Supply Corps and someday meet a fine Irish lass, have double-figure kids and coach Lacrosse. Denny will always stand above the crowd because he realizes that the rules do not supersede the individual. Best of luck to the man who is not blinded from the element by the color. KSB



Daniel James Orcutt
Indianapolis, Indiana
Interservice Transfer

From the rustic countryside(don't forget he has a tractor)near Indy came Daniel J. Orcutt. I-day brought this country boy to the hustle and bustle of USNA.His hair gone, named changed to Dan-O(what's Hawaii Five-O anyway) Off to 28 and let the games begin: Plebe summer swimming,Big Lou, no way!Good Choice. Endless check lists, and why wouldn't you put your feet in your slippers. 3/c off to 7-3 and all important subjects physics, nav, mustangs, etc. KROD wars. His ultimate weapon- the special request chit. "I have never been denied." 2/c year - not!! Vacation in CO.,skiing,rafting, a certain 1/c cadet gets her hands on Dan-O. Retuning, quite a shock. no Nicole, no car, no t.v., no frige, at least you had me! USAF a possiblity,trips to Colorado increase, the art of MAC-ing, "She's at Scott AFB." "Illinios?" "Yeah, its half way!" "ok" Summer 91-1: last Newport/Bermuda, Murph house visit,Spain, a moustache?, Miramar, F-14 ride, not convincing - going USAF!! THe vast and weary traveler if its not CA its route 29 south. Dan-O, Fair winds and following seas (more wind than sea for you 2LT!). Love DEM

Caren Marie Ritter
Owings, Maryland
Special Operations

Who would have believed the girl with the five thumbs from NL102 was my youngster roommate? (Nice hair!) She turned out to be one of the biggest blasts I've ever met! "Is there anything on my face? "If she isn't syudying, researching, working out (2-a-days, you stud!), or talking endlessly, she's diving, answering ads, and singing for jazz bands. When not burning a hole in her stomach, she was burning one on the dance floor. When not dancing, she was singing (SILENCE!) "Where's Caren? "How 'bout them geekers? RPGs always in style! Future "frogwoman" OUR luck will change. No more EM or BGs! Always keep your standards high. You were always an inspiration w/ your hard work & dedication to EVERYTHING you did (and did well!) You'll go far!Good luck to 1 of my 2 best friends; the mega master diver who was always "just kidding." SpecOps needs a "steamroller" like you. To great times, we love you!! BL & SC What about those Glee Club trips, huh? Caren w/ a C. Yes, nose grease really does work & you are a woman who impresses a man with a burp! Pure charm! Charm-New Orleans comes to mind. If you can't find the way around New Orleans, how about NC? My house is in NC. I thought you would find it." Chasing roosters in SD? 7-4 to 4-3 sprint. Thanks for Homecoming '89 & EVERTHING ELSE. Keep going on that 10 mile run in boots. NA

Michael Raymond Rocheleau
Nantes, Quebec, Canada
Oceanography

After four years at sea, Michael swept onto the banks of the Severn and tried to introduce professionalism into the Academy. His tireless efforts in teaching Naval Science, Piloting, and Celestial to his roomate were somewhat successful. As for the rest of the brigade, his favorite saying became, "this is a bunch of ..." Never one to do things the easy way, Michael always found a harder way for you to do your job. A computer geek at heart, he has a solution even before you know you have a problem. "Mike, I can't get this program to work" was often heard in our room. We all breathed easier when a certain young lady swept him away second class year. He's not been the same since. Thank-you Danielle. I hope Danielle and the fleet appreciate what they're getting-one hell of a guy. Fair winds and following seas old man. PJS

William Thomas Schild
Middletown, New Jersey
Navy Pilot

Fasten your seatbelts! Because Bill came to Annapolis high speed from N.J. with one thing in mind — wings of gold. Bills head spins constantly with dreams of harnessing speed. Yes! Whether donning a crash helmet and gear jamming thru an autocross (of course winning the class), hopping onto Rossi Quantuums & shredding the slopes, or sloleming buck in the wild rivers of North Carolina. But sometimes his expertise in "fast living" causes oversights — like when travelling in Spain with the immortal duo "Morgan and Tom," Bill loses his wallet with everything in it, only to lose all his new stuff weeks later. Boy! Now he lacked the dinero to buy any more toys. Yes, Bill like any mid loves "state of the art toys. High tech electronics, a Giant bike, Ford Mustang LX — and could we forget all AMERICAN Heather? Nothing slowed this man down, except Bill's BILLS. He changed into a proverbial "couch potato." Well, Bill, it's been a great 3 years and you've finally gotten your leather flight jacket. Hope ya get those jets! Kathy, Elle, Cindy, Stephanie, Ashley and Rachel hope so. Your pals, Morgan and Neal, NSC

Peter Jerome Schommer
Wauconda, Illinois
Surface Warfare

Well Pete, the Cubs may not have come through, but you always did. As a submarine enthusiast, I don't know why they turned you down but the Surface Navy will sure receive you with open arms. If there one person who can argue a point, that would be Pete. Opinionated, maybe, but at least those views and ideas have been argued and challenged here at USNA. It was not until the corruption of SJC that Pete turned from a hardline republican to a softy or maybe worse, a converted mainstream democrat. Come what may, Pete was a person you could rely on, and honesty was never a question. MRR

Glenn William Scrima
Manchester, Missouri
Intelligence

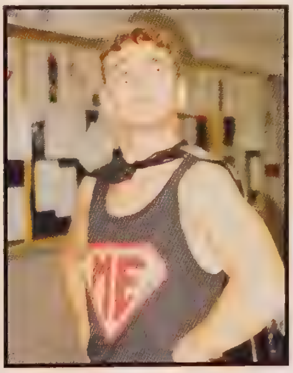
Out of the mists of St. Louis on the mighty Mississippi came a man the likes of which USNA had never seen. He goes by many names: Scrim, Scrimdog, Scrog, Hyman G. - just to name a few. But the legend who I have come to know as Glenn attracted a three year roommate with the melodious sounds of Led Zeppelin and Yes that emanated from his room. Little did I know what I had gotten myself into. Glenn had a secret power: the buzz saw he unleashed at night could crumble buildings - and create insomnia. But Glenn made up for it with years of great times: Classic rocking, Youngster ski trip, parties at the Weiss House, B-Day in Ohio, loansharking, Catholic days, American days with his new babe, and Spring Break in the Keys. After medical robbed him of SWO, Glenn was on hard times. But he pressed on to begin his career of success on the right foot. Only good things are in his future, and I wish him the best of luck. - P.A.L.

Timothy Funston Sparks
Menlo Park, California
Nuclear Power-Surface

Better known as Sparky, Joe Professional or Mr. Performance-he sailed his way to USNA but somehow missed the typical dirtbag sailor trap to emerge four years later as the shortest company commander on record. His NAPSmates knew he was destined for success at Navy when he brassoed his teeth and his nametag daily. Joel, Mo and Jose Cuervo dented his BusterBrown image, but second class summer made him an official partier- the Benz became the party mobile to Rehoboth and Pensacola left no survivors. "SO, I hear you gotta boat?" was his peeve and gave him instant fame. Not as much, of course as his bionic toothbrush (never drink from his soda). OR mess up his hair. OR call shotgun. It's just NOT FUNNY..With showers longer than ZsaZsa, the Fashion apex was cowboy boots and Texas sweatshirts. WHOA. Republican from hairline to toenails, just call him George Jr. It's been a fun four years, my friend. GO NAVY, future CNO? MO & JOEL

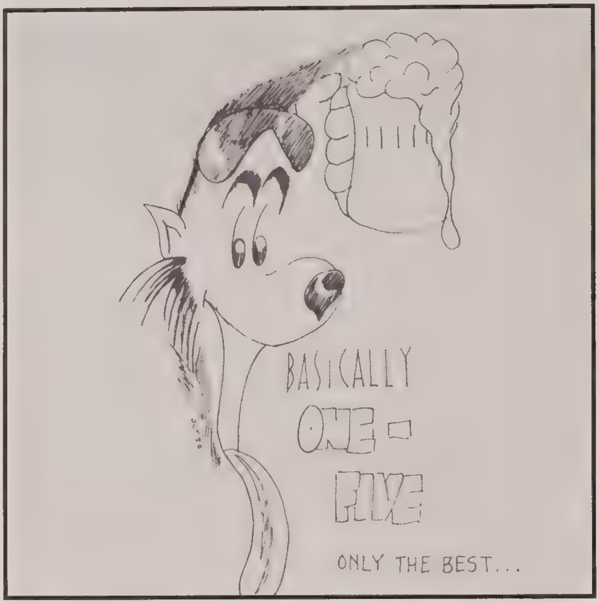
Jason Alexander Vogt
Houston, Texas
Surface Warfare

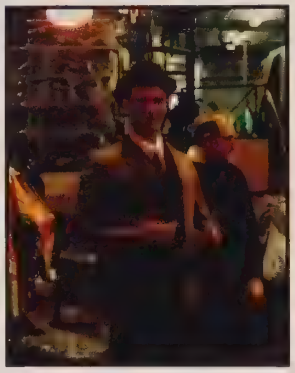
From the suburbs of the midwestern town of Chicago, a rumbling, rambunctious wrestler was uprooted and thrown into the Navy quod to suffer a sweltering summer with Chuck and Raji. Graced by his Lord, he fell into the caring hands of Andrew and Jeff, who salvaged his first year of USNA. Despite faulty efforts of others, Jason was introduced to mainbrace. Dodging ac-boards and roommate swings at Herndon, Jase hiked up to 7-4 to join fratteen and his eternal rommate, Jeff. Youngster year treated this pyromanic with justice and the sleep and workouts restored our hero's tight physique from a summer-long underwater cruise. As a true professional, Jason waysided academics to seek revenge for his first year tribulations. Luckily, the Dean thought as highly of him as the plebes did. He got back on his trusty steed and rode out the rest of the year as 2/C XO and with a high QPR. I would be remiss not to mention his better half, soon to be wife, Chris. Our Winnie-the-Pooh-lover commanded a crack platoon of hard-chargers as a firstie. I wish my only roommate and best friend luck as a SWarrior and skill as a husband. Jeff.



Jeffrey Scott Weiss
Annandale, Virginia
Medical Corps

Jeff came to 1st Co. from the suburbs of Washington D.C. only to be hardened by the onslaught of Jones, Craft, and Thomas. Plebe year climaxed with the legendary Herndon/ U-Haul party. Restriction wasn't that bad, was it? At this time he was transplanted from 3-0 to 7-4 to join the 14th Co. Here Bo introduced Bo, and Bo, Boris, Huge and Lardog found many a happy weekend. Being close enough to home to stay in touch with old friends, Jeff was the envy of several classmates by rarely being known to be without female companionship. But even with such a strenuous social calling, Jeff found the time to not only be a successful chemistry major, but also an expert on the YP, and a second class striper. What professionalism: This hard work apparently paid off(?) when K-Rod blessed him with the job of company commander. Jeff took charge, set the Capt straight, and led the biggest conduct company in the Brigade. But that ended, and Jeff could then concentrate on his true calling, Medical school. We all know Bo has what it takes to become a Navy Doctor, that's why we won't go to any Navy Doctors. Regardless, the best of luck to you, may you get your M.D. and SWO qual. and continue to live life to the fullest. Jason



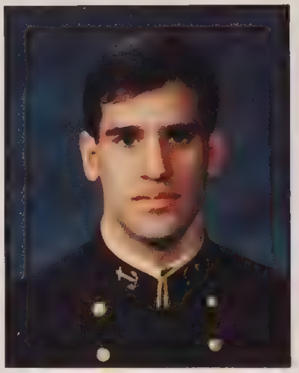


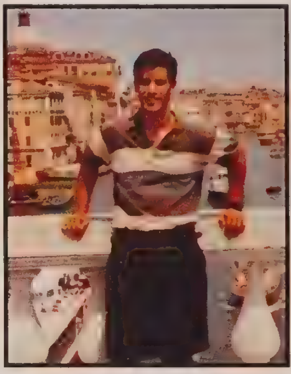
Robert Irl Adams III
Obelisk, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

Homework? Study? Me? I'm an English major for God's sake! I'm rackin' man. Get me up at 0430. Ring! Ring! Trey, Get up! ZZZZZ! Get up man! I'll do it later...How many beers have you had tonite? Whadya mean beer? I haven't been drinkin'. Come on how many? I'm rackin'. EE - ES400 test tomorrow..So what, I'll figure it out on the exam. 3.47 just do it...Oops! 2.23..Try again stud! 3.18 I did it!! Yee-hah! But Carol..But Mary Jo..But Cara..When will you learn? Renatta, Periot, Finland, Norway..Are you gone yet? Commission-Graduation...PSYCHE!! Minor-NOT! D&A + AA + Camels = Smelly room and all of the above. Not to worry, all's well that ends well. Keep your mouth shut, your beer warm, and your smokes wet, buddy! You'll turn out just fine. Just stay you!! —TRJ

Ramon Augusto Baez III
Fairfax, Virginia
Naval Flight Officer

Ramon, with his rich, romantic, hispanic accent, his charm and his good looks, is a native of the sunny island of Puerto Rico. At age 10, Ramon was taken from his tropical habitat and sent to Fairfax, Virginia. After high school graduation, Ramon knew that he wanted to attend the ACADEMY. After a year at NAPS, he accomplished his dream when he arrived with the rest of the class of '91. But boy, was he in for a tough year in fifth company! But Ramon, true to his style, faced the challenge and completed the year, battle scars and all. For the remainder of his time, Ramon tried constantly to improve himself. All of those long nights in Nimitz paid off, and he even participated in a FOREX cruise to Portugal and Brazil for his first class cruise. To Ramon, these have been both the most difficult and most enjoyable years of his life. His friendship has helped me through the good times as well as the bad. Thanks for being a friend. N.R.S.





Harvey Ross Berman
Villa Park, California
Surface Warfare

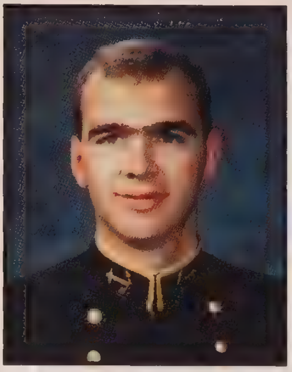
Harvey came from SoCal after a year in paradise at UCR. Why? At this point we still don't know. Since day one from Plebe Summer, HRB has epitomized Cali and what it means to acheive the status of"Bronze God." 3/C year, Harv moved down the hall from 11 to 15, Berlin to Moscow. Harv never did settle down with one roomy, jumping from Lou to Lou. Conduct was not his forte. 2/C year, the SWAMP grew from the abyss. We never did get that hibachi out on the veranda. DON'T STRADDLE THE ANCHOR CHAIN!!! The final evolution of roommates led to a lasting friendship between Mark and Harv. It didn't seem much like prison with a phone and answering machine. Good thing we never got an electric bill for that room. We know he practiced bowling in his spare time. Suicide hack and wacky, what other sports are there. The original "Gambler" and a good hearty 'Salt lick'. Would you stand on a pair of DUCKS? Would you hit a "Crary"? 1/C summer was a chance at romance. Harv met Christine and his CPF plummeted. Paesan-Bonus-Engagement-East Coast Ship-Money-Five Point Stance-Ring Dance-West Coast Ship-ZAA - Nutty Award - Epicurean - KROQ - Mode - Beast - Reserve Ship - Volleyball-Nuke Air?-Way-Crue-Box-Sky Box-SMB-The list goes on. Good luck and all our best. Thanks...friend. RCT MAD AJG

Michael Lee Bolt
Anderson, South Carolina
Surface Warfare

I came here from my safe haven in the South truly not knowing what I was getting into. Over time, I won a few and I lost a few, but I always gave it my best shot. MLB

Michael Dennis Callahan
Buffalo, New York
Navy Pilot

Mike came from the sunny City of Buffalo. The sixth of eight children, Mike had his work cut out for him, since two of his brothers had attended this fine institution. Michael took the challenge and attended NAPS. Mike's always been too cool for school. He made that apparent after his plebe year in 25th Company by becoming a distinguished graduate of the Mu Pi Sigma class of 1988. Mike figured things couldn't get any worse, until he realized he would be in 15th Company. Watching pilot billets become further out of reach Mike made the wise choice of switching his major from Econ to Poli Sci. He spent countless hours in the library studying and just as many out with his friends. Mooselodge? 2 too many concerts with his fate in other peoples' hands. 5000x2 alley, BLL 2/c year, Cuyahoga. Aviation an elusive, should-have-studied-earlier, down to the last minute. Good luck, Buddy . It's been better going through it with you! RAB & ARM



Martin Haynes Daniell III
Bethesda, Maryland
Surface Warfare

JUST GET SOME! THE MOTTO HE LIVES BY BUT CRASHES AND BURNS WITH. MAR-TAY CAME TO NAVY A COAST GUARD BRAT, BUT WE WON'T HOLD THAT AGAINST HIM. HE IS A NAVY MAN AT HEART AND A GENUINE SAILOR! PLEBE YEAR WAS NOT SMOOTH SAILING IN SLACK SIX, BUT MOE MADE IT.. NOT WITHOUT NUMEROUS SCREEN SESSIONS, COUNTLESS COMEAROUNDS, SPECIAL INSTRUCTION. FINALLY THIRD CLASS YEAR CAME AND BROUGHT OUT THE WILD MAN. AT ARMY HE PUT ON THE BEST CHAMELEON ACT 15TH HAS EVER SEEN. HOW OFTEN DID MOM ASK, "DO YOU HAVE A DATE YET?" WE WORRIED ABOUT YOUR SOCIAL LIFE, CHEERED ON YOUR CONQUESTS AND JOKED ABOUT YOUR DEFEATS. BUT THERE WAS MEGAN, KAREN C., THE MANY BALTIMORE GIRLS, THE PERUVIAN CONNECTION, AND FINALLY ANN. BEST OF ALL WAS EATING BURNT POPCORN AND HAVING WET PANTS. CONGRATS ON YOUR SMALL CRAFT PIN AND YP COMMAND. I GUESS WE SHOULD GET USED TO CALLING YOU SKIPPER. SURFACE LINE IS MIGHTY FINE! JRC II, SLJ

Mark Andrew Delahanty
Sykesville, Maryland
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Mark began his military career by convincing a congressman that arms for hostages was a great idea. He began his first year with KC, that trophy girl who will be with him forever. Following plebe year, he transferred to 15 and began the legacy. After a water fight, and the sore back resulting therein, he adjusted to his peculiar living conditions. Beginning 2/c year with three roomates proved to be trying at times but still fun; particularly with no sympathy! Did you get the license number of that garbage truck that came through here last night? Seriously, did that room really look that way when we fell asleep? To sleep without an alarm clock and live in squalor proved to be a virtual heaven. Many a Friday were spent in a smoke filled room, dealing, with a salt lick. Weekdays were reserved solely for the golf course. The Ring Dance became a very special night but the drive was definitely not a bonus. Did we ever go camping? 1/c year-"You're the company commander?" The three amigos took charge and joy came back to Mudville. You mean we have to clean and get up early? Mark always found time for hacky, wacky, and golf. Spend all your money and have nothing to show for it. Hey, Mark, we won't give you twenty thousand nickels. Soon Mark will be driving subs in a world where the mile-and-a-half is unnecessary. Good luck to a great friend and brother. HRB RCT AJG.

Andrew James Gebara
Highland, California
Interservice Transfer

Andrew came to 15 from one of those 5th Batt companies, the ones that no one really knows for sure if they actually exist. We first got to know AJ during the second semester of 3/C yr,(who knows where he was first sem.) Andy and Ross, both having grown weary of certain living conditions, decided to kill two birds with one stone. The room just beamed with joy, especially since Mr. Sunshine rounded out the trio. Second class year saw the formation of the SWAMP, and the rise of the four amigos. As the days passed, we began to wonder,"Hey, why doesn't Andy ever go with us when we drill?" Those debate guys go all out, or so we assumed 'cause AJ was always in the rack. Then things started happening. Word on the street was that Andy wished to follow in Dad's footsteps and be a bus driver. We all thought he'd never make it, but he did. That same year saw the arrival of Andy's better half, and thus the WEASEL disappeared again. Where's Andy?Call Nikki's. I think Andy was the reason that the Swamp's NO SYMPATHY policy came into effect. 1/C year must have been great for Andy; cozy staff job, 3 striper-libs, Nikki's place. We think he had a great semester, not sure though 'cause we only saw him twice. Second semester; he's still the luckiest man alive, loses staff libs but gets year-round cinderellas. AIM HIGH! Good Luck in the Wild Blue Yonder. RCT MAD HRB

Ian Thomson Hadden
Searcy, Arizona
Surface Warfare

Ian came up from Searcy, ArKANSAS straight up to 24th. His favorite sport was squash. Putting some effort, he made the JV team. He spent his 3/C summer in Japan and in Bancroft Hall (his favorite summertime place). I met Ian youngster year in 15th and he's been my roomate ever since. How can you forget Tim's laziness or that wineSunday breakfast. He became addicted to Hood and to Brazil Tropical. He had a rare surgery at the end. (Sorry I can't say what it was) Unfortunately, during his 2/C summer he couldn't fly down in Pensacola due to an ear infection. 2/C year brought him his best grades but some problems arrived at the end made him unsat again. (You did not follow my policy of life: no books on weekends). '90 also gave us a new roomate, "Zooter", and with him, a whole new vocabulary, very "culturizing" by the way (you know what I mean). How can I forget the '89 Army-Navy game in NYC? Next time you want to become a KAMIKAZE pilot, don't fall asleep in the subway. I'm very proud of your mazoquism (staying in mechi, even though when the Rocket tried to do his job). Thanks for you advice (I wouldn't have been ESE now otherwise). Good luck and I'll see you soon. Thanks for being able to handle my "everchanging moods" (and the mighty Beatles). De tu buen amigo, Salud! CMR

Jay C Harrell
Landover, Maryland
Supply Corps

It's been real. Nuff respect due the members. Big up your chest. Stay strong. The Master. Peace!

Keith Matthew Henry
Raleigh, North Carolina
Navy Pilot

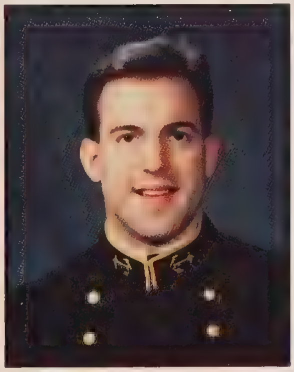
His deep voice filled the halls, cause it came from...9th Platoon. It started easy with the Shuppster and Dipaola. It got worse with Chalfant. Keith would go on to lead the Plebes of 9th CO. He proved himself as an academian and an athlete.Youngster cruise started at Airborne school, C CO. It moved to the opposite pole at Pt. Loma in San Diego, with four on, eighteen off while underway. Weekends while on cruise had him chasing leopards in the bushes. He would return. Youngster year brought Juice and a trio was formed in 7th wing. Between dip and the weekends, it's amazing we survived. A quick summary-Plebe room inspection, Notre Dame, Mike's clothes, Clare Ann, Army, the subway, Rocky, UPenn, frats, the sidewalk, Henry's, Pat Cho's, Audrie, the ski trip, Lehigh, old friends, temptation, rugby, WVirginia twins, no socks, dead week, second class summer, bye Owen, a new roommate. Second class year started with Troll. Another quickie-don't he wish, Notre Dame (Toledo bowling, phone bills, Julie & Maurie), Tetris, Arkanoid, 4AM before exams, OJ returns, Alice's wedding, the kitchen table, first class cruise, return to San Diego, double D, drive to Alaska, Detail, Marco's 'birthday,' 4-1, Irish Times drive to McLean. This EE major extrodinare would modestly thank Steve and the guys out there for the rest of his best times. MAJ

Stephen Leon Jendrysik
Chicopee, Massachusetts
Navy Pilot

The Hero of Chicoppee came from the Kielbasa Capital of the Western World only to be subjected to the various impliments of the Tool Shed. After a year developing the low profile into an art form, it took us awhile to get to know Steve. This became easier, though, since he blossomed during 3/c Year and cultivated a continuous smile along with that "don't worry, be happy" attitude for which he is most famous. The only observed break in his winning outlook came during one very late and ugly night of voyage planning. Steve's strong family legacy and natural affinity for humanities lead him to choose History, but he still had to beat physics and EE with a blue-collar work ethic. After a summer as one of the last visitors to a divided Germany, 2/c year found Steve conducting foreign relations south of the Equator. He came to his senses and quickly severed ties. A T-bird, SDI, and a Hornet hop arrived on the scene just in time to take up the slack in the Chicopee Blindly Adoring Fan Club's lagging membership. While the rest of us routinely changed future plans based on the weekly pro-topic, Steve is one of those rare fellows who is now doing exactly what his intended from the very beginning. Naval Aviation has probably never seen a work ethic like Steve's, and if hard work is the key to success, Steve will certainly come out on top. Be sure to keep in touch. SRL, DS

Timothy Richard Jett
Scottsboro, Alabama
Supply Corps

Tim came to the boat school with a desire to take to the air but he and the aviation community did not see "eye to eye." Until first class year, Tim really didn't know what course he was going to steer in the fleet unless he went CORPS. Since plebe year, Tim has encountered a plethora of obstacles of varying degrees. Plebe indoc., PCR, women, car and visa payments, evil profs, psychotic teenagers, 1+1/2 mile, and most of all ACADEMICS have provided Teem w/plenty of stress and hardship for 4 years. Despite all the obstacles and stress, including flirtation w/anchorman and axe boards, Tim's desire and intestinal fortitude have helped him to achieve the ultimate goal of graduation. You are not alone in your 4 yr. struggle my friend. I think we will agree that this has been an unforgettable, mindbending, Everclear experience. Whatever Jett t' t' does, he will put forth effort superceding the norm and he will succeed in any endeavor that he pursues. Tim is a true leader who takes pride in his loyalty to his people. He will also be a strong subordinate who is afraid of neither receiving nor giving constructive criticism. I look forward to serving with Tim, his loyal and candid character will make him an asset to any command. Best of luck at Athens; we hope; Ski to Die, Hoo-Yah, Godspeed to you. ——D.A.T. "L.T."



Owen John Jones
McLean, Virginia
Marine Corps

Owen is a truly unforgettable person. Words cannot describe this roommate of three years, or the memories of the times we enjoyed. Oh, how we wish we could do it again. Prehaps if we had another chance, we would have gone out with Dr. Jeckyl. We propose a toast for this occasion: "To us and those like us damn few left." This includes the guys at C.G.A. whom we befriended at O'GHoIR in PC. KMH & MAJ

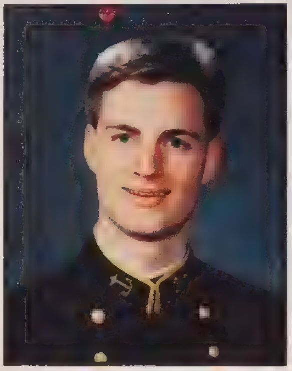
THE PRESI
DUKAKIS
BL

Marco Antonio Juarez
Dallas, Texas
Nuclear Power-Submarines

It's tough to have a real plebe year when you live up on cloud nine. Sam did his best to bring us down to earth-"Oh there are no __ plebes in ninth platoon, Oh there are no..." Except for that __ from __, Chalfant. "Okay, time for a break. Touch your toes. Anyone need water?" And as we cruised through plebe year with the echo of "MATE!" in the hallway, we saw our shipmates fall overboard - a hint of things to come (or go?). Summer brought the skies of Georgia and the depths of San Diego. MCRD, Miramar, Dodgers Stadium ("I figured there had to be a game on Sunday"), Tiajuana. The move to 7-1 was a real trip for this chemist extrodinaire. "Can I borrow a dip, Juice?" Toledo was fun, but I don't think I'll go back. Of course, Gravity really sucks in West Virginia. And there weren't any pretty girls at Lehigh. Maybe I'll just get lost at UPenn and crash at Henry's. But we were forced to 5-1 as CGA got a taste of Juice. We were blessed with an exam week of Tetris-thanks Troll. That was alot less painful than the dog collar at Paul's, but I'll take a beer at O'Grady's any day. First class year brought some Irish Times "I'll put it in my jacket and you guys carry me out." It's okay Marco the plebes didn't see you run to the bushes and I wouldn't worry about just one thinning your Mexican blood. Hank

Michael Christian Kaiser
Vista, California
Marine Corps

Youngster year brought us all together but the gang wasn't ready for Mike and neither was the Academy. Putting his faith in the Lord, "Kais" eeked his way through 3 Ac-boards to receive the right to join his most beloved Corps. Born a warrior, Mike never let us forget his true color: camouflage. Never a dull moment, but that's the way Mike liked it. So mi hermano, what can I say? We have sharpened each other like iron and we continue to walk the straight and narrow path. I'll never forget the times: midnght rappells, climbing, the rafters in MacDonough, OCF skits, Mexican and Chinese music, the Boyz from East L.A., the infamous B-day jaunts, the days on the crew and the Fellowship of the Ring! I'll never understand why people always got us mixed up — you always were the "Old Man". Vato, few have understood me as well as you have and our friendship has only just begun. Good luck to the woman who runs into you! She needs it (JAPK)! All I can say is, I'm glad HE worked it out. Remember — "tree-1", bro'. God Bless! — KYP.



Sean Robert Liedman
Kimball, Minnesota
Naval Flight Officer

The man who made engineering look easy, is a devoted member of the 0-Club, and the world's lightest sleeper is my roommate. Sean hails from Kimball, a small town on the outskirts of civilization in central Minnesota. He started USNA in 30th, where his academic and Navy Golf career thrived. He came to Fast Times Fifteen as a hard-charging 3/c with dreams of a career in the Silent Service. A semester with Don and Buffalo Bob took the edge off his enthusiasm. '89 saw Liedmaier underway under Citation power and he began to develop his reputation. Plebe Detail was a good time, as Sean made a friend in Baltimore and got to know a plebe we all know and love. (I'm a dandelion, sir!) 2/c year saw more changes, country music, LCDR Mom, and previously unknown academic challenges, (Blank and Clement), and a girl from Peru who spoke her own language. 1/c year saw his final conversion to Naval Aviation, and the discovery of his new weekend home (Stockley Gardens Apts-April) along with Simpsons, Pete's, and Batt Porkchop. An extremely talented guy who will excel anywhere, he has fought a losing battle to tear me away from my books. Thanks for putting up with me and good luck at P-Cola. SLJ

Mark David Ludovico
Saranac Lake, New York
Surface Warfare

Coming from the small town of Saranac Lake, New York, Mark was truly over qualified for this place. No problem said he, as he looked ahead four years, this place just takes a little elbow grease. No sooner did Mark think the idea, that he found his academic ability a little less than his fellow counterparts. After losing many weekends, changing his major three times, and making a debut before an AC Board, ol' LUDES thanked God for allowing him to partake in this most unique experience. Mark's continued realization that God frolics in helping each of us with our short comings was a source of strength and encouragement. Mark learned many things while at Navy, including the idea that hard work, tenacity and responsibility mean nothing if individuals are concerned with who gets the credit. From plebe year to first class year, Mark was afforded many privileges. Mark put many thousands of miles under a keel of a sail boat as well as developing skills needed to play a guitar. Mark's running career continued as well as his love for youth. Mark was afforded the privilege of coaching a battalion cross country team along with working with CHAPEL YOUTH. The youth on the yard seemed to rejuvenate Mark in a way that only those that know Mark would understand. All in all, Mark is very thankful for his "Annapolis experience" as well as for his mom and dad's support. MDL

Alexander Ross Mackenzie
Manakin Sabot, Virginia
Special Warfare

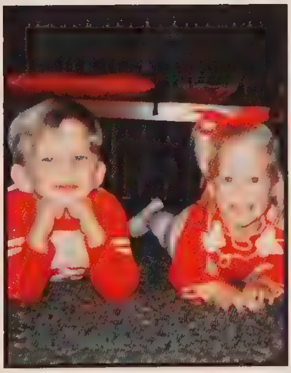
Alex? NO! ALEC w/ a C! HEY AL! Mack, Cobra Lats. No finer friend or genuine person. USNA from Va via 3ys solo @ Phillips Exeter in NH. 28co 6-4 Plebe attit.adj- 4000. 200+ plebesum crew = 3 to go the whole 4ys(We Happy Few). Ltwt CrewCapt. Wkends @ JRQ's. 3/c Sum: SEAL seeds sewn. I want some FIRE Aibone! 3/c 'Kenzie style: lobbysleep @ AU, Blonde Girl @ Co. party? First-date many-miss and if THAT can work... Learning how to love, the 1X12, Guitar/songwriting. Early AM Severn and Halsey. ROW/Erg, baby, "Let's DO this!" Sucking Wt. Bus trips. 2/c sum: Physics Again, no leave, 1 concert too many! 5000. Intl Relns? Aquarium/BG & Sasha, "But, Ma'am, it was worth it." 2/c: EE, Merc 10co guitar/football play, concerts galore, GleeClub vocal honing. Live outa laundrybags, shotgun, Row/coffee constantly. Caffeine, a drug of choice. Family pull-through. Andrea wkends, roadtrips, Ltnt talk/jam/pound sessions & studyfoot. Munchfest Bday choirvatos. Minibuds, Russia (3rd time) XC quest & Saratoga. 1/c: back in English element/JRQ's stars? Russian Research? DC driving. Flat water/Let's make this baby SING! VLWT CrewCapt. Annap music bust-in(Harry B's/ KOF/Midtons). Another 'Kenzie? Oh NO! Hard work paid off - SEAL Billet! Live Large. Hang onto the ROCK! (Kuyp). Love You 'Kenzie JRQ

John Rowland Quinn
Severna Park, Maryland
Nuclear Power-Submarines

The Quinner Severn Stud Mr. All Everything started sweating day one. Plebe year 11co side-shaft. BEAUTY! Unknown sponsor's son met Sunday #1 on Stribling "Hey, you're John Quinn, aren't you?" to a lucky-scramble same-company roomate. Lax Lax Lax "My coach hates me!" From "she's my sister" to Susan blues. Lots of lax and ladies, an upper lip of justice, dimples, retro marching, an immaculate his-half of the room, and a ready laugh and smile. Size 14 feet? Man, those are boats! " "Can't, Man, gotta study." Sure. Teaching John to deer hunt and how to squat in the woods. Striper goals and tracking in Mech E with minor in Greek: Pi Tau Sigma and Tau Beta Pi. What? I'm gonna go subs, no, nucswo, no subs, no, oh, I dunno. Plebe Detail X 2. Grass stain? "I think she likes me, what should I do?" Hey, is that my pencil?" Phonemsgs. AU, U of D, Balt, DC, Annap, green volvo = 300ZX TWINTURBO. "This car's sick man, lemme tell ya bout it." Lee-rebound older-wimmin seldom-scene. Shortstick 5 striper stay, and then a return home. Always welcome. Indigo evenings and huge bartabs. Roadtrips and a revamped attitude, priorities, goals, lessons, and life. For the better, baby, and always a beautiful person and friend. Lots learned, life lived large, and a love that comes from side by side through the ups and downs of a shared 4-years trial by fire. Love you Johnboy. ARM

Raymond Henry Rabidoux Jr.
Cumberland, Rhode Island
Surface Warfare

It's Over...Never Look Back! RHR



Cesar Martin Rojas
Lima, Peru
Foreign National

This is the man that never met a woman he couldn't swoon or a beverage that he couldn't consume. Rojablo's path to USNA started at the Escuela Naval del Peru. He spent his 2nd plebe year in 27. Youngster cruise brought a joyride on the Yorktown, and eight weeks with the Peruvian Navy. Youngster year dropped him in 15 and we have roomed together since. The Jetsetter drove us a little crazy youngster year, but we survived to live in The Oven with the Scooter. Daniel introduced us to a new english dialect. Trips to DC brought us intellectual brunches. A/N in NYC gave us a trip to Japan for pilot and sleeping lessons. You, Sean and Marty joined the Diplomatic Corps and continued your policy of no studying on the weekends even though Thermo was breathing down your your neck. You decided that a Citation would be adequate substitute for the 5.0 you drove down M St at 85mph. Do you remember the IROC Z taxicab? Trips home brought a canceled engagement, car wrecks, a girl worthy of original songs, with my help,and finally, Dec 1/C yr, the status, and pay of an O-1, a pick of subs back home, and a third possible engagement. We'll expect invitations for your sucession to Commandante General. Buenas suerte en Peru, tus companeros y hermanos por todo tiempo. SRL ITH

David Stohs
Seward, Nebraska
Marine Corps Naval Flight Officer

After an unfulfilling ROTC tour at Purdue, Dave dropped anchor at the Boat School. Despite lacking a middle name, Dave distinguished himself academically and professionally in 23rd as a plebe. After serving as an HT on Youngster Cruise, Dave passed his mooring line over to 15. First semester was a cultural and vocabulary broadening experience living with the Zooter. During second semester, he was designated an All-American in Pistol and Pariah of Room 7119, all at the same time. He returned from Airborne School to face Wild Bill and the Rocket, back to back. A correspondence with a Nebraska track queen culminated in a Ring Dance date. Bulldog shaved Dave's head, warped his mind, and wrote the final chapter in his Service Selection. Dave persevered and was named Captain of the Pistol Team and landed a Rhodes Scholarship interview. Dave's resident intelligence nearly disqualified him for service in the Marine Corps, but we are confident he will go on to become the Chesty Puller of USMC NFOs. A dedicated guy who works harder than anyone we've known, Dave is guaranteed to excel in whatever he does. Don't straddle the anchor chain. AAARGH!! SRL SLJ

Pine Grove 8
Silver Lake 52
Lake Tahoe 91

Thomas Walter Trelenberg
Minden, Nevada
Navy Pilot

(The following character is purely fictitious. Any resemblance to any person, living or dead, is purely coincidental.)The Trolls came to us from Minden, Nevada, located just over the mountains from Lake Tahoe. His experiences prior to and during his incarceration at USNA have led to an undying hatred of Texas (MMA), fond memories of Georgia (Airborne Hell), and a general contempt for the entire east coast. Whether its grades, the company, or life at USNA, his unredeemable pessimism is one of his most endearing traits. Although constantly claiming to have trouble with academics, he's maintained a 3.4 CQPR in physics. He lived for the weekends, when he could drive his Blue Baby ($1700 '81 Honda Accord Hatchback) and entertain himself with late night binges of Subways, Dr. Who, and Gamma World. Tom (or Kes as many called him-confusing him with his 4th Co. brother) will most likely find himself going career Navy, given the recent developments in the Naval Aviation service obligation. Maybe by the time he retires he will have recovered from the damage done to him by Bancroft Dental in removing his wisdom teeth. Tom has done well here at USNA (yeah, right) and his continued success will be evident in the fleet and in the scientific community. LKT & RFL. P.S. Integrals are exact! P.S.S. (to the writers) No they're not!! Ed. note : Yes, they are. ECL

Ross Craig Troike
Sandusky, Ohio
Navy Pilot

Ross came to the Academy from Sandusky, Ohio and began life as a plebe. He (and we) quickly noticed that a high & tight would be innapropriate since it would resemble a mohawk. Ross finished up 11th Co. and began making his mark in 15th youngster year. As a math major, Ross definitely believed in the motto "minimum work, maximum enjoyment". With some truly interesting roommates, the LONE WOLF managed to finish up the year. Ross finally found his calling when the Four Amigos roomed together. 15th would never be the same. The SWAMP became infamous. Ross was always known for his sympathy. NOT! I guess that's why he and Mark got along so well. 2/c and 1/c years were spent on the golf course. Why did we bother buying books anyway? The black Talon was a must. The iron works-those 'quiet' Sat. mornings Youngster year-swamp member-Easter in Ohio-ring dance (yeah, right)-killer ski lift-strummin' tunes-almost a moose-civies of course-hammer-throw-stonehenge(Don't let the dwarves trod upon it)-Big Daddy-bowler's crack-keep eating that ice cream-dining in--Go Pats; antiSanta; definitely smoked; golf-pro; skybox member; hacky-wacky-clock killer; keep it down! Ross had to put up with a bunch of Lou's while he was here, but it didn't matter in the long run. NAVY AIR...LIFER!!! Where did all the time go? AJG, MAD, HRB.

Donald Allan Turner
Rochester, New Hampshire
Navy Pilot

BEAUTY-GOLD Dude listen, I've got the best story...YEEEEE-AAAAH!!...HUH?... What do you mean Dontime?...See ya Dugtime-See ya plebe year-See ya attitude-and welcome to youngster year! Hoo ya seal team!...Seal team Don, Seal team; you 'n' me man, seal team!...PSYCHE! HOO YAH NAVY AIR..TAD— Brunswick, MN! Yeah Carey-Yeah Julie-Yeah TAMMY-Yeah Amy-Yeah Michelle O.-Yeah M&M-Yeah Eileen-Yeah Tracy (THANX ALOT, bye the way) Yeah Christine (NOT!) Yeah sin sisters who lived with Carey-YEAH YEAH! Don man, You 'n' me and a 5TH of everclear! BEAUTY-GOLDEN-QUESTIONS-FACE-WRECKED-BAHHHH! Ski to die man...Don, I promise, I'm comin' up this weekend...PSYCHE!!...Jungle gym...Cuts are fer kids...Let's see, have we broken every reg yet? Nope, yeah bikes on 8-4! Well, man it's not really over, it's just starting over! (7 more years for some of us!!) To answer our favorite question (Are we gone yet?)...YES BABY, WE'RE OUTTA HERE!!!!!!TRJ

William Leon Wilson Jr.
Columbia, Maryland
Supply Corps

Peanut, COOL LEE, thought it was me (him), one third of the Baltimore brothers, Fresh Prinz of Darkness, Gear Infiltrator - The man with antics (the ones you cram), always seeking to bust a dope dukky step with pockets full of lint but dressed to impress, BU YA, BAM! POW! and a shout out to all the members and especially those that were pushed by the wayside, PEACE, OUT!

Daniel Jay Zoot
Skokie, Illinois
Nuclear Power-Surface

Daniel arrived on the door step of 15 a hard chargin' 3/C intent on getting a degree in Nav Arch and being a Marine officer. this sad turn of events had begun in Skokie, Il, taken him to Colombia and PLC and then to 26, where he finally learned how to properly brace. Here you started down the rode to sucess that started with plebe Co Cdr. Your incessant attention to tucks was imparted to Ms Mateeve one morning quarters. And some weeks you just seemed to shrink compared to your uniform hanger. Your bed has always been untouchable (in tightness and through lack of sleep). Since comming to 15 he has graced several roomates with his special brand of humor, english dialect and a love for cherry poptarts. You found a new friend and gave him a name, Jacablo. 2/C year dropped you into The Oven and 1/C wknds from Sup's list. You mastered EE and showed a love for making up nursery rhymes. We drug each other through Pre-Scuba but you earned a all expense paid trip to Japan for 8 wks. You finally got your ring (had to buy a few sodas) and a fitting car. 1/C year gave you a company to run, a 2nd mom and long hair first semester. The plebe year desires of USMC were overtaken for service in the Nuc Pwr SWO community. You are a true but different friend always. ITH CB

Sweet
Sixteen

Wayne Anthony Acoba
Elmherst, Illinois
Surface Warfare

NAPS was where I first started teaching Wayne the lessons he would need to survive. Now, as a mere handful of 1-1 is commissioned, he embarks on his quest to become a surface warrior. From Chicago to Newport to Annapolis, it's accurate to say he has his former NAPS roommate (you may have been ICOR but I was "in charge!") to thank. I trust he will always remember the night before I-Day minus 1 when, at an ungoodly hour, I picked him up at BWI, whose coraframs and dixie cup he wore the next day, and my dad's office with A/C a few weeks later. Not to mention the rides to the airport and all the good times at my (yes, my) sponsor's house (including the really cold beer). Don't forget B^2, shooters, the Alpha-Bravo show, Radford Terrace, your weak major, getting embarrassed on the dance floor in G-town (w/ Beav), and dissin' me for Deb. I'm here if you ever want to drag (and lose) again. Remember: the Cubs can't hang with the Mets and the Cowboys will be back. Maybe DePaul will be decent again someday, but don't hold your breath. Anytime you want to head back down to Texas, we'll kick it up (Dave and I will try to be a little more subdued). Thanks for being my best friend over the past 5 years and helping me remain sane, I'd probably be at UT w/o you. I wish you luck as a SWO Daddy out on the "other" coast. YO YO CUZ! Cheers, -E

Katherine Lynn Banta
Towson, Maryland
Naval Flight Officer

"Hey Hon, lets clip our coupons and go to the grocery store!!" That Baltimore accent followed you to Delta company and then to 16. You took the long way home plebe year on that YP cruise, good thing you dragged your future roommate along!! Speaking of roommates, Jewels wasn't around too much youngster year but she still had plenty of company. Speaking of company, never let a man change your life. Does that sound familiar? That's probably the best advice you've received from your present roommate who verbally abuses you in her sleep! Physics and crew did not mix. Actually, Physics and anything did not mix!! Thank goodness for those afternoon naps!! Second Class year brought the sleeping bag, but First Class year brought flannel pillow cases!! Nothing like a good game of racquetball to hammer out those frustrations on your roommate!!(at least the tic tack toe marks faded eventually!) And don't forget the "pure science" room! Or the "ideal gas" room- maybe not so ideal but at least your roommate gave you fair warning! You are a great roommate, a great friend. The kind of person who would do anything for anyone. For that we all greatly admire you. Thanks for everything! JAH,JLS,CLCL

Daniel James Barchi
Hockessin, Delaware
Surface Warfare

Unlike most of us, Barch drove himself to Annapolis on I-Day. Plebe year, he sat around 22nd company drinking coffee and smoking cigars while he wore his Spruance ballcap. Losing weight for crew took priority over developing a SWO gut, though, and his Marine Corps haircut raised some doubts, but Dan was Surface Line through and through. 3/C year, Barch came to 16 with a star on his chest and a halo over his head. He never lost the halo, even though the year involved a potential fry, an insult to the first class, and an entry in LT Croce's black book. Dan spent a month listening to "10,000 Maniacs" and discovered that he could be taller by wearing three pairs of socks. 2/C year, Dan found himself making numerous trips to William and Mary. He spent his days watching the Harbor Queen and his nights defending James Webb and the Washington Post. EE kept Dan in the Hall more than he wanted, so he turned to training plebes to pass the time. Dan survived, and was later heard proclaiming "Liberte, egalite, the easy A." First Class year, Dan gave in and took a room without a view. He got his best grades ever, but he still slept in class. Barch left 16 for some Brigade job (not bad for a former floppy-socker) and showed us all what he can do. Dan, you've been a terrific friend. See you in the Fleet. AAC

Eric Robert Berntson
West Bend, Wisconsin
Navy Pilot

"Can I say... May I please tell you something?" Eric Bernston, Bernstein, Berenstein was our little boy who never grew up. He never outgrew his WiscAAHnsin ("I don't have an accent") boyishness, complete with cowlick and baby blue eyes. He was famous for his remarkable toy collection, and his name was synonymous with stereo equipment, for he easily boasted the largest system in the school and an entire CD library. When Eric wasn't in the rack ("I never sleep"), he could be found freelancing in the Mid Stereo store. Through 4 years, Eric made the transition from a Corps blower to iron-fisted XO, and he entertained a whole string of girls inbetween, ranging from Hawaii to Spain to America's Dairyland. He managed to gather incriminating statements from half the company ("My petals reach from sky to sky") using a variety of methods ("I crasha you cah.") He made "cheezing" an institution, and he was well-known for his various Ericisms: "What do you get when..." "If I saw him drowning..." "...Now listen - Hear the difference?" "I'm not sweeping" "I'm really upset..." and his hilarious songs, anecdotes and observations. And there was "The Look." For a guy who "failed" as many tests as he did, he sure made it far. Thanks for the memories and the Physics gouge. You were always there, and I'll never forget you. Oh yeah, I'll take my 50 bucks now! Roomies - PSE

Christopher David Bownds
Lancaster, Texas
Naval Fight Officer

Women, women, women...The old saying goes, "A girl in every port." Rusty believes this and includes most inland cities, too. By the way, Rusty, which sister did you decide on that night at ND? The Southern drawl wooed them all. When Rusty wasn't chasing women he was usually goofing off and blowing off his homework. Rusty could possibly be the only person ever to have done more work in high school than at the academy. There is a sign over his permanent seat in the wardroom. The boy from Lancaster, Texas also tends to be very laid back and sedate except for sporting events or those late night weekend escapades. Rusty was probably one of the loudest Navy fans while he was here, losing his temper during most football games when things went badly. He carried this temper over to his own participation in intramurals. You knew to start looking out when the ears got red. His late night escapades tended to get a bit rowdy, also. He dedicated his 1/C year to 1/C Homeslice and 1/C Homeslice, for without them he wouldn't have had a 1/C year. He is laid back enough that people respect him, and it takes a lot to upset him. It's been a great three years rooming with him, though. The late night talks, hearing all his stories, telling each other jokes, and even our abortive attempt to take a 3rd roommate in kept life interesting. Lookout world, because here he comes. MHC

Stephen Frederick Boyd
North Greenberg, New York
Surface Warfare

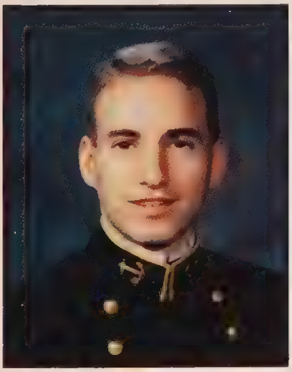
The "Little Gipper" came to the Academy from a small town named North Greenbush outside Albany, New York. His staunch conservatism was further developed by his involvement with the Hitler Youth (Sea Cadets). "The Boydster" arrived on "I" day with a tremendous knowledge of pro material which he felt would dazzle his flamers. However, "The Boyd" was inconvenienced by this new busy schedule which cut into his time for playing computer games. This affection for the games also put "The Gip" behind the power curve in his studies. Steve also received some additional attention after frocking himself a "youngster j.g." during his plebe year. Steve's military genius was displayed in his natural ability for Navtag. If Steve wasn't playing computer games or Navtag, you could find him spending long days navigating his beloved sailboats to victory on the bay. Steve squandered many a study hour arguing the legitimacy of his "sport." Steve's social growth was elevated as the Gipcon scale rose during his latter years at Canoe U. One could find Steve swooning women in New York with his favorite pickup line "Just call me Dude." I wish my SWO buddy the best of luck in his promising future.—JMR

Maurice Howard Carr
Bunkie, Louisana
Navy Pilot

Maurie came to us from Bunkie, Louisiana, and quickly earned the name "Mouth of the South" for obvious reasons. He was never one to shy away from voicing his opinion or adding his two cents worth. His infamous "attitude checks" during final exams youngster year were so popular that his classmates tied him to a chair to show their appreciation. And no one could dance on a desk to get ready for an exam like Maurie. He eventually tamed himself, though, with helpful reminders such as the "Keep Mouth Shut" sign which hung on his locker door. He tried intra-academy dating once but quickly found out the shoe didn't fit. He then "settled down" for a while until he decided he needed his freedom. After that, he was unstoppable with the ladies. He also shared the wealth whenever possible, setting up company mates frequently. The most die hard Navy football fan around, Maurie made it to all the football games in '90, home and away, except for the Toledo game, when he temporarily forgot our table of priorities and stopped thinking with his football head. He got the Bulldog tendencies out of his system first-class summer and switched over to the glamorous, exciting world of Naval aviation. He's been a great friend (even though he should have chosen a REAL major), and I'm sure he'll make a fantastic pilot. Good luck, Mo. CDB

Anthony Arthur Case
Rockville, Maryland
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Tony is "conduct" to some, NARC to many, and The Yom Kippur Gipper to all. He came to Sweet 16 after an easy plebe year in 21. Youngster year he didn't enjoy "surround sound" so he found a new roommate and spent late nights eating double stuffed oreos, arguing the merits of Switzerland and the Washington Post, and hazing plebes, when he should have been studying EE. 2/C year Tony appointed himself 16th Company CDO liason and sweated academics in hopes of a future submarine billet. He also demonstrated his undying professionalism by creating his own conduct system and floppy-socking it all the way to 15th company. First class summer Tony demonstrated his prowess under the sea, in the office, and in the hearts of married women. During the academic year, however, Tony met with the Registrar daily to rearrange his schedule, yet he still had plenty of time to establish himself as the only company staffer who could claim "over 5000 served." Tony knew he would never be company commander from the first time LT Croce called him by his first name, but he never sacrificed his high moral standards and strong convictions that made him a good midshipman and a great friend. DJB



Patrick Scott Edmonds
Kirkland, Washington
Navy Pilot

What can I say? It's been three great years, and I have so many things to tell. Pat "God's Country" Edmonds came to USNA from his beloved Seattle, Wa. (I don't think he's ever been able to accept that the rest of the world really exists). Pat's illustrious career began in "Skate" Eight, where he held the 14 second chow call record (that was the hardest thing he ever did). After Mr. GQ returned from his Love Boat cruise in Hawaii, he landed in "Sweet" 16. The famed "Iceman," with his Hollywood smile and F-14 aspirations quickly soared to the top of "Sweat" 16 (and finally became the CO with stars - it's ok, wipe down). His amazing literary skills allowed him to Ace not only EE (the source of habitual nightly whining and moaning - and endless pencil twirling), but graduate with honors. In the social arena, Pat has always been a ladies' man and a gentleman. He simply would win the heart of every girl he ever talked to (these skills enabled him to enjoy some beverages from his birthplace - although not a case). The weekends in G-town with T, the road-trips to Philly to see M, the summer birthday bash with me, as well as the roomate talks bring back the best of memories. And finally to the 35 poor plebes that met Pat in the "cooler," he only has one thing to say, "Boy's Don't Cry." Pat you've managed to get all that you wanted and deserve. I wish you the best! ERB

Michael David Fisher
St. Petersburg, Florida
Navy Pilot

Fisher, went from St. Petersburg to Great Lakes to Orlando to New York to Newport to USNA and now to the ALTAR and Pensacola. It has been a long 7 years earning a four year degree, but along the way you've managed to lead First Company to color company...you couldn't have done it without the co. sub's help. While at the Academy the force overcame you, and, in addition, you couldn't escape chronic fatigue syndrome. Then youngster year came along, and you were not only blessed with "carry on", but you were lucky enough to meet your future wife, KIM. While the rest of the 2/c were studying for EE, you were either ITR or transforming WRNV into a popular ECA. First class year brought along a white RX7, and a much needed phone in Wayne and Dave's room. It will be hard to forget your numerous attempts to quit smoking, trying to install Croces's phone in our room, contributing to the fountain on Radford Terrace, Genesee under the FROZEN platform, and the spring break BURN. Finally, even though you are OLD enough to be a JG, you are going to get your gold bar. Hope Navy Air and married life treat you well, we know you'll succeed in both. WAA and DAS.

James Timothy Gancayco
Potomac, Maryland
Navy Pilot

Where do we begin? A college senior that some say looks like a high school senior, that everyone calls Gecko, and is like a little brother to us. You comically endured all the fun your 'older brothers' poked at you. We want to tell you now that we are truly sorry for destroying your schoolbus. Your numerous shows on stage provided years of entertainment that made this place a little more enjoyable (especially the dance moves and the pie trick). How many times did your leaf turn, or was it your roommate that turned your leaf for you? Watching our little buddy was a source of endless entertainment. Geraldine certainly changed your life ... and ours. Birthday parties wouldn't be the same without her. When everyone was down and out you rallied us by strumming a few tunes on your guitar, but please don't sing (or make singing faces). On your birthdays in the future load up your helmet and have a couple of beers for the club. We will miss your underwear, Bert, and baboon nuts to add a few more memories to the list. Being your friend has been ENTERTAINMENT at its best. You always manage to get our attention no matter how little you try. Good luck in the "real Navy" and with Geraldine. The club will never be the same without you. Curtain closes. SDJ

Julie Ann Hansen
Edgewater, Maryland
Navy Pilot

Coming from Edgewater and her own room to Delta Company with four other roommates, there were some adjustments to be made!! This continued to 16 where she underwent a massive room upheaval with PE and EB. Who would have guessed that it would have started then? Who is going to win that scotch? Actually she always was the last to know. The list is long and distinguished. Fencing could have launched the endeavor. The lights are out but where's Jewels? We've never met someone who studies so little for a hard major and gets such good grades! And heaven forbid that she would be up past Midnight except on those long weekend nights when she would crawl in at 3! The phone, its for you (what's new)! As Lucky Bag editor, the in box was always full and you never had to worry about what to do on a Friday night. You also never had to worry about Christmas vacation or Spring Break. The Glee Club filled that void in your life. You sure made a fine Hot Box girl! Another care package!! Thanks for those homecooked birthday dinners!! What would she do if Dr. Pepper went out of business? At least someone still has their issued computer!! Its been a great four years, thanks to you. FLY NAVY, BABY!! KLB,CLCL,JLS

Donald Alan Jack
Hamilton, Ohio
Surface Warfare

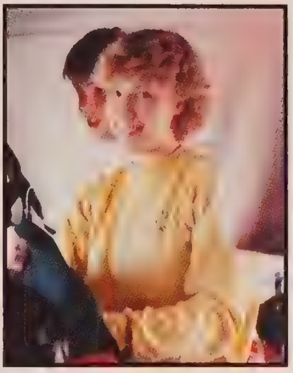
Don Jack, more affectionately known as the third wheel, came to us from Steubanville, Ohio. From the stories we hear Don was destined to be mayor of his podunk or at least coaching the warriors to a Super Bowl championship. Unfortunately coach Uzelac couldn't harness Donny's QB abilities like the cavemen did, and he led sixteenth company intramural football to a Batt championship. I don't think anyone has quite figured you out. First you want a Jeep, then a Duster, but you drive a civic. You wanted to be a pilot, then marine, and now your going to drive ships. Do you still want a Basset hound or that skinny racing dog with no hair? You are looking for a companion, but refuse to date anyone that does not get a three on the Donny Scale of Impossibility. Someday you will find that someone special that meets your demanding criteria, but those type of women are becoming rare. We'll always miss Nana's maple twist and chocolate goodies, and we can't forget Bob. The club expects only the best from Capt. (USN) Jack and we wish you the best. Just remember that when you think of us in the future never say to yourself :"If I drink enough maybe they'll disappear." JSJ

Sungkyun Jeong
Sujang, South Korea
Foreign National

S.K. "Butch" Jeong came to us from the great vacationland, South Korea. Battling against language difficulties and plebe year all at once would be a lot for anyone, but S.K. thrived with the challenge. He is the only person in the history of the Academy to change to a harder major because it was...(get this)..."not nearly hard enough". S.K.'s driving abilities have improved greatly since he discovered that Iroc Z's are, in fact, very powerful cars and do not make very good bumpercars. Although his "silver bullet" American-made car didn't always start, it luckily did last long enough to see graduation. Thrilled with sports, he was master of the tennis court, although it took nearly three years for him to perfect his topspin serve. For someone who had previously never seen American football, S.K. was Navy's most loyal fan. He took a special interest in learning the art of golf... so much that he posed a continuous threat to everybody on the deck when he hauled out his one-and-only club: the dreaded 3-iron. Still not completely satisfied, he discovered ice skating (and hockey) and is determined to, some day, make it South Korea's national sport. A fantastic guy with a fabulous sense of humor, a strong faith in God, and the ability to brighten everybody's day, S.K. will surely be missed by all of those who know him. South Korea is lucky to have him serve in its Navy. AJO and WEP

Caroline Louise Lothner
Duluth, Minnesota
Civil Engineer Corps

It all started during Rudolph youngster year as A. O. and Vern played stealth coordinators. They must have done a good job, because Jewels didn't even find out until after the summer. Even after Cari was sending signals on Pensacola Beach with Bill's fluorescent bikini, Jewels still didn't know. So, anyway now everybody knows. And life goes on. From very interesting wrestling matches and Friday night pizza parties to "Cari, do you want some icecream? Bill probably would." Holy Buckets! William...Sounds good... William. Where is Cari anyway? In her other room. Her last semester she finally got enough sleep. How's Major and his family? From Duluth to USNA and back again. Uff da! She came here alone but the last time she went back she sure wasn't. What's Bill's favorite uniform? Cari raingear. Who's bought out the midstore's "I love my mid" stickers? But of course, Cari and Bill. First semester we had a six striper room with three people. Of course, Cari had half of them. But I'm sure that nothing compares to the Congratulations Party that Kim and Vern gave you when you were CC 3/C year. Lax animal from day one. Have you hugged your Finn today? William. Oh good, another care package-she won't mind if we have just one more! It was tough, but CEC it is. To a good friend-thanks for the good times and the best of luck in the future!! JLS, JAH, KLB



David O'Brien Mann
Jeffersonville, Indiana
Supply Corps

When Dave arrived at the Academy with a pigskin tucked under his arm, he was rudely awakened to the harsh realities of plebe year. This high school All-American's desire to play football for Navy was crushed as he was plagued by injuries during his early years. Dave was so involved with practices and staying on top of his academic load that it took me until October to realize he was even in my new company. This busy schedule earned him the title "The Invisible Mann." Because Dave was not your average rocket scientist at Canoe U., he spent many weekends and summers improving his engineering skills. Dave excelled militarily and led his class during his junior year. Dave's aptitude for drinking two gallons of milk and ten sustacals a day "disturbed" his kidney and sent him to Bethesda in order to relieve the pain from those stones. This affliction helped earn him a quick route to the supply community. When Dave was on weekend and not on duty, he spent his time in Bethesda with a real cutie. I've truly enjoyed spending one of my four years by the bay living with Dave. I wish my buddy success in the Corps and big bucks in the world.—JMR

Christopher Scott McLellan
Livonia, Michigan
Navy Pilot

One of the many things we've learned here at the Naval Academy is that Darth Vadar is really from Livonia, Michigan. After retiring from Crew and becoming a true dude, Moose attained instant stardom battling it out in the trenches of the gridiron with the cavemen and putting more balls into the Severn than even the infamous "Timmie." This artist extraordinaire was by far the most creative member of the club although he aquired most of his ideas while he was in deep slumber. He's the only guy who could beat the plebes to bed and still ace the Aero Engineering curriculum. We knew Scott was destined to be a Jet Jock because he always seemed to have his afterburners on when going to class. Constantly wanting to try everything, we don't know which will run out first, things Scooter hasn't done or his vast funds from home that pay for them. Through his inside connection with Chrysler, Scott was able to obtain just about any type of sportscar except for the diagonal kinds. At the rate your going Mr. Non-procrastinater, we know you'll find certain success at whatever you do (or at least a Type-A heart attack). Best of luck from all your buds, keep cranking out those lunar monkeys and purple bananas, and have a ball at your next ring dance. J.J.D.

Andrew Joseph McMarlin
Santa Monica, California
Surface Warfare

Andy has the honor of logging more months rowing on the Severn than hours at sea on a ship. In fact, he can't fathom why crew isn't the most exciting spectator sport in America. It might have something to do with the fact that they race at ungodly hours in the morning. Anyone who doubts Andy's modesty towards crew need only look at his bulletin board. Although everyone teases him about it, that board represents uncounted victories, 2 national championships, and a shot at the Olympics. He won't get to the Olympics, though, if he keeps playing his bagpipes tape while I'm trying to sleep. It's a little-known fact that Andy is also a member of the 16th Co driving club (even if it wasn't his fault). When not in class or rowing, Andy can be found at the G-Man trying to pick up waitresses (with limited success). Romance was not lost on Andy, though. He's a big baseball fan and loves to play the field. How many were there? It must be tough having to decide which girl to visit on a given weekend. Good luck driving ships and maybe someday flying airplanes, and remember that athletes row, all others go on leave. MDR

Kyle Yutaka Mitsumori
Hilo, Hawaii
Navy Pilot

Kyle came to USNA from the land of the big surf, and showed up on I-Day with a smile on his face and a paintbrush in his hand. He never lost his smile and he put his artistic skills to good use creating plebe bulletin boards that were minor works of art . Youngster year Mits arrived in Sweet Sixteen with a rice-cooker under his arm and some Pacific seaweed I still regret eating. You could always count on seeing Kyle around on weekends forcing the Electrical Engineering gods to pay homage to him. When Second-Class year hit, however, he turned his attentions to the class of '93. The upstairs chowcall was feared by the plebers who never knew if they'd be facing the flaming Hawaiian or Big Chief Sh_tting Bull. Even then he was always there to help out anyone in the company with EE and other non-Bull classses. He took on the quest of gods in THE ROCKET's last thermo course, and won the chalice of gold along with an "A" for the semester. When First-Class year rolled around, Kyle moved to 3-1 and distinguished himself as First Regimental Adjutant and took his first weekend away from Bancroft. Future mids will march in the footsteps of great naval officers like Mits who could be heard barking "Fix Bay-O-NETS!" across Worden Field. The fleet had better be ready for Mits when he graduates and tears through Pensacola. DJB

Adam John O'Neill
Red Hook, New York
Surface Warfare

Adam came to USNA from that academically esteemed place called BOOST. This enabled him to not only remain unscathed through multiple axe boards, but to also have four different majors throughout it all. The only systems engineering project that he completed was sending a mouse halfway to the moon and back, (successfully of course). Plebe year found Adam in sixth company with one clear cut goal in mind: get those carry-on stripes, (like you needed them in sixth company anyway!). Youngster year gave rise to new freedoms, which made procrastination much simpler. It was during this year that Adam perfected sleeping until the last possible second before formation; and sometimes later than that for class, while still managing to not get into trouble. That smile has carried you a long way! Youngster year also brought Adam to sixteenth company, and to a great roommate. Second class year introduced the "Club" to help with sanity survival. Your guitar saved you from many grueling nights of study, while your swimming ability saved you from, well... not much actually. First class year found Adam as Captain of the hockey team, with all the frills of firsty year. Thanks for four great years roomie!! WEP

William Edward Pedersen
Ekalaka, Montana
Nuclear Power-Surface

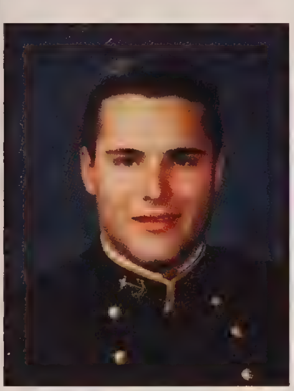
Bill came to us from the booming metropolis of Ekalaka, MT (pop. 499) where the Steers roam wildly. Once he overcame the culture shock, he fit quite well into the everyday hastles of plebe life. Although slack six wasn't all that slack, as Bill discovered, the dining-out's sure were (Ralph). Youngster year, by default, he found himself rooming with perhaps the most potentially incompatable person in the brigade...see, Bill constantly studies, and his roommate, not. But despite the conflicting academic approaches toward life, the two grew to be like brothers. Then came Rudolph...and Cari...and Ohhh Boy! did life change. (refer to Cari's bio). Bill found satisfaction in punching and kicking other mids so he joined the karate team, where he picked up a good case of foot rot (Phew!). Despite a few insignificant little illness spells, he remained perfectly healthy, but was quick to criticize his ailing (and balding) roommate's frequent injuries. "It is not me who is puny, Bill, it is you." Like Sonny+Cher, Romeo+Juliett, and peanut butter+jelly, Bill+Cari fit together like two peas in a pod, or like two squids in a red 4X4. The "Club" expects front row seats at the wedding. It's been great, homey. You've made the four years an awful lot of fun. AJO

Jeffrey Matthew Quinton
Annapolis, Maryland
Special Operations

Jeff came to sixteenth company via NAPS aspiring to be a physicist, and to dominate the game of waterpolo. In the next three years he managed to avoid the draft (for general science), and he donned the intramural battledress. Although he continued to max out on all of the Academy's physical requirements, he still thought he was withering away by atrophy. Yes, he has put up a good fight, but we all dragged Jeff into the ranks of dudedom. We aren't sure whether the tough academics were harder on Jeff mentally, or whether intramurals were more strenuous physically. Jeff was able to teach us a little about everything from the Narwhal's big left tooth to the antics of "Led Zepplin's red snapper", but the profs could not teach him enough about physics to give him weekends. As we all go our separate ways not one of us will forget all those wonderful phrases Jeff coined behind the doors of Bancroft. We'll always remember the cameltoe. Being in love can push one to his emotional limits as we have seen Mr. Macho's iron insides melt into mush. Thank you Staci. The members of the club wish you the best with Staci, your career, and in basic motorcyle riding school. S.J.D.

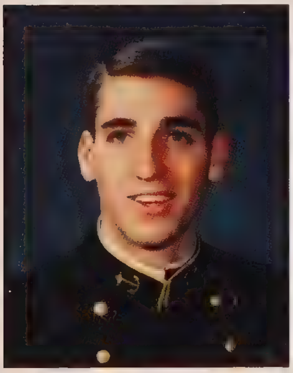
Michael David Rapp
St. Louis, Missouri
Navy Pilot

Mike Rapp, otherwise known as the "Voice of Naval Academy Hockey," has extensive knowledge of EE when in WRNV, but he proved incapable of applying such knowledge on his exams. His greatest claim to fame during youngster and second class year was blasting hippie 60's music from our room and wearing a tie-dye Jimi Hendrix T-shirt. Mike is another Sweet 16 aviator wanna-be (Navy or USMC having successfully played jarhead for a summer). Although whether either service will trust him with an FA-18 after what he did to that poor 'Vette remains to be seen. Let me quote, "My 'Vette, it melted, it just melted." Perhaps a better understanding of physics would have prevented the results of a high-speed hairpin turn. Don't worry, it's history now—more within his area of knowledge. Anybody desiring to hear about his 21st birthday (including Mike) can ask the staff at Buddy's, the hopwatch, or wait for the book by John Z. However, this incident gave him the endurance (tolerance?) to join the Gipper in being the two left standing after the ringdance booze cruise. I had the pleasure to teach Mike how to juggle, use a computer, and other ways to waste study hour. Good luck with Pensacola in '93, may God watch over the Camaro, thanks for the "good music," and remember no saying "Oh %&*#" on the radio. BS



James Michael Russo
Wayne, New Jersey
Marine Corps Pilot

Jim Russo is originally from Wayne, New Jersey, but managed to rise above it . It was either that or the priesthood, and he occasionally questions his decision. Plebe year he regretted being here fifty years too late, as he preferred a tougher, "hazy" plebe indoc system. His upperclass were surprised and somewhat unnerved by his gung-ho attitude. Youngster year he showed up in Sweet (Sweat?) 16 and immediately set about becoming #1 at whatever he did, particularly boxing. 2/C year was more memorable for dropping weight, correcting plebe attitude problems, nightly plebe lectures (although Tony did it better), getting cheesed by certain classmates, and beating the SWO in nav. On the rare weekends when he was not studying, he was going out with his latest girlfriend, each of whom was Miss Right. "I think this is it!" Tragically, he never did break out of his one-month-and-dump routine, as every girl turned out to be imperfect. The weekends he did spend studying, he buried himself in economics, which according to him is actually a cleverly disguised Group I major. He proved this by getting more sleep in classroom seats than in his own rack. He finally picked Marine Air despite being the only marine in the company and surviving three semesters with a terminally SWO roomate. Good luck in the Corps, Jim, and wherever else you end up. -SFB



David Alvin Schalm
Anaheim, California
Naval Flight Officer

Why anyone would go from Southern California to Annapolis, Maryland is beyond us. But the man with the biggest nose and shortest temper in 16 did. He was just too good for West Coast "Polo", so he blocked shots for Navy and earned three N stars, All East Honors, and a spot in the Lejune Hall of Fame. Dave's late nights ended in the wee hours, only to sleep for a few, then heading over to McD' for an early morning swim. Coming from BSTS, Dave fit right in. A yellow Ford Fiesta, a girl in South Bend, constant C's in performance, and high scores in Digger, Tetris, and ARKANOID were just some of his eventful memories. His progressive music, geekers, zit laiden back (we still want to pop one of them), Roman sandals, Wayne's fan, and coffee, gave our room many laughs. Ring Dance came and went along with his ring and wallet. Hope you'll get over the numerous times we schooled you in raquetball and basketball, not to mention the few times you got kicked off of the polo team. The next step is P-3 NFO (and maybe marriage?). It's been a blast - "two thumbs up!"
Fish & Wayne.

Brian Stuart Scott
Lynchburg, Virginia
Nuclear Power-Submarines

No, I'm Brian. Keith is my brother." Most people still can't tell the two of them apart. Youngster year an EXTREMELY popular 2/c greeted Brian at the mate's desk, went straight to our room to give me a message, and freaked out when he found Keith there. We survived youngster year playing spades, chess, and listening to Maurie scream at Moutina across the hall. To Brian, life as we know it would end without computers. However, he's a great teacher and often gave up his own study time to help people out with computer problems. In fact, Brian always came to the rescue when a printer went kaput moments before a paper was due. When we first became roommates, Brian forced me to listen to top 40 music while I tried to get him interested in real music. He finally saw the light after accidentally leaving "The Wall" on autoreverse while sleeping all afternoon. He hasn't been the same since. 2/c year we blew off EE during study hour and practiced juggling. Most of our free time during the day was spent trying to keep one step ahead of the plebes on the weekly pro topic. Over 1/c cruise Brian discovered his favorite drink, Hawaiian Bacardi, and his service selection, subs. Although his summertime drinking habits didn't carry over into AC year, his service selection did. Good luck, Brian, and please try not to glow in the dark. MDR

Jeri Lea Smalley
Palestine, Texas
General Unrestricted Line

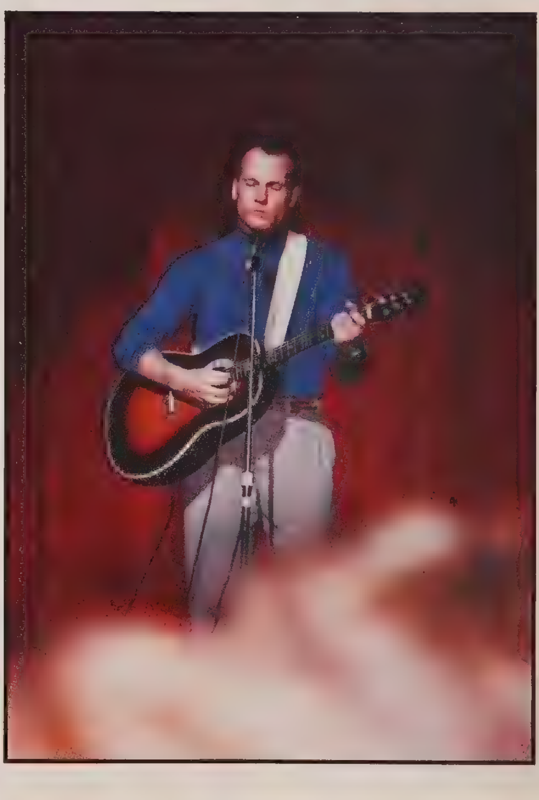
Whoever thought that a little Texan would start with P-3's and end up graduating from Annapolis? Her officer career started one cozy night in a stairwell at NAPS. Plebe year was a little sketchy from our point (except for Tom Selleck) but youngster year, she began wrestling matches that continue until today. We have the pictures to prove it!! And you can't forget the freedom party you had(w/KM)! Between sailing and polar bearing, she spent most of her time in the water. Don't forget capsizing, losing boots and birthday sunglasses! "When are you two going to go out?" even if he doesn't have a mustache? She even went all the way to Virginia to get her dream car. Do you ever get as sick of me as I get of you? Where did you get those hightops? You have the best summers! Sorry about the lamps and all your trophies- those summer campers made a haul! How do you feel? "I used to be in such better shape!!" You are in great shape (have you poked yourself recently?) and you are the BEST COACH!! Keep eating those chocolate chip cookies (if there are any left). When you are 13, it's the eyes. When you are 17, it's the butts. At your age, it's the ring finger! Thanks for a good four years by the bay and God Bless. CLCL, KLB, JAH, and Vern.

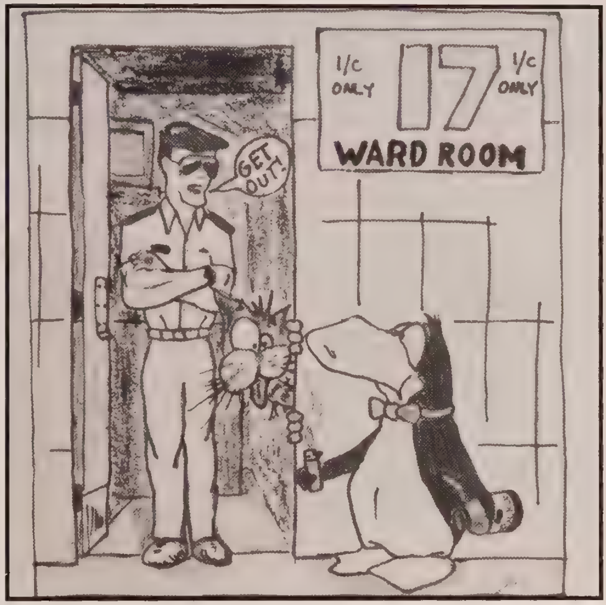
Mark Lauffer Sweet
Annapolis, Maryland
Nuclear Power-Surface

Mark Lauffer Sweet hails from Sarasota Florida. He comes to the Naval Academy after serving some time in the real Navy. He believed that he knew all the ins and outs of the system. Mark decided to become a marine engineer. Third class year Mark was moved into Sweet Sixteen. Once in the Sixteenth Company, he tried to convince everyone that it really should be Sweet's Sixteen. Second class summer brought the infamous actramid-protramid. Many nights during that summer Mark could be found sitting at Buddy's discussing the "INTERNATIONAL TRAVELER." Mark is one of the few people that knows the true story of why there are a set of shoulder boards behind the bar. Second class year Mark was the terror of the training system. "HEY, I LIKE PIZZA PARTIES." First class year brought on monday night competion, tailgaters, and the second Sweet marching on with the brigade. Mark plans to sail with the nuclear navy then make his millions in the business world. Its hard to sum up four years of life here in one block. Just remember that club "Z" is always open and the b__r is always cold. JJZ YPT

John Joseph Zuhowski
Arnold, Maryland
Surface Warfare

It all started at the very back of the pack at crew practice Plebe Summer. John has had an illustrious career in both the 15th and 16th Companies. Living life on the edge and having lots of luck with Lisas 1 through 6 has been John's forte until he met the female version of Johny Z, Babsy Z. (AKA BHZ), during second class year. Since then it has been great cookies, toy soldiers, tanks, and water guns for all. In addition, for the until then homebody, it was a change of lifestyle. All of the sudden, it was life in the fast lane, jet setting from Annapolis to Southern, VA to Pennsylvania to be with his one and only and in laws. Without a doubt, John will be one of the best Gator Freighter drivers the Navy has ever seen. If you do not believe this, just ask John, he will tell you this is true. mls.



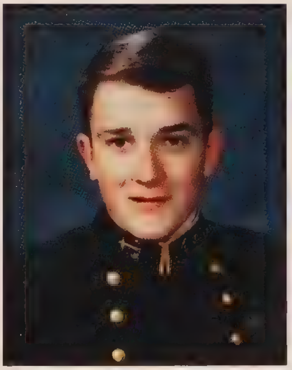


William Nichols Bollwerk
Clayton, Missouri
Surface Warfare

William (Billy) Bollwerk arrived at this institution from the high society suburbs of St. Louis, MO. His USNA adventures began in the 14th Co., where he began his short lived water polo career. After conquering plebe year, Billy moved to his new home in 17th Co. His dapper, well-dressed appearance went along well with his out-spoken, witty sense of humor. Being a very stoic individual, it didn't take much to unravel him as "Squirrel" and "Dorf" found out. The plebes had a friend in Billy, who fought for their well being against certain 2/c indoc. nazis. Too bad these maggots couldn't help him with his EE homework. However, Billy's poetic rhetoric helped him pass enough classes to graduate. Billy's study hours were well spent moonlight putting, running from Jimmy-legs, and reading E.A. Poe while under the influence with certain unknown professors. His first class year was spent swatting at a little white ball or watching educational videos. Billy will always be remembered for his integrity and sense of duty, unless his high school sweetheart beckoned him. The Surface Warfare Community will truly be enhanced. Good luck and God bless. C.S. and P.G.

Cory Allan Bouck
Owosso, Michigan
Naval Flight Officer

Cory came to USNA from the rugged Michigan outback. An idealistic strapping young swimmer, he immediately set out to prove his worth to Mother Doreen. With A Sense of Honor as his guide, he completed a terror filled Plebe year under the watchful eye of Al Kinney in the BSTS company, all the while tolerating Zoot's "hanger fetish." Moved to Stalag 17, he survived a rude first meeting to become great friends with Dave Diode and Toddler. Always the womanizer, he left behind hoards of women singing his praises in his flailing attempts at monogamy: Joanne, Jeanine, Lori, Wendy, Jeanette, Tracy, and the infamous IceBerg. Only the fair Kelly was woman enough to truly capture his heart. (Ex) Marine Cor will be long remembered for card PTs, hanging out with Bri, Dubbs, Cooch, Dave, Todd, and Debbie, drinking with Mo & friends in the hottub, winning the Cool Ranch Crusade, his diminishing hairline and protruding nasal appendage, being Batt. CDR, having left his mark in the far-away lands of Thailand and especially Australia, his love of the French culture, and his controversial approach to plebe indoc. This champion of Non-Reverse Discrimination enters the fleet poised to become the the greatest NFO Michigan has ever seen. OOOHHH RAAAHHHH!!!! Go Navy!!!! D.L.H.



David Buonerba Jr.
Buffalo, New York
Navy Pilot

It wasn't easy converting a socially inept nerd from Buffalo into the lumbering man he is today. "Boner" came to USNA at a very early age and was dealt a bad hand right from the beginning having been stuck in nineteenth company with two butthead semi-marines. This was probably the beginning of Dave's "sweating" period. Remember suntanning on green beach with your walkman and sticking your face in the fan; do you think you could possibly shine those leathers more? Luckily though, Dave was sent to the seventeenth company to rehabilitate. How about that blind date for the dance youngster year? Its hard to believe that I survived through all of your antics: getting up at five in the morning for hockey practice every morning, sleeping with the window open in January, constantly taping off, and even more constantly doing homework - you're a poli sci major, remember? You finally made it though. A true "duck-walking", "lumbering", "shreiking and reaking", "methane leaking", "biathlon" warrior. A real SGT. FURY! Good luck with that Grad. degree and don't forget all I taught you with Aero when you go to flight school. Watch that stress level though! BPD

Douglas Evan Dudgeon
Kinnelon, New Jersey
Marine Corps

I was always convinced that Doug came to the Academy to escape the stench of his home state, but I found out that he lives in the one square mile of New Jersey that is actually quite nice. Plebe year treated Doug pretty well with a room out of company area, but Youngster year found Doug living through a year of rooming with Spanky and being labeled Fudgeon. His Youngster cruise, more like a paid vacation of diving off Truk Island, was not to be relived Second Class Summer. After being ostracized by Nadine at her high school prom, Doug went through Pensacola without 3 days of liberty for being too lazy to walk to the mess hall 100 yards away. Doug's life took a sudden turn for the better when he met Patty after one of his more successful pursuits of the opposite sex. Although she helped cause him to miss the last Marine FO billet and alienate his sponsors for yet another semester, I must admit that Patty has been very good for Doug. Firstie Summer Doug reaffirmed his new-found manhood as he became the only person in 17th to make it through Bulldog. His search for manhood at the Naval Academy was finished as he selected grunt at service selection. Although all these things are part of Doug, it is his unquestionable integrity and good intentions which will serve him best in the future; which I am confident will bring great satisfaction and respect. EPW

Brian Paul Dulla
Hopwood, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

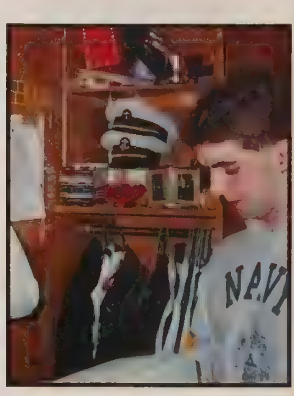
After five years, fifteen roomates, numerous bars, and even more numerous girlfriends its hard to believe that its all over. In the beginning it was NAPS! Not a particularly pleasing experience to a joker from Pennsylvania and it surely would have ended here if it wasn't for Chris. After a promising wrestling season at Prep and much bulking up in the off season in the gym with Chris and Dwayne the Academy was at hand. Plebe year began in Seventh company. There was "the monster", "cheesing", and "thwapping" with Kelly and Mac not to mention double-dating with my platoon commander and two girls from college park and the constant unreg P.E. gear. Youngster year saw many changes with the induction into the Seventeenth company. The times sure were wild as were my friends: "Squirrel", "Dorf", "Head", DJ, and "Boner". The time was passed with tales of "Robo" and "shroomin'". There were many good times here to go along with the bad. I couldn't have made it without my family and the best friends anyone ever had. Thank you to all of them: Kenny, Rich, Dave, DJ, Dorf, "E", Kelly, Tony, Joey, Marc D., Tim, Don, Chris, and especially the gang from home: Scott, Marc, and Beth. You guys actually thought this place would change me? You just couldn't get me, could you (the system). - B.P.D

Wade Andrew Epps
Scottsdale, Arizona
Supply Corps

Wade Andrew Epps arrived at the Naval Academy from the progressive city of Scottsdale with high hopes and long hair. He soon began forming close relations with people in high places (the Dant) and it was clear they would watch over him during his tenure here. Youngster year Wade learned a lot; he learned not to give an AmEx to someone at a bar ("Here's your Vodka Collins"). He also learned the frailty of a cactus (is that my towel?). During this time Wade experienced tremendous growth, but many couldn't tell because he always greased it back under his cover. With Kirsten, he cheated on his only true love (himself). There were many more hearts which the progressive swade has stolen. In the interest of taste (and time) I will not list them. Let me just say, so many women, so little time. As a firstie, he was given another chance by yours truly and accepted as a roommate. I'm glad we gave it another shot - you've been a great friend. Nowadays, Wade often can be found in some smoke-filled room, dressed in black (god's gift wrapping I suppose), dancing with his apprentice. Congratulations Wade!
Enemies Sometimes, Friends Always, JAY

Richard John Farrell
Worcester, Massachusetts
Navy Pilot

Rich Farrell had a variety of nicknames at Navy, but only one would stick, and that was Head. Youngster year became interesting when he moved in with the legendary Dorf. By October, Head began to split time between Annapolis, Alexandria, and Radford. And they say politics makes strange bedfellows. In any case, he should have known better than to bet Dorf a pizza on pre-Army game festivities. As a 2/c, Head went from Dorf to the Squirrel, and into the fire. EE was tough; he couldn't tell an Amp from a Volt, but he knew Wattage. A weekend in Virginia kept him here, but squirrels became extinct. 1/c summer was busy between Jacques Lefeet and riding the Horne (or was it the Mighty Mo?) During the year Rich vowed to bow down to no one, and hit the links. He was definitely the lightweight QB, until something went wrong. Through it all he suffered Head pains and Head O's; and through it all he was an inspiration to us all. Take care Rich: you're the best man that any of us ever will meet.-PAG, JAY



Patrick Norris Grover
Cottage Grove, Wisconsin
Medical Corps

He's a cheesehead from none other than Monona Grove Wisconsin. When Pat isn't worrying about his Chemistry grades, you can find him in Britches' or Hecht's looking for the latest fashions to go out in. Weekends were always a new adventure for lucky girls who met pat at Tracks, the Cellar, the Vouz, the Sanctuary, Fifth Column, and Ground Zero. Unfortunately for Pat, his swinging buddy W.E. had more hair and less cheese. Pat will be fondly remembered by his Slack Six friends Keith S. and Bill P., and his Stalag roommates Bill B. and Chris S. who had trouble dealing with some of his habits but eventually squared him away. Help and visits from the Dodge-man were always appreciated. Pat is one of the most intense studiers USNA has ever seen. Although he rarely studies, when he does he is the Tasmanian Devil at his desk ripping through books and notes with the concentration of a monk. Pat hopes to someday be an aviator/doctor/OBGYN, but whatever he chooses he will undoubtedly be successful. B.B.

Peter Anthony Gwynne
Cincinnati, Ohio
Navy Pilot

What a long, strange trip it has been. Two and a half years of living together has brought memories that no none could ever forget. Youngster year brought persona non grata status to Pete, at least in Virginia. The back shaft with Flemdog seemed to attract Marines, irate company officers, and even a form-2. (perhaps that change of company chit wasn't such a bad call...) Who would have thunk that in such a small room Andy the Goose popped wheelies in a jeep, scratched his back on a cow oiler, and Supernovas were the only remedy for continuous play Buffett. Flemdog was too busy building foundations, and so we moved into the "Cool Ranch" alone. At the ranch Pete laid down the carpet. Firstie year moved Pete into the slack wing, and naked cartwheels became commonplace. Although he didn't land Oxford, he did manage to land Georgetown; and I can't think of a more appropriate way to go out. (It is only a matter of time before he becomes Chief Justice Gwynne.) I'll give you a call in ten years and we'll write our bestseller. In the meantime, heeboonedubhephewhindy. -CTP

Erik Christopher Harris
Fort Washington, Maryland
Naval Flight Officer

Erik Christopher Harris, nickname E Love, loves to see people having fun. His outgoing personality and sense of humor are usually responsible for the laughter of those around him. In other words, he is just plain silly. Being his room mate, I have noticed many things about Erik. The one most secret is he can not get enough of the mirror. In every room we have stayed in, I put Erik closest to the mirror so he may admire himself without leaving the comforts of his bed and/or desk. Erik is one of a kind and he has helped me get through some hard times by the bay. Well good luck E in all your future experiences and when you do what Shelley and I are about to do, make sure you look me up.DJS

Demetrius Jevon Haynie
Atlanta, Georgia
Surface Warfare

RDJ came to Canoe U. via Atlanta and Boot Camp in San Diego. After sleeping through plebe year in 35, DJ came to 17 as an Aero Major. 3/c year brought the infamous Dorf and Squirrel show, and there never was a dull moment in rm. 7203. Who will ever forget the green VW bug or the dining in where I wore DJ's dinner on my uniform. Aero got the best of the "little man" and when he wasn't staying up till the dawn he was complaining about all the work he had to do. 2/c year brought Dulla and Boone and some interesting stories from the Ac board. Haynie spent most of the year trying to get huge, and trying to keep the grades up. A mushroom killed our squirrel, and all of the old gang seemed to disappear. 1/c year finally brought a respite to the academic struggle and a cherished room in fifth wing, as well as the much needed auto. Haynie-nomics and fond memories of the Army game (do you remember anything, Mr. Robo?) brought him to the end of his career, and the beginning of another one on the high seas. DJ will undoubtedly be on the high seas for the next 30 years! HEAD

THE
COURIER

Albert Harry Hincken
Turnersville, New Jersey
Supply Corps

Many creatures all abound / in weal and peace; may all
be blessed with peace always; / all creatures weak or strong,
all creatures great and small; / creatures unseen or seen,
dwelling afar or near, / born or awaiting birth,
—may all be blessed with peace! / Let none cajole or flout
his fellow anywhere; / let none wish others harm
in dudgeon or in hate. / Just as with her own life
a mother shields from hurt / her own, her only, child,—
let all-embracing thoughts / for all that lives be thine,
--an all embracing love / for all the universe
in all its heights and depths / and breadth, unstinted love,
unmarred by hate within, / not rousing enmity.
so, as you stand or walk, / or sit, or lie, reflect
with all your might on this; / —'tis deemed 'a state divine.'
shields from hurt / her own, her only, child,—
let all-embracing thoughts / for all that lives be thine.

David Lincoln Holdsworth Jr.
Springfield, Pennsylvania
Nuclear Power-Submarines

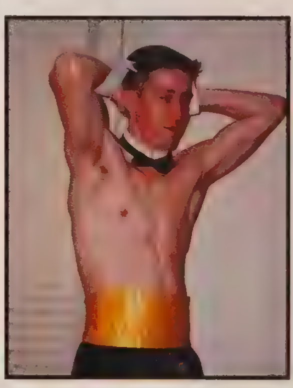
"Big Dave Diode" came to Canoe U from a strong lineage of great American leaders (He's related — just ask him!)He is quite friendly when meeting strangers (Hi. I'm Dave, now goto bed!),and as our resident movie mogul, has a vast collection of one-liners at his disposal to lighten even the most precarious situation.Although not inclined to stray personally, (a proud member of the 2%club)he was quite successful as a recruiter so that his roommate might cavort with the imps of Satan(the J Factor)An avid runner (twice each year, please send fructose), he excelled at fieldball and racquetball.In a failed weekend medical experiment he once tried to substitute imported rum for red blood cells via his liver.Sports trivia served him well Plebe Year, and Vi's care packages served Max well.A truly benevolent CompSci geek, he prided himself on his habit of "early to rack, early to rise" and read more pleasure books under his ah-ah than any PoliSci major ever read for class!He will be spending great amounts of his future underwater (don't forget the videotapes)after his wedding to Jan.He's my candidate for "Most Likely to Organize"Good Luck, pal—you taught me a LOT!CAB

Christopher John Jacobsen
Incline, Nevada
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Christopher John Jacobsen hails from Incline, Nevada. He came straight from high school to GIT, oops the Naval Academy. After a rough plebe year in roaring 20 he began to work toward his lifelong dream. He wanted to drive subs while touring with Iron Maiden. After four years, a brutal sub interview, and hours upon hours of guitar practice, he has achieved his goals. Well at least he gets to drive those subs. Jake is a true friend and I wish him luck with his career(s) and the love of his life Sandy. JWS

Christian Todd Perry
Frederick, Maryland
Surface Warfare

RT is the English major who never read a book. Youngster year began with nights of eucher in the Swamp. From there it could only get better. Preppy Penguin and Bobo the Chimp had to die. Settele and Marines woke him up, and the foundation was built. Youngster year brought a messy form 2, and Flemdog (lizard, thong, etc). Remember Gene "Jeep" Fleming, and the cattle scratcher oiler? As a second class, T said goodbye to Flemdog, and hello to the Cool Ranch. They made him take down the speaker shelves, and they killed Daphne, but they couldn't beat him. Combat boots were optional to Army, but he wore them anyway. First class year brought a fiance (about time), and enough golf to make Arnold Palmer envious, but bowling was still gouge. Through it all, T was T, even if no one else would bow down to him. I wonder if you'll remember all this in 10 years when little Brett (or whatever her name is) asks about it? Meet you in T-Court with a little JD. In the meantime, heebooneduhbephewhindy.-PAG.



Joel Boone Richards
Potomac, Maryland
Navy Pilot

Known by many names, including Stickyfingers (for his habit of finding things others could not seem to), and also the effamed Boone, he was best known as simply Jay. Two previous years of college made Jay the eldest in the company, as well as the most experienced partier. Second semester 3/c year, Jay roomed with myself, and saw a darker side of Jay: he's a cactus abuser. After several dead cacti and several months of not speaking, we made up and Jay introduced me to our future sponsors and friends, Joan and Jim. Jay was forever the entrepreneur coming up with a new money making scheme, but no one would know it by the way he managed his own finances. From youngster year 'til graduation, he was in debt to the midstore, his picture on "Wanted" posters at each register. Then 2/c year he met Deb, girlfriend and financier. Having her own apartment outside gate 1 allowed Jay to spend extra time with her. I began to see a kinder, gentler Jay with a respect for cacti and an appreciation of progressive music, so we roomed together again 1/c year. Jay got away with more than any mid I have ever known. As a senior he probably spent more time off the yard than on. Yet he managed to double major in Poli Sci and Econ and still keep high grades. Now Jay is off to be a flyboy, but wherever our paths take us, we will always be best of friends. F/F Wade

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Deric Javier Sims
Salisbury, North Carolina
Supply Corps

Also known as the Black Frenchman, Deric is known for his hard looking face and soft heart. Got a problem, need some encouragement, or just a little advice? Well, D.J. has got the answer. This brother will put everything aside in order to help others. Excuse me, everything except Shelley Jeter, his soon to be wife!! ECH

Jeffrey Wayne Sinclair
Mariposa, California
Surface Warfare

Jeff 'Rocky Balboa' Sinclair came to USNA from that spire of military indoctrination, New Mexico Military Institute. He burned up plebe year in the halls of Bancroft on 7-4 deck, and late youngster year, he showed his extreme of patience and understanding when living with the esteemed 'Kamel Jacquee'. His basic desire to pummel with extreme prejudice was only superceded by his desire to graduate from Canoe U. with gold wings. His exploits in fieldball and boxing are known to one and all giving his team the regimental playoffs. Although he is currently looking at the 'bone-us' plan due to the fabled 20-30 vision folly, I am confident he will soon be a great aviator. You are my best friend, and I wish you and Pat (Mrs. Sinclair?) the best of luck. It's hard to believe we made it. You'll be the best! Jake

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Philip Edward Sobeck
Columbia, South Carolina
Surface Warfare

Phil hails from Columbia, SC. Before coming to USNA he spent some time in the fleet as an enlisted man. I don't know much about his first year here, but youngster year he landed in the Stalag Company. He was professional to the core and was selected to do plebe detail as a second class. He continued on to a busy first class year, and second semester he ran the company as Company Commander. Now as he goes out to rejoin the fleet, I wish him fair winds and following seas.

Christopher John Sweeney
Hebron, Maryland
Surface Warfare

If you ever heard squawking in 17 you knew it was Chris Sweeney either practicing his duck calls or yelling affectionately at his "maggots." Chris is a friend who will be remembered for facing adversity and overcoming all obstacles in his way to be a success at whatever he put his mind to. Chris' record as a midshipman is unblemished except for being Millsies roommate at one time. His plebers were terrified by his maniacal flaming and his classmates could be intimidated as well by flying chairs and a barrage of verbal assaults. Chris will most affectionately be remembered as a family man before he had a family, an avid hunter before he bagged a real duck, a dog lover who called his girlfriend by his dog's name more than once, a room tag player without much to play with, and a raving lunatic who only got A's in performance. Pat and Bill will always remember his pre-exam ritual of praying to the gods of Bancroft. No one will ever question Chris' integrity or what is at the core of this unique individual's heart - a sincere desire to be a friend and care for those around him. Thanks to C. S. for lightening our load. Best of luck - B. B. and P. G.

Robert Charles Taylor
Lovelin, Colorado
Marine Corps

Rob came to us from the Corps (oo-rah) because he passed the USMC IQ test (2+2). After a brief stint at NAPS he came to USNA's dreaded 19th Co where he excelled. Upon Youngster (slug) year he was thrown (literally) over to 7-2 to work (rack) hard as a Poli-Sci (baggit) major. It was then he decided to go to West Point and live like a Kaydet (puke). Rob's semester ended in the only win we saw over Army in football and he made sure they knew it. Back at USNA he tested his leadership skills (hazing) on both plebes and classmates. What a great time! Ring Dance brought Stacy (not) and a jellybean. The summer saw NAPS (X) and a shortened BULLFROG. By 1/c year he knew Buddy's and a thing or two about fashion (hat). Big stripes as B-Drill (phone-not) T-gating season was underway. 4th Batt was a great place to be and the underclass were good to Rob. The spring holds lots of surprises! Best of luck in everything. You'll do great! - Friends (TAT)

Patrick Edward Tighe
Dedham, Massachusetts
Surface Warfare

Pat, the first time I met you that very memorable plebe summer you and I were carrying on a conversation except that it was only one way because I didn't understand a word you said. YOU MUST BE FROM BOSTON! But, Pat that doesn't make you a bad person...No, not at all. March 14, 1988: Stop or I'll let the dogs loose! Almost all of us made it back...Mr. Tigg...50 demerits and 72 tours. You definitely earned your Black N . Homecoming youngster year- Couldn't you keep your balance on that keg...I thought you were dead. You are a very experienced drinker, proven when displayed excellent precision and accuracy in the back of Griz's car, and no oncoming cars saw you behind that lone tree on New York Ave. How bout those Nacho Cheese willies. It was your fault that you couldn't keep your balance when I wanted a piggy back ride in the garage...we were both scarred for life. End of semester 2/c year was interesting...that's when you first introduced me to shotguns—Big Mistake. Sean & Mags wedding-enough said. You are a great golfer, especially when you are aiming over Mitscher! "GUSH!" Pat, your friendship has meant so much to me these past four years. There isn't a better best friend out there. Good luck in your SWO career and I'll see you in five years, when we are both civilians at Happy Hour at my bar.-KCW

Todd Alan Troha
Beavercreek, Ohio
Navy Pilot

A roommate tempered by a human packrat, two graduation majors and Compsci is ready for the world. Todd was born and raised in the backwood - cornhusking - hick county of Beavercreek, Ohio, where men were men and Todd ran scared. At an early age, he demonstrated his unique endurance ability in swimming and social contacts. Upon learning that the United States had job openings on two of the largest swimming pools, Todd rushed to the nearest recruiter and joined USNA. After breaking in his second class of 33rd Company, he was transfered (demoted), to 17th (that's 10 + 7). He educated his roomates on the fine art of late night cram sessions and 101 social positions. Now well trained, he'll fetch your crutches and drugs, get a date with any girl (once), and even give you a few fashion tips. Todd's only major flaw in life was buying a car which will go faster then the Helo's he'll be tagged with. Thanks for turning out to be a friend that I could share anything (almost) with and depend on. If you ever crash and need a ride, well... WALK BACK. RCT. CLW

Christopher Loyal Williamson
La Palma, California
Navy Pilot

Chris (Mr. Fix-it), a nuc who never saw a proto-type, came to USNA via NAPS and ended up torturing the 2/c of 21st Co. The shift to 17th brought lots of new adventures for Chris. Locked doors and lots of broken things like fans and showers. Chris's claim to fame was that he was the only one in the Brigade who could touch his feet while standing straight up. Summer training introduced Chris to fixed wings, rotors, and why you should always take your mask off before using the little white bags under the pilot seat. Just don't go HELOS and you'll be fine. 2/c year turned into learning time under Jeff. The ride on the Rocket sure was fun. Chris (Cliff or Spanky or Ship-it) lost his major, his love, Dee Dee (71), to BYU (spies) and tried to blow-up his roommate all at the same time. A certified Packrat, if Chris didn't have it he could find it in 10 min. Don't ask. He even earned a Battle - E without ever seeing combat. As a 1/c Chris had his eyes set on flying until the billets came out. You made it! The investment cleaned out your wallet and all that was said was "DDHBT". Congrads! It's still a truck but you can be my wingman anyday. See ya in P-Cola in 2002. Friends (TAT)

Eric Patrick Woelper
Glendora, California
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Eric came to USNA from Glendora, CA, the smog capital of the world. Plebe year was spent tormenting his roomates with tales of how much he missed Deanne. After the demise of his love affair with Deanne, Youngster Summer, he gained a new appreciation for Navy doctors, "It should slide right out." Youngster year it was Veempsa's turn to be tormented by living with an egomaniacal pack rat and an only child. It was always a race to see who could turn on the radio first. Eric spent Second Class Summer growing his hair, getting his ear pierced, and falling in love with as many girls he could find. Mindy, Kathleen, Nadine and Devon to name a few. He finally got it right when he met Leah. Never the type for recons Eric did have one memorable experience in Ho Chi Minh, proving that fun things can happen in (under) Rickover Hall. Eric gave the impression of never working hard at academics, but the Rocket changed that. By service selection, he decided that keeping his car in shape and seeing Leah regularly would take all the money he could get, so he selected nuclear submarines. Good luck with your sub career and remember, its not the money thats important, but having someone like Leah to spend it on. DED

NAVY FOOTBALL
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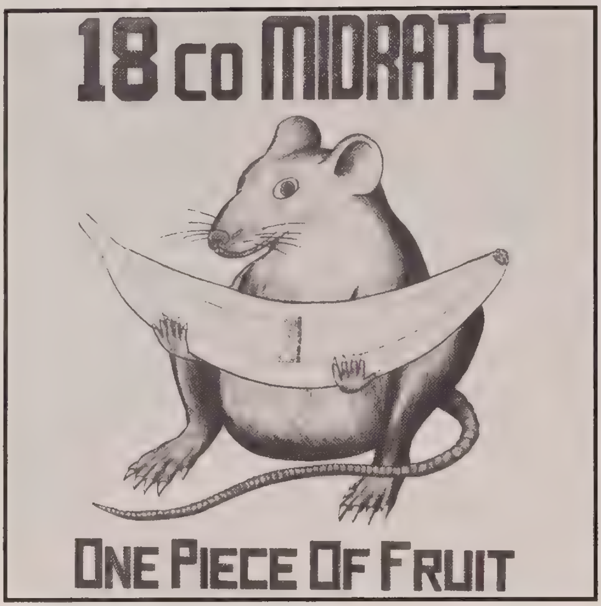


James Blas Baca
Annapolis, Maryland
Navy Pilot

A Christian first and an oarsman second, this fasting, hippie's closest companions were his computer, his rack, and a Concept II Erg. Despite his various roommates' attempts, James managed to escape with his sanity by such tactics as tennis court assaults with bananas, studying in his boxers, and Ostrich dancing—well, not all his sanity. Yet, first class year he finally found a roommate who also got up at 0450. Tired and bored of driving seven different Porsches during high school, James went a step above and bought the ultimate driving machine, a low profile, sky grey, four-door, Ford Taurus SHO. Good thing too, 'cause he never would have got off with just a warning for autobahn driving on Route 7 in a Candy Apple Red Porsche 911 Ruf Turbo! After buying, engraving—and keeping a $500 lady's watch and being barred for saying the banned four words, James became one of the founding fathers. James favored to hang out at Ireland's Own in Old Town, Alexandria, where he and his companions sang ancient, ritual songs. James also spent one weekend embarassing professional athletes in Fredericksburg at a triathlon. After graduation, James will be heading to Pensacola where I'll probably end up chauffering him around the friendly skies for the rest of his career. EEO

Robert Evan Barnet
Menlo Park, California
Nuclear Power-Surface

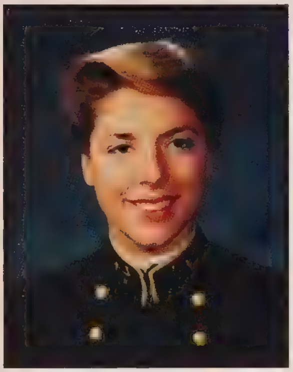
Evan Barnet came to Crabtown from Menlo Park, California. He took off running and never slowed down. Aspirations of varsity basketball fell just short, and he had to be satisfied with "...welcome to Halsey Fieldhouse...." A number of odd injuries, like the 10 meter groin pull, broken ankle, and a busted honker led to nicknames such as Hopalong, the Cripple, and the Fatman. I remember staying up all night figuring out your lovelife and convincing you that Pam was the right one. As always, I was correct. I will never forget watching you stress out over Christmas second class year. "Everybody's so happy...." You know what the rest says. Even though you got a D in Weps, the nukes still wanted you. After your wedding and a little leave, its off to Orlando. Have fun. My word of advice to you, oh stress monster, is relax. Everything is going to be great for you, Pam, and your career. Just wing it. Trust me...Ned.

Sarah Estelle Colvin
Farifax, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Sarah came here from Chantilly High where the trucks are big and the gunracks are plenty. Plebe year wasn't too bad thanks to some help from her twin sister and the track team. Youngster year she found herself with a new company and a new beau. The next semester a tall runner entered Sarah's life and now Don and Sarah are running to the chapel. Second class year Sarah discovered a new high in stress, and she's been getting worse ever since. Between PCRs, tests which she does fine on, and checks, Sarah averaged about 2 hours of sleep a night. Thank goodnes her roommate and fiance where narcoleptic. First class summer brought some relief. Sarah now had a car, and 2 rings, one big and gold and the other big and diamond. The majority of her time was spent between picking out bride's maids' dresses and running (into boats). She still worried herself gray about everything but Don's been a good influence on her. On February 5th Sarah answered the call of the high seas and got her AFS out of Norfolk. Sarah, you look great in a ball cap. Keep your hair short! I know you'll do great in the future. Don will make a great wife. Enjoy yourself and quit worrying so much. Where will I ever find another roommate? JAG

Maureen Curley
Arnold, Maryland
Navy Pilot

Nothing like rooming with a six foot blonde from California and regardless of what you say - your type doesn't grow on trees! Things I'll always remember about ya - The BATMOBILE, one glass of champagne, Mini-Middles, YARCH (?), P-cola, PROBE LX, P-3's, PCR (2x's), last pilot billet, HEAT and HOT WATER reports, Dan the Man, spaghetti, ice cream runs, service selection, shin splints, Lacrosse, that womanly decadence, VISA, and vacation! Hey, where's Larry? Blondes do have more fun! Dancing, romancing, and financing - nothing better. There's no one like you Babe! You can borrow anything of mine, anytime...shampoo, that wonderfully smelling conditioner and pants which are probably too short for you. No matter where I go, whatever I end up doing, there will always be something to remind me of you, whether it be waking up to that lousy alarm clock or seeing the last German chocolate cake in the bakery. I'll feel lost without the person who has gotten me thru four years of rigorous military training. You've given me many memories and endless support. Good luck in the air and protect us ground maggots! I'll miss you. Friends Forever, Allie



Allison Leigh Datka
Germantown, Wisconsin
Marine Corps

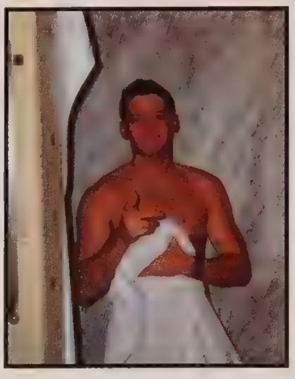
Allison Datka-living proof that more than just cheese comes from Wisconsin. Volleyball stud extrodinaire, right Jan? Your hits were great, Lefty! Always a hit with the men "Oh whose name to begin with...umm I can't remember-can you?" Ragnar jumps to mind but then flakes out again-typical. Chocolate, Reeses, Peanut Butter all are better. Where is it? In there!? They match the freckles and tan lines-you slept in what? On the floor? Study-zzz. Work it off, drink it on, snore, Reveille! What a life! Be normal, wear sandals, go shopping-ah a strawberry blonde's delight. Especially after a hard day of humping in the rain with blisters bigger than those little feet. Dear Allison, I was wondering are nun's right or what? Black, white, violet-psycho dude! Tenny says-Made weak by time and fate but strong in will To strive, to seek, to find and not to yield. Hang, baby-there's always a gallon of ice cream just a phone call away. -MC

James Alfred Davis
Chula Vista, California
Surface Warfare

Walther Boot: Also known as the master of inefficiency, and Patron Saint of Mediocrity. Rarely have the halls of USNA seen someone so horribly inefficient. Every study hour, Jim would find any excuse to crusade through the halls of Bancroft, in a futile attempt to escape to his earlier California surfing days in Chulajuana. How he missed that Crustacean! Halfway through 2nd class year, (thanks to EE and steam), Jim almost received a free ticket home, courtesy of the Ac-Board. It was to be Jim's first, last, and only chance to stand tall before the Admiral, as he finally got his academics in one sock. Although Homer gave him a run for his money in EE, Jim's academic career at USNA ended in success. Make that relative success.. Jim, long after performance grades are gone, and long after you and I are out of the Navy, I will remember that you - unlike many people we know - made it through here with your integrity, character, and personality intact. I will always remember and treasure your friendship. OX

Alton Delroy Delane
Plantation, Florida
Nuclear Power-Submarines

You know that something is wrong when Alton doesn't mention anything about his BMW at least once a day. The man has always dreamed of having one ever since he was in pampers. His dream came true 2/c year with a great looking 535i. Too bad the rest of the car under the hood wasn't as great. Knowing AD though, he'll probably spend his whole NUC bonus in maintenance before he looks into buying another BMW, maybe a '76 2002. In between his obsession w/BMW's, Al did find time to do other things. 3/c year was marked with honor battles with DL, BB games with Idol and Ultima with Ed (He was so hooked on this game, that the Star man once cancelled a date so he could play.) 2/c year he found some time to do work and time to socialize. He didn't know when to quit though, and he finally found his Spice of Life, Linh. His last year, he found himself in a bigger and more challenging position. He went from being an 18 Co. 2/c flamer, to deck 7-0 3rd Batt Cdr flamer fighting for peace, justice and reg.PE gear. In addition to these trivial pasttimes are the things which are most important to him: fishing, skiing, autocrossing, driving, combing his hair every 5 minutes and dancing in front of the mirror. I don't think you'll be able to play your stereo in a sub. The Best of Luck. EBP



Anthony Walter Delucchi III
Stockton, California
Navy Pilot

Coming from Stockton, CA, Tony has taken the 6 year plan towards getting his commission. He began his arduous trek at Northwestern Prep where much of his time seems to have been spent with his nose in the dictionary. Bypassing an appointment to the Air Force Academy, he chose to begin his Naval career by enlisting at NAPS. There he met many of his future classmates and so entered the Academy already well known. As a plebe, Tony marched tours for showing disrespect: he taped a 2/c to a torpedo. But Spicoli survived plebe year and he joined us here in 18. A wild youngster, he quickly got on the Cheese's bad side with by returning late from leave and sleeping through a sub brief. During this year, Tony had the ideal room for two days but when this was broken up, he lived with a true Midn X: Idchol. During 1/c Summer, Tony overcame a Spring Break setback with Veronica and his phone and travel bills skyrocketed. The relationship blossomed and she told him to get more stripes than his roommate, so he finished the Academy as our Co.Commander. Tony has added a lot of life to our four years together by the bay, from his ill-fated gambling exploits to his unconfirmed low-rim prowess. He came to USNA with the necessary elements of good leadership, refined them through much hard work, and reports to the Fleet as a capable Naval officer. SLASH

J.T. EARL '91
A.H. ZAKEM '91
ED MONINGER '91
P.M. REINHART '91
L.E. SUTER '91
S.B. PILLMORE '91
M.R. HAMMOND '91

James Thomas Earl
Kerhonkson, New York
Nuclear Power-Surface

During his entire life JT Earl has been fighting his way out of tough situations, which has made him a strong, tough and hard core individual. Or so we all thought. At Bulldog this PT god made a pitiful 34th of 168 ~~on all~~ the physical tests. What a letdown. O well, his other misadventures have made up for it. Remember the femme duo in Cherry Point? (Don't worry Jen, JT had very different ideas than they did.) Yes, JT wasn't always a "good ol' boy." I don't remember how often I saved his six, but it seemed like every time I turned around. Remember breaking your toe on the BFT with only 2 miles to go? Or that time you nearly escaped total annihilation 2/c summer? Or 1/c Summer School? (I should have been wearing your three stripes!) The list goes on. But don't worry bud, I remember you being there for me as well. Doing things with you was always adventerous and a great time. I'm not going to be able to watch your back now that you're going Sub Corps, so you're going to have to do it yourself. Take care and Hooya!-Mike

Bruce McDowell Easterling
Lexington, South Carolina
Special Operations

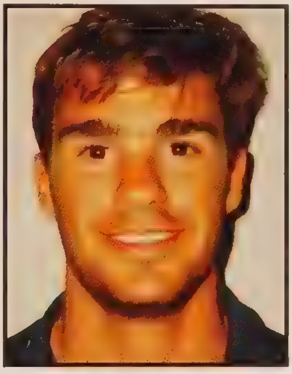
We've all heard the old USNA adage, "Eat 'til you're tired, sleep 'til you're hungry". I thought I had a large appetite until I met this hollow legged, bottomless pit, black vortex for a stomach of a man. Yes, ladies and gentleman, Beast. Let's just say Bruce has endurance. Bruce is a good 'ol boy from Lexington, South Carolina. His father considered him "Brain Damaged" for not attending the Citadel but we all know this condition resulted from rooming with Fightin' Lou. Coming from South Carolina he had never heard rock music and thus was introduced to it upon entering his youngster year in 18th company. Aside from roommate problems life has been sweet. During his three years in 18 he has had to deal with two Nebraskans, one of which had an affinity for making bulls bulls no more. His duties as a midshipman included "escorting" an Annapolis beauty queen in the moonlit shade of a tree and elsewhere. After three and a half years by the bay Bruce decided to spend his Navy career in the bay. SpecOps. Thought of a good toast yet? "Very Well." You've made it, Beast, despite an overheating car. JB

John Matthew Fuhrman
York, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

It's been a long three years together as roommates and physics majors. The two of us were so enthusiastic about our major, weren't we? Well, we're probably the only ones that ever made a formal ritual out of paying homage to a life-size poster of Albert Einstein before our final exams. But Al did see us through to the end. It was Fuhrm-Pa, the legacy of Penn State's Joe-Pa (and Will Jones?), who lead the 18th Co Heavy-weights to the Regimental Championship in his final year at USNA. And what words of encouragement did Fuhrm have for the vanquished? Indeed, words to live by. Never has a person looked so at home as does Fuhrm in rack-mode. The Quadruple-tandem-rack sessions with 'Chol and Nando are among the fondest memories of Youngster year. But when the others turned in their wings, your wing-man remained. You had only to check six to confirm Spayne's position in the sky-rack, across the room. Your wing-man is gone now, and you've got a new RIO, to boot. I'd be honored if you would fly-by in the missing man formation every now and then. There's never been a day since I've known the Fuhrm that he's been without a girlfriend, so let it never be said about the Fuhrm that he doesn't understand the opposite sex; the man is a genius in his own right. Best of luck with Susanne, and best of luck at SWOS! BMS

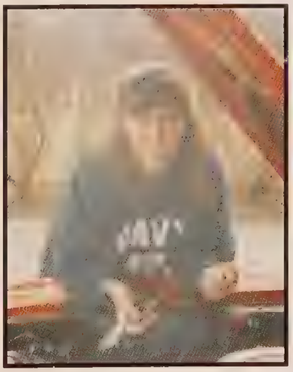
Robert Orrus Glenn III
Midlothian, Virginia
Navy Pilot

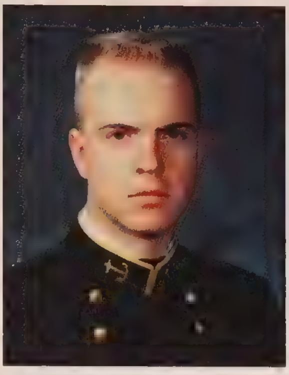
Rob came to us from what he would call "the best city in America", Richmond, VA. He had a "real" plebe year in 30th company before he was scrambled to serene eighteen as an Aero major. Youngster summer was sailing, Bermuda, Danish women, and the november sierra club. Rob's youngster year saw the Georgetown girls and a token stint of restriction, while restriction was still restriction and 4 days meant 3 weeks, thanks to the "cheese". Then came 2/c year, a plummet from the stars to the realm of the unsats, all-nighters with wind tunnel labs, and roadtrips to far away universities. Enter Katie. Write 14 page letters (front and back). The post office burned down. Christmas leave. Exit Katie. Enter Jennie, the proverbial "girl next door". 2/c get civilian clothes and Rob roadtrips to UVA. 1/c year sees Rob as a platoon commander and the captain of Dauntless then Flirt. With no sailing, UVA becomes his home away from the hall, thanks to the new Audi wagon. February '91 brings a Navy flight jacket and a pair of cool sunglasses and an extended commitment for Rob in his dream community. Good luck and keep your plane out of my medium! /csw



Jill Ann Gregorieff
Orlando, Florida
Navy Pilot

Jill, never call her Jillbo, came to us via sunny Florida. Always the sun snob she hated the muggy Annapolis climate and used it as an excuse never to go outside. Plebe year turned out to be pretty tame, minus a walkman fry and food poisoning during the Army run. Youngster year Jill pursued her arts and crafts/aero degree and dated a dumb, but cute marine. Second class year brought Jill a new beau from a few decks below and an affinity for sleep. First class cruise made Jill a hard-core pilot wanna-be and a true funseeker. Jill returned to school with the mustang of her dreams and debts galore. But being broke, and perpetually having to fix her car, never stopped her from being found out in town on the weekends. Jill did not have homework first class year and after 3.5 years, Jill decided to opt for the rack instead of an oar. Always the leader, Jill was a great squad-mama and youth group leader. Jill I hope your gold wings are everything you hoped for and that you continue to be happy and carefree. I'll think about you being up in the skies while I'm down on the ocean and I'll miss you, because who else could put up with me as well as you did. SEC



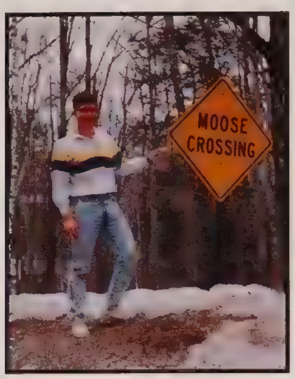


Matthew Nicholas Hammond
Acton, California
Navy Pilot

Reggie (known as Matt to his parents) is one of the wierdest people I've ever known. Must be that thin hi-desert air, or the carbon monoxide poisoning from LA smog. Once his head cleared after first semester, youngster year, he realized that he was one of the proud few in the "millenium OOM club". Fearing that his dreams of being a fly-guy were in jeopardy, he retired from EE and took up a dual major in science and music. (Music because he spends more time playing piano and drums, than doing other academy stuff). Second class year brought Reggie's best grades ever and he rose through the ranks of our class as well as D & B. During Firstie year he rebuilt the D & B supply system as he and the other firsties led the corps to the Interservice Drum & Bugle Corps Championships at the "Zoomie School" in Colorado. The rest is history. Reggie will take his 69" pale Neanderthal bod (by Dumb & Bungle) down to P-Cola where he will once again strap on airplanes. This time, they'll even have engines! Regg, dude..., Congrats on having the discipline to make your dreams a reality. I look forward to seeing you off my wing (though it will be a few years). Godspeed & check six. —JAD

Christopher Loren Harmer
Bountiful, Utah
Navy Pilot

His Holiness, The Grand Maharishi Ox, was indeed never burdened during his stay at USNA by a mere mortal thought. A pious sense of morality led the 280 pound beast around like a taught rope tied to a nosering. But the ox proved to have a cloven hoof, as his plebe year excursion showed. Infallible in logic and quick of temper, no bias could distort any morsel of fat. This pinnacle of self-righteousness alone formed the foundation of the supreme triumvirate. Topped with frivolity, inefficiency, and teutonic tendencies, the trio remained loyal to its numbers. But lest we leave a false impression of Ox, let it be known that his sheer volume alone kept him a loyal and humble giant. Well, a good roommate for many years at least. The aged, former Marine, due to his excellence in the struggle and Halsey Hack, would be a clear asset in any conflict. Ox, we salute you and consider ourselves lucky to call you friend. L.S. J.D. E.P.W.



Edward Graham Hazlett
Wheeling, West Virginia
Navy Pilot

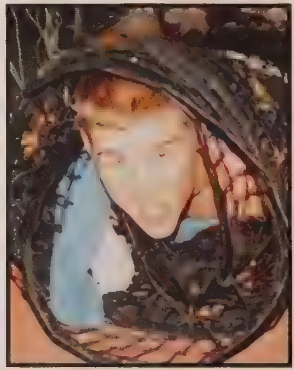
Ned came to the Naval Academy from Wheeling, West Virginia. He came in as a swimmer and mathematician and left as a hockey player, historian, and pilot. Since academics didn't seem to weigh him down much, he had plenty of time to plan upcoming events. Much of the time was spent discussing finding the right girl. Before he found the right girl, much of his time was spent planning Labor Day trips to Deep Creek. Many hours there were spent skiing, swimming, and celebrating being away. Another significant portion of his free time was spent advising how to clean the room, while more often than not he just settled for defending the stench of his hockey uniform. With what time was left, Ned could be found in the head reading novels. I think he read a few trilogies. But when all was said and done and after he found the right girl, the last five months I lived with him, all I had was a forwarding address. Ned you're a good man. Best of luck and take good care. Ev. REB

Chris Scott Lockett
St. Peters, Missouri
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Ingredients: one glass of milk, one slice of Schmitz Blue Ribbon toast, combined in a 180 lb frame seasoned with varsity experience - shake well and that's Chris in a clamshell. Known far and wide as Blockett, Perky, Clamshells, Big Lou, Jello-Butt, Parsley King and Porkins. Plebe summer, as we all nervously jumped from the 10m, Chris dove into fame and instant awe of his squad leader (who later shoved him off the table for chowing down). Although he claims a normal family, there has got to be a hair burning penguin in the woodpile somewhere. Hey Chris, who's Ed Banatch? Girls found him as cute as we found him naive, and many a time he was the unwitting heartbreaker. Even a 2nd place finish in the Mr. Spring Break contest didn't keep him from jumping on grenades for his buddies. Blender parties at Courtney's, mid-rations in Bermuda, BJ with the U-turn, Selvin the Turk. La Pesca Azul's range never exceeded the Severn River Bridge but it survived an intimate encounter with a highway barrel. Academically, no one ever gave so much and gained so little. Don't ever lose weight again and don't forget sunshades and self-help books. We will always consider ourselves lucky to have had your fine example and friendship, despite our admittedly negative influence. And Perk, long after the milkshakes are gone, we'll remember that. DBD, ACE, CLH, LCS, AHZ

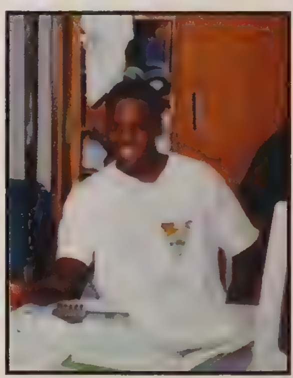
Edward Graham Moninger III
Williamsburg, Virginia
Navy Pilot

Ed came to 18th company from Sweet Sixteen and quickly became known throughout the Brigade for his extensive CD collection. It was during this year that Ed spent his free time in the WRNV studio hosting the popular Slash & Lodi Vietnam Hour. The following year proved to be a portentous one for Slash as he met his fiance, Leslie. This is also the year that he began his dabbling in the occult. Many a study hour he could be found in an incense-filled room, lights dim, predicting the future of another midshipman through Tarot cards or selecting an appropriate power rock to alleviate another's woes. In order to live up to his nickname, Slash began playing guitar at the expense of his wizardry. Never one to study more than 1 hour per week, Ed spent much of his time at the Eagle's Nest during Cinderella libs. Though his motto was "If the minimum wasn't good enough, it wouldn't be the minimum," Ed reached admirable academic heights winning the coveted Sheriff's Stars, and surpassing his roommate in order of merit. After his wedding, Ed will begin his Naval career in France, hopefully in preparation for future duty in Europe. We wish him the best of luck and we know that his unique abilities and strong leadership skill will serve him well in the Fleet. EJV & TD



John Anthony Moses
Atlanta, Georgia
Surface Warfare

Multiple Choice Man came to us from Atlanta, Georgia via Form 2. Little is known about Tony's plebe year except that he did continue his tennis leisure past time. 3/c year was a busy one for Holee. A change in major, a pair of Polk Audio's without a stereo, hustling in Connolly's pool hall, Miami Bass with DJ Dave, a busted wrist, NFL Challenge and plebe liberty(i.e.UNSAT). Tennis continued to be a big past time for Tony, too bad he didn't enjoy swimming as much. 2/c year, Tony found a new love by the name of EE, as well as a continued relationship with the halls of Bancroft. This year he also redefined classmate loyalty. First semester, 1/c year gave more EE for Tony, a fifth different roommate and WE on a daily basis. 2nd semester, with the light at the end of the tunnel getting brighter, we expected to see the headlights of a Cadillac Brome, El Dorado, Fleetwood or Batmobile. Much to our surprise, he came back from X-mas leave in a Porsche 944. Maybe he'll have more of a social life than he has in the past now. And as he put it, get to make up for three years of unsatness. It's been good knowing you. Good Luck. (Death to the Atlanta Falcons) EBP and ADD.

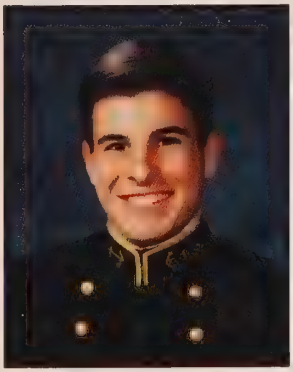


Eric Ervin Otten
Norfolk, Nebraska
Navy Pilot

Eric is the kind of guy who picks up nicknames (both good and bad) with everything he does: Commandant Otten, the drill Nazi, Country Bumkin', Beef Cakes, and, of course, Otter! Yes, when Otter escaped Nebraska to get away from the "corn-silk Queen" from whom, by the way, he still hasn't escaped, he introduced many things to USNA like "Swingin' Sirloins", pineapple shakes, Hooker Headers, and mom's chocolate chip cookies. Whether he was writing poems about castrating cattle, studying Thermo with his eye closed, or translating a few French "pick-up" lines, Otter was most diligent and hard-working in his pursuits. After struggling for three years, he finally found a happy intellectual medium somewhere between Mechanical Engineering and the Marine Corps. While at the academy, Otter sought to refine his cultural background by playing rugby and fieldball, listening to the Scorpions, imitating Macho Man Randy Savage, and drinking at Lit'l Ditty's. When it came to developing plans of action, Eric's motto was "If it's simple and it works, do it!" Well, something must have worked because he got his Navy Pilot billet and, now, spends much of his time doing what he loves most. Best of luck, Otter! BME

Patrick James Papa
Mobile, Alabama
Surface Warfare

Pat, PJ, came to the Academy from God's country, the Redneck Riviera better known as Mobile, Al. Pat has followed a long heritage of Academy grads; therefore, unlike most of us, he (so he said) knew what adventure (misadventure?) he was embarking upon. PJ and I met on the airplane at home, we've been nearly inseperable since. Plebe year, Pat found that he and academics were incompatible. Why study when you can improve your golf game. Which one will you use more as an officer? Youngster cruise brought Pat to Northern Europe and back to the Academy for soccer. You never did score when I was there! Youngster year brought many close calls in returning from Georgetown. We barely made it, despite what you say. Second class year- Christmas break with the girls. Spring Break - we almost had her! First class cruise found Pat in Portland, and so did she. Which one this week? Whatever happened to LL? Like all of them, she seemed to fade in the wind: WR,DS,MF,etc... First class year saw Pat finally get and soon wreck his car. At least you got yours back. Why do you always seem to be, gotta be??? Well, buddy, you've been just like a brother. Although our roads are going in different directions, I hope our paths will soon cross again. One things for sure - you'll be the best aviator on a bridge wing. Hang Tough! DMS.

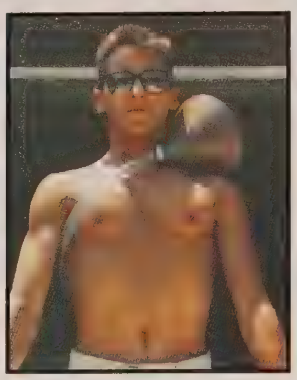


Edward Biasbas Paraiso III
Staten Island, New York
Surface Warfare

Every weekend you can find "Ed" in his 86' BMW 325es heading north along Rt. 301 enroute to the College of Mt. St. Vincent in Bronx, NY to visit his beloved one May. They've been going out ever since Plebe Christmas, when Ed swiped her from his high school best friend. Occassionally Ed will make a pit stop at his home in Staten Island to say "Hi" to his father Ed, mother Erlinda, sisters EDelyn and EDder, and brother Ed (Yes, Ed). Hummm! But not before long is he back on the road. Back here at USNA, Ed joined 18th Co after surviving a year of Four Play, to become the XO of 18 second semester. One of his best leadership decisions came at the conclusion of Younster Spring Break when he decided to grant himself an extra day of leave. His academic prowess started with EE. Ed found it a little trivial so he opted for the in depth and diversified field of General Science. GS gave Ed 5 hours of rack for every 1/2 hour of work. He's worn stars ever since. Unfortunately, Ed wasn't selected for Nuclear Surface and had to be coerced into signing for a brand new Aegis class Cruiser homeported out of his backyard. Needless to say May was happy. Ed may you experience only the best (Bavaria's Best) in the years to come. ADD

Paul Michael Reinhart
Issaquah, Washington
Navy Pilot

Paul was a protector of the meek Plebe year. On Spring Break he guarded the innocents from nasty hoardes of rabbits armed only with a grapefruit..and his courage? Who can forget the coveted patrol of justice to make sure all was safe 36 days before Herdon. To his friends he is the Merchant of Bancroft, Shylock Reinstein, to his ememies he is a menace. Paul is the current holder of the tittle "worlds best backseat driver", which is where he belongs. As premier car killer he has to his credit: 1 Rabbit, 1 Mazda, 1 Alfa Romeo, and 1 Suburban (thrice, after an extremely brutal x-country torture session). But Paul is no dummby, whenever he departs a function, say a Trinity dance, he leaves an odiferous trail so that others may find him. Adding to his list of intellectual accomplishments are: the Reinstinean theory of light speed. According to this theory, light speed is the velocity at which one breaks a light sweat when loping. Second class year was trying for young Reinstein. He needed a harrowing operation in order to have his nose surgically removed from a book. And only through HUGE efforts could he be rehabilitated with help from Borris and the Omar express to DC. Good luck as an aviator. Love Huge.



Bryan Michael Spano
Weymouth, Massachusetts
Nuclear Power-Submarines

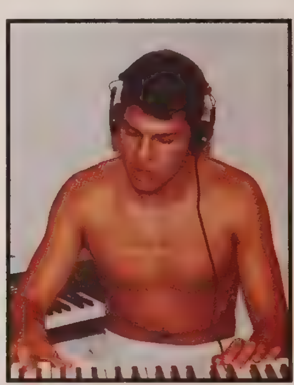
Alias: Spayne, Ace, Wrench. Wanted: For being a stud. Can you remember August ??, 1988? I walked into room 7361 and there was one rack made (immaculately, of course). A few hours later we were blessed with the best roomie we could ask for. Chol! All of the sudden the room didn't look so tidy (Are you awake, Todd?). And when we got our Mechanics grade... "I'm going to graduate a Physics major!" Well, it's been a struggle, but we made it. And how about Pitt trips? Driving to Pitt at night, in freezing rain, on salted roads, with no windshield washer fluid! It was worth it, eh? Not! 2/c year was better. At least you had a "reason" to go out. No more Lodi, no more 'Burgh. In three years of rooming with you, I must say I've been impressed with a number of qualities. I've never seen anyone write out a schedule for the day and then manage to keep it(the rack did win a few times, shh!). And the library every night! I was also impressed by your never tiring effort to make the system work. It's been pretty cool, all the late night chats, getting over "chick-k's," and recovering from sprained feet. Well, with you going Nuc("gessome") and me going off to complete that belly I've worked so hard to start, even the thing we've taken most for granted, being roomates, has come to an end. But, the friendship and memories will remain forever! Don't be a stranger!-J.M.F.

Lawrence Clivio Suter
Monterey, California
Navy Pilot

Suter the scooter, Suterburg, cliv, worm, "ship-it" artist extraordinaire and master of efficiency. He never saw an easy (efficient) way out of anything that he didn't take. You inefficient beast. Always on the scam for non-aggression pact and the shaving standard. USNA never challenged you, but when it finally did, you dropped CAD for cookbook, only to find TRUE BASIC awaiting. You're worst nightmare came true. Thanks to the friendly folks in Arkansas you finally had your Mercedes for second class year. You spent more time building models than we did studying , but somehow managed to get those grades. It must have been the Jackalope. The Triumvirate reigned supreme, Walter Boat and the Holy Maharishi. Pork finally joined the skip club as a firstie afterall. You lived up some fine times with Duke in Europe and that drive back from California. Bermuda with the sailing team, the rat-race, peeper, and the revisit of the island with Chris in 1990. The years came and went too fast. Yet only you with your true honesty could show us what real friendship should be. Our friendship that will last a lifetime. Yours forever: Ox. Walther. Shells. Genius. and Femsah.

Eric Joseph Valenzuela
Imperial, California
Surface Warfare

Eric overcame a harried plebedom in 14th company and joined us here in 18, becoming the friendliest member of the company. His personal charm was not restricted just to the USNA, however. Nando became quite a highlight of the Annapolis night life and the ladies associated with it. He was such a regular at Fran's that he had to sign-out to come back to the Academy. His sense of humor, however, left much to be desired. It would be impossible to count the number of times he left us groaning with his puns and corny jokes. He spent a brief time practicing to be the company band's keyboardist, but not willing to be outdone by the other guitarists, traded it in for a six-string. Eric's consummate skill with soloing on the guitar was matched by his ability with computers. Eric could be found helping out a friend. Nando's greatest accomplishment at the Naval Academy would have to be his collateral stardom from being the Goat Commander at football games. He handled himself well in the unique position of being on a leash with the biggest Navy girl-magnet, Bill The Goat. Eric will join the Fleet as a SWO returning to his home in San Diego. Though his first tour is on a ship commissioned in 1962, he is destined use his talents well on the high-tech combatants of the future. Nando: good luck, fair winds and following seas. -> SLASH

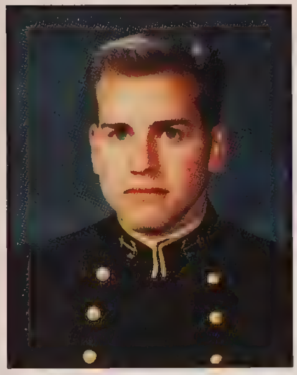


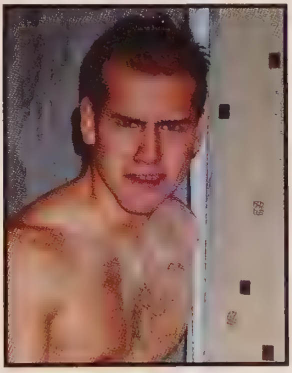
Charles Stuart Willmore
Columbus, Nebraska
Nuclear Power-Submarines

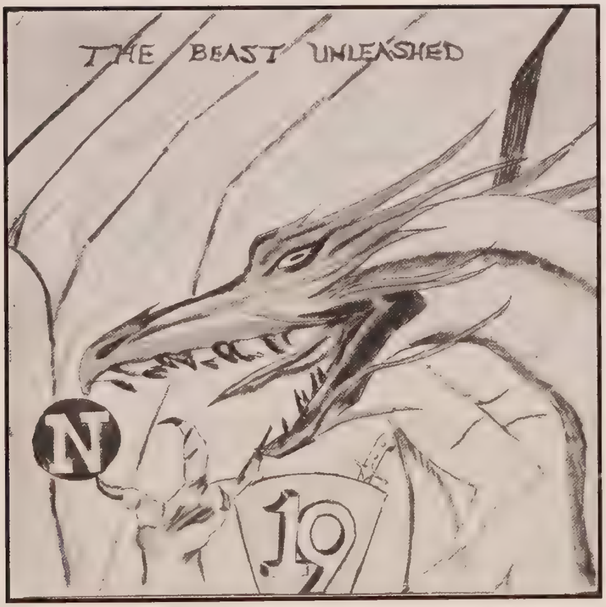
Charlie, Chuck, Drillmore, Willis, Wilma, or Woody came to us from the plains of Nebraska. Plebe year was spent with the future brigade commander and another Woody. Ramada parking lot, sword manual, and meeting girls. Youngster year, his first exploit in Serene 18 involved his treasured BC glasses. "Look, they're unbreakable," as he flung them across the room and broke them. His only restriction, back when restriction was a weekend thing, was due to a skipped sub brief, his future community. With second class year, he brought more pretty, colored pictures back from his systems labs. His high grades showed that his professors admired his art as much as his roommates did. He traded his loan for a styling BMW; the first, no, the second one he looked at. The Ring Dance was memorable due to a romp in the Inner Harbor's fountain and Charlie's classic line, "Oh, (shoot), my ring!" as he started to search madly. Two dollars in pennies and 2 minutes of excitement later, the ring was found. Firstie year, he continued his four year domination of batt squash and team handball, taking over as coach. He also finally found a girlfriend who was less than 1000 miles away. He transformed rapidly from a wardroom rat into a true road-trip vet. Good luck on your subs. /rog

Andrew Edward Zakem
Great Falls, Virginia
Surface Warfare

One man—many names: Drew-Drew, Little Damien, Little Mister, Rahoolio, Zakeem the Dream, O' Incorrigible One, the Eternal Zak, and of course the Perennial Lou (referred to as "Hey Lou"). Four years ago I became his loyal sidekick and brother in jest. Two cross-country road trips boasted tallies of 120 in AZ, 100 in TX, and random 91's and 69's everywhere in between. There were reported sightings of Zak in Boston, but none confirmed. I don't want to say that Zak has been around, but his wrath has been felt far and wide, from Germany to Cali. To know Zak, is to guard your breakables. He's a self-proclaimed karate man—lethal with darts, K-bars, and water guns—armed with a low tolerance for randomness. He's battled the best, from Slug to Hey Dude. Actually, he's a shy boy, one that any mother would be proud to let her daughter date. Lou...did you? Well...just a little. Fieldball was his forte, but he's dabbled in disc and guitars to occupy the rest of his time (there never seemed to be enough time for studying). Seriously, I haven't laughed more in my life than I have the past 4 years. You're truly one of the best friends I'll ever have. The fleet is getting quite a character; I really hope that they're ready for you. Good luck with everything in the future. Your best bud— Dan, W/ CSL

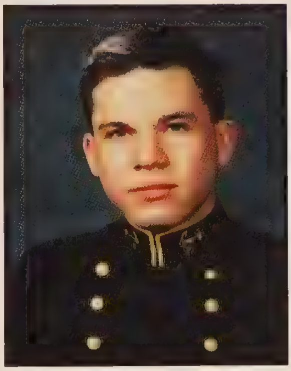






Robert William Barry Jr.
St. Cloud, Minesota
Marine Corps

"I don't understand this @#$%& stuff!" The never ending shadows of unsatness has plagued this former enlisted Marine from exciting Minnesota for most of his tenure at USNA. He excelled in athletics, professionalism, and studying. During Youngster year, Who's Rob Barry? You mean that tall, skinny kid? Rob tried out his sea legs and proved why he has to be grunt. Second class year brought new challenges, like EEx3, the PCRx3, and Mr. SKINNER! But Tree always managed to have a good time, like late night adventures and fun in the dark of black outs. He even made the leap into the abyss of marriage, real smart. The true marine, "Sir, the candidate is just trying his best, sir!", Rob blazed through Bulldog, great job CO!! First class year brought weekends and satness, finally. Good luck on the ground, call me up when you need some aerial artillery. MAC



Mario De Los Angeles Carazo
Springfield, Ohio
Marine Corps Pilot

Paco, Taco, PUMPKINHEAD. Hailing from Ohio, California, and Costa Rica, Mario has barreled through here with his head down: "Sir, I know more than my classmates." All night Aero labs. "Where's Mario? He's asleep again!" True love: "Dude, this is the one." "Hey, your rommate's real cute." "Would you like to dance? I am dancing!" The big blue Duster: "What's wrong with borrowing money to pay off loans?" Marathon Stud. Hanging at Jeff's sponsors. Marine Corps? "I'll swing with the wing." Humps from hell. "Thanks for bringing that to my attention...Barry!" Inflatable toys on the ceiling. Infamous Pepe the Club. Finals=TETRIS! An ego the size of Eurasia, a great friend, a psychotic roommate, a professional stud, and one of my little brothers...don't fail me with the air support! See you in the Fleet. RWB

Gary Dolpha Freeman II
Roanoke, Texas
Surface Warfare

The Texan brought to USNA the stories typical of his state, or should that be of his country (Texas)... everything is BIG in Texas. We'll never forget these stories: your seventy foot fall from the tree, your brain smashing the inside of your skull, and your high-speed fall that somehow never ripped your shirt. His boyhood stories in Texas were as interesting as his adventures at the wonderful women's college of Hood where some innocent girl captured his attention and somehow measured the circumference of his ankle. On the weekends she kept him busy...and during the week she sent him little gadgets and toys to keep him occupied until the weekend. His work space had more items than Toys-R-Us. Toy time came at any moment. How he managed the books, the toys, and the women I'll never know. Hey Texan, no desktops until the ankle gets replaced. I'll never stop admiring or laughing at you. Good luck with the Ninth Generation. GDG

Gil Domingo Gajardo Jr.
Oxnard, California
Naval Flight Officer

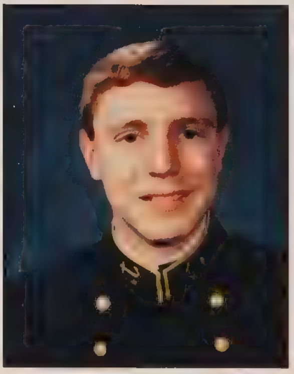
Old man Gil, you brought wisdom and dedication with you to 19th company. I've never met someone who could pack so many hours of studying and working out into one day. I still don't think you sleep, of course, you did guzzle a lot of food to give you something to burn. All our nights staying up late and talking about women problems. I've seen you start with Lorraine, break it all off, swear it would stay that way. Then come back after break, together again, you crazy Filipino. I hope everything works out for you. You sure deserve it. It's been good having someone with a bit of strength and agility to stand back to back with while rumbl'n a horde of plebes. Keep a hammock and black dot around and stay away from towels. You are going to be a great benefit to any unit. GDF

Derek Brian Granger
Millbrook, Alabama
Surface Warfare

Derek, formerly called the Girthman, came to USNA from God's country (Bama) via MMI. Upon arrival, Bancroft Hall unknowingly became the home of an individual with a temper, charm, and a certain gift matched by none. Derek became a regular at Frannie O's, College Park, and Smoke Hall. All of these establishments called for performing his dancing tricks. He mastered all of these tricks evident from his numerous nightly phone calls, massive collection of numbers, and his humble presence. We'll always remember Chuckles, our late night talks, rumbling at CU, your Chariots of Fire routine with Ken, the star-crossed night at the Vous, the flip-flops, regimental tables Plebe Summer, and our hundreds of rage-broken objects. When Derek is gone USNA and hundreds others will miss his presence, including BB, WC, SZ, MM, and the other half of the AA County phone book. By the way, that was my Cure tape! What WAS my time? These past three years have been interesting, never boring, but lots of fun. Good luck in the gray navy. Smooth sailing Buddy. DMS

Scott Christopher Gustafson
Mesa, Arizona
Navy Pilot

Out of the Arizona desert he rode into Kilo-29. Plebe Year? Scott ruled out underwater activities with third class cruise. After six weeks leave, mixing took him to 19. Youngster year brought many roommates, Triangle-over-Triangle (Trawling), the Astro-Baggett lottery, a comfortable couch, "It's Scott, not Gus!", "Goldcard Gus", "Twenty-what?" After a mundane summer Scott knew air was for him. 2/C year put him with Mr. Nickname and the man from 89. Flamer?...NOT!, countdowns, Sullywear (fun to wear), gouge hunts, music trivia, and the YP master. Scott tried being a mad scientist at Los Alamos and did a tour with War Hoovers. Firstie year made Scott the only two-stripe-squad leader. He was usually at his cousins/wardroom/phone/rack. "Shut the windows!" Hwk? PE Tests? top ten lists, and road signs. Scott picked pilot. See you in P-Cola. Brought to you by the number three! SGV,



Christopher Daniel Hagood
Danville, Virginia
Navy Pilot

Tumbleweed, Yanta, Damn Exec and many more. Chris, the country bumpkin from Danville, Virginia. "The same hometown," he proudly states, "as Mojo Nixon." That is great Chris, and it clears up a whole lot of confusion. Although I didn't know him Plebe year, his southern drawl and reputation preceeded him. 3/c year was a new beginning: "Can someone give me directions to Hood?", new speakers, lots 'o pennies and dining-ins were all really funny. 2/c summer was definitely a high point: YP's and Digger, all of P-cola, New Orleans and road trips! 2/c year brought: LCDR Pizza, bigger speakers and atomic jello. "20 bucks and I..." —"If you want to run with the big dogs..." —"Dude I'm in love", lemon head and stinky feets from hell. Here is to fair winds and third wire traps my friend. See ya out there! KWZ

David Tyler Hillard
Rapid City, South Dakota
Navy Pilot

From the South Dakota dustbowl, both ears pierced and a mohawk atop his head, Monster rode his sailboard up to the seawall on the Severn. Though the hocus-pocus of technical courses threw him for an early loop, don't worry folks, he wasn't too fond of leave anyway; Dave battled on for an astonishing comeback. This three time summer school attendee and AC-board survivor surprised us all by wearing the coveted stars and the five stripes of Dep. B.C. Following the feeding of numerous schools of fish on his Y.P. cruise, with a "Death before SWO" tattoo and a Top Gun video-tape, Dave selected aviation as the wise career choice. Alone, he wouldn't stand a chance, but with the Spirit as his guide, victory is assured. Take care Bro. GK and Jabs

Daniel Lee Jablonsky
Belfield, North Dakota
Nuclear Power-Surface

Jabs always maintained that it was not the size of the dog in the fight that mattered, but the size of the fight in the dog. He put that theory to the test and proved it true every day as he took the best and the worst the Academy could offer in stride. While attending West point and enjoying a brief respite from real academics, he found time to dabble in the Dark Side with a Dark Knight. Upon his return, Rocket Read was waiting with a 2x4 in hand, issuing his anathema, "Prayer won't help you pass this class." But Jabs knew that "God is not mocked!" He rode the rocket successfully. While juggling Mech E and his duties as Company Commander/Officer, he developed a puss-spewing, bile-exuding, festering ulcer from too much Mt. Dew. Oh well, all in the line of duty. Finally, the little dog reared his ugly head in one last defiant gesture and hazed 1200 plebes, leaving them at present arms. But it wasn't 1-90. The Word says "As iron sharpens iron, so one man sharpens another." Thanks for the razor-sharp edge. Monster & GK

Robert Griffin Kelley Jr.
Greensboro, North Carolina
Nuclear Power-Submarines

You know Griff Kelley? Yeah, Griff's a good guy. A man of simple yet complex pleasures. Aargh! Stop that! Well sportsfans, as many will attest, Griff is the academic tutorer of countless mids who still wear the uniform due to the professor's assistance. Always willing to give a hand, Griff endeared himself to the hearts of all, with the exception of Mr. M., of course. This rock climbing, wind-surfing, Russian language loving Carolinian pulled righteous roadtrips to Germany, Hatteras, Belfonte, and the Needles, merrily chasing red-heads the whole way. His bizarre, yet cultured tastes in music, i.e.: "They might be Giants" and "R.E.M." (before they were cool) left profound effects on more than one hick roommate. For these and hopefully many more memories to come, we raise our glasses to you Griff, a most worthy companion and propitious friend. Jabs and Monster.

Mattthew John Lattig
Vienna, Virginia
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Spawned in NOVA, hatched at NAPS, Bug landed at the USNA with great expectations and undaunted enthusiasm. After excelling as a plebe he entered youngster year and 19th Co carrying the burden of a debutante girlfriend, '73 Impala, and the guilt of a YP Captain's mast. Excelling in Rugby, but losing with Rave in room team wrestling, Bug stumbled through a 3/c year cluttered with body rashes, and one epileptic fit. Continuing his fast pace into the following years Bug met "Helga" at the beach, sold himself for $70.00, and had an unnerving experience with the Darkside, all while finding time to enjoy an occasional lemonade nightcap with Schu and Doc. One of the few guys who would really give you the shirt off his back, or take the time to cheer you up with his nude ballets, Matt is one of our greatest friends. RHS, DBG

Jonathan Weed LeBaron
Logan, Utah
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Jon came to USNA from Utah as part of '89, he calls it a "real" plebe summer. Now all of his plebe year roommates are his superiors. Youngster summer, the "one-cruise" WESTPAC tour. Youngster NARC made him semi-serious about school. And in October, Lyn revoked his membership in the "I hate women" club. Jon watched his future classmates start plebe summer antics as he went on his two year vacation. Returning to the better Class of '91, Jon was put in 19, where he met Scott and Steve; "reindoc." From then on, it was nothing but countdown and regrets. Wednesday night—"Lyn night." Bedtime—11 p.m. His plebes were his firsties. Stealth but highly regarded. 1/C Summer brought him to Subs. Lyn moves in...where's Jon? Gary "Dolphin" Freeman in a two-man room. Good Luck to you and Lyn. SCG, SGV, GDF

Stephen Francis Murphy
Baltimore, Maryland
Surface Warfare

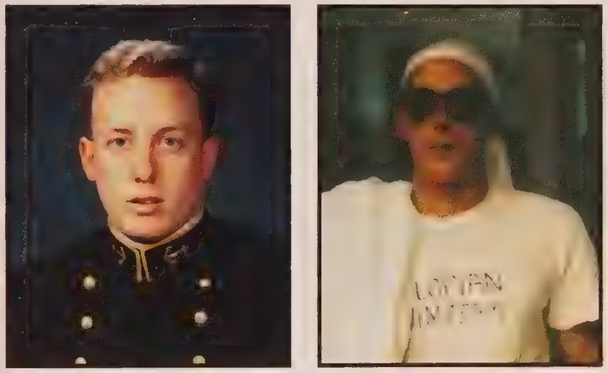
Murph was the first mid to ever commute to USNA. Once here he excelled and left the Playboy Company seeing stars. 3/c year things really got ugly. Ranking higher in the class than in the company? Should've followed the leadership check-off list. There was once the dream of taming the seas as he sailed around the world, but 2/c year ended that and brought THE WOMAN. She was a peacenik from (better sit down for this one Mrs. Murphy) Hood College. Murph handled it like a pro. "Gotta stay calm, be cool. No emotion." Never one to seek glory, his time here finished with just two stripes and a grueling schedule (9 hours!) Indecision struck 1/c year. "Should I go Nuke? I like the Indigo Girls...No I don't." But now it's all decided. To 1991's TOP SWO I wish you fair winds and following seas. The past three years have caused me to question a great many things. Your friendship and genuine concern have always been there to see me through. Thanks for everything. PICK

Robert Watson Pickerill
N. Canton, Ohio
Civil Engineer Corps

One year of normal collegiate life didn't deter Pick from following in his brother's footsteps and choosing Navy's Spartan lifestyle. On I-Day Rob thought red was green, but forged ahead nevertheless. Youngster year brought a new roommate with odd hours, little if any taste in music, and often idealistic commentary. Pick gracefully adjusted to them all. That was also the year of 3 on 3 brigade finals where Rob nearly shot the lights out of MacDonough Hall. Pick kept all of us on our toes with a quick-draw sense of humor that could disarm even the best defense, Ouch!! On the serious side, mutual complaints about Academy life led to many late night discussions on greater issues of worldly, and otherworldly, importance. Yes, life would be so much easier if we didn't care so much. The CEC has picked up a true professional. Maybe someday you can design 'em and I'll drive 'em. But wherever you sail, know that my respect and sincere wishes for an abundant life follow close astern. SFM

Eric Scott Sawyers
Manhattan, Kansas
Medical Corps

Doc came East through the Wheatfields of Kansas, and fell right into place at USNA. Seemingly innocent, this young intellect was out to experience all life had to offer. Our first outing began by shotgunning beers in a back alley. Why spend the money in bars? Soon we found the "case of the week" and spent a priceless evening (everything has its price!) celebrating Garf's birthday. Trips to New York (Smiley hits the road), BC (Isn't Nebraska the capital of Kansas?), and New Orleans (one drink minimum) made us all a little more experienced. Back at school the swim team turned the hall into home, complete with TV, fish tank, fridge, and Bug's bra in the freezer. Doc's greatest talent was for finding the shortcut, even if it took more work to get there. He put this talent to good use 1/c year by earning three well-deserved stripes with no responsibility or accountability (of course he did have the wife and Doc Jr. to care for). Thanks for some of the best times of my life. I know success will follow wherever you go. God Bless. PICK



Daniel Markos Shaw
Mobile, Alabama
Navy Pilot

Anthony Bernard Spinler
Havre, Montana
Civil Engineer Corps

AnthonyBernardSpinler,theverbalversionofSpeedyGonzales,leftthegreatstateofMontana,droppingthepopulationtosingledigits,tostarthisnavalcareerasanukemachinistmate.MakingittoUSNA,SpindogbecamedestinedtodevotemoretimetoECA'sthanstudies:playing150's,GleeClub,CatholicChoir,FCA,OCF,MidsnKids,MAG,biblestudies,...adnauseum.(BREATH)Ofcourse,Spinmadegreatfirstimpressionsof19athisdiningin.Thisraretalentshowedupagainandagainandagainonyoungstersailingcruise.NPQedfortechnicoloryawnsonthehighseas,thismasteroffinancialdisasterdecidedtousehisSystemsdegreefortheNavysincehecouldn'tdoanythingelse.(SECONDBREATH)OfftoCEC,alife,abeach,andadogthatcatchesfrisbees.Ifyoucan'treadthis,that'sallright,wecouldn'tunderstandhalfofwhatthelovableguysaidanyway.Memories:4thCo,trench,roomingwithSmiley,Hood,Julie,Europe,subcruise,Dromsky,Jay,Horndog,WildBunch,AllWorldTeam,NoStar,devotiontoGod.(ONE MORE BREATH) Fish,Jabs

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Ralph Henry Stowell IV
Fairfax, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Convinced he's a native of Maine, Ralphie forgets his flatlander residences. After plebe year with Stu and Conger, Ralph was lucky enough to land in 19. Never forgetting that class attendance is mandatory, he was always (ahem) there. He just had a lot of youngsters. From beating on Rave and Bug to partying with Shu, youngster year was a blast. Spring Break and Montreal opened some northern eyes. The middle of the year brought a guitar and many late nights learning tunes. Good thing you had so many free periods (60+) to catch up on sleep. OC hot tub taught him the alphabet. 2/c year brought trips to the Radisson, Vail, Airborne, and Gramps. As a 1/c Ralph never forgot how to have fun. "Come on Bug, drive faster." A number one roommate and a heck of a friend. The SWOs got lucky. RCS

Robert Charles Sullivan
Rehoboth, Massachusetts
Surface Warfare

Hailing from backwoods Massachusetts, and turning his back on Georgetown, Sully entered the perils of plebe year with the blessings of Barney. Salvation came youngster year with the entrance of RS into Sully's life and room. Releasing frustrations due to everyday Academy life Sully repeatedly hurled obscenities into T court, lusted after his '89 squad leader, took advantage of weddings, and played swap with Schu at Ocean City. Known as "Buddy Holly" to his friends and New Yorkers with guns Rob had brief bouts with Navy Rugby, book buying deals, Derek after fieldball games, not to mentions the ROTC puke who plummeted his car into a truck. All kidding aside Rob is without a doubt one of the most down to earth and tough hearted guys I know. Always dependable, possessing uncommon common sense and humor Rob is one of the greatest friends a person could have. RHS

Jeffrey Allen Trail
DeKalb, Illinois
Surface Warfare

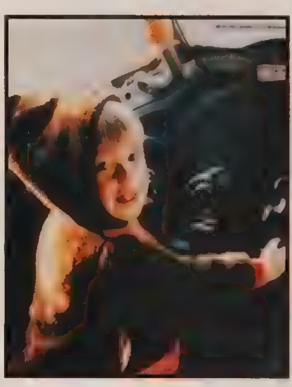
Raised in midwest Dekalb, Illinois and aged beyond his years, Gramps entered the Academy with the vigor of an eighteen year old. After a grueling "India Company" summer and 27th Co. plebe year, Jeff entered the 19th Co. with dreams of a varsity letter, the ability to drive any roommate crazy, and a bad haircut. Needing relief from academics Jeff excelled in racquetball (brigade champs), spreadsheets, come on lines, dancing, tricking innocent roommates into watching scary movies, and bulldog hoping to one day eat dirt for a living. After much thought and consideration, realizing that marines and pilots were dirtbags, Jeff decided to pursue a SWO career with RS. Laughs aside, Jeff will forever be a friend and an asset to any command he becomes a part of. RHS

Douglas Allen Vaughan
Shelbyville, Kentucky
Surface Warfare

Doug "Thank God I'm still here!" Vaughan. Following the same trail blazed by his brothers, Doug made his way from the backwoods of Kentucky to Annapolis on a quest to someday put on those thick stripes. Congratulations on a job miraculously well done. DV set the record by making it past the brass with what had to be the lowest in Academy history. "Mr. Vaughan, I don't know why, but..." Through it all Doug found time to carry a tune and could always crack a smile, even when he wasn't supposed to. As iron sharpened iron, sparks started flying towards the middle of second class year and haven't stopped since. Same squads, same girl?, AN, trek to Urbana, nightly rap sessions...all were pretty "crazy." Well Joker, you completed your quest and have the added bonus of wearing those thick stripes as a surface warrior. Thanks for all the encouragement. SFM

Steven Gary Velotas
Houston, Texas
Naval Flight Officer

From Houston to USNA came "the Veloti," Mr. Nickname to E-15. The Firstie horror of 15. Shaved Head. WESTPAC Youngster Cruise. Youngster in 19: roommate bouncing, zoomie chicks, rooms at war, Aeros dropping—Hollywood hangs on. Awesome 2/c summer for McLaren and Scrogus. Second class year with Goose and the 89er in 4428B. Aero latenights with Raper, Aerowench, Allen, and the Rocket. Ever professional, but overlooked. Mr. V's computer games and the board(s). 1/c Summer on a Nuke, no underway time, then in a P-3. Firstie Year—7 billets and only one stripe, but Ac officer priviledge. Log poetry. "Why make your rack?" "What?" NAVTAG Captain—"It was only an Iraqi." Waiting for the waiver card. "A-6's or F-14's!" Munchies — see the Plebes. The bet. "I'm gonna fail — He hooked me with an 'A'!" It's been fun Good luck in P-Cola. SCG, DAV, JWL, SGM

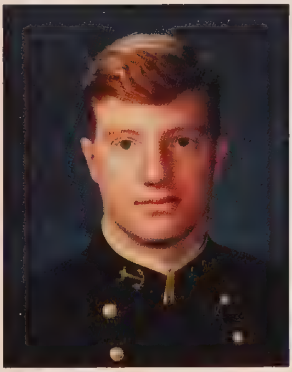


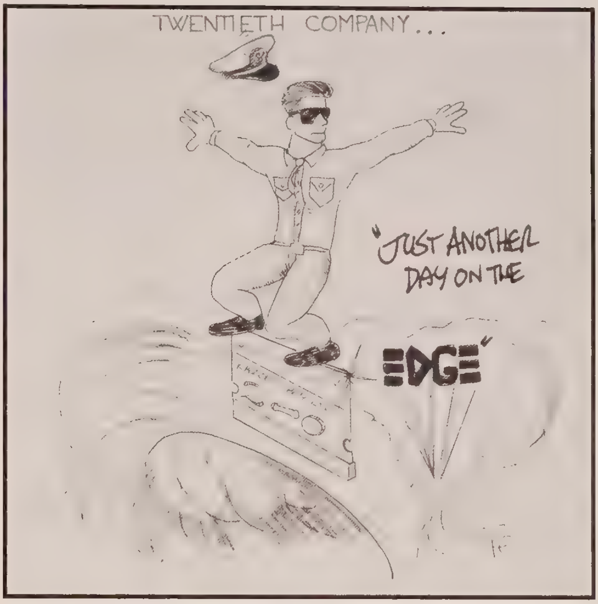
Scott Yuzo Yamamoto
La Palma, California
Naval Flight Officer

Yuso's origin (Japan) has long been known for its wisdom. What he lacked in wisdom (physics, Diffy Q's, EE) he replaced with the Rack. He spent as many hours in his rack as he did in mine while attempting to study in my room. His reign of the Blue Magnet matched his superiority on the racquetball court. He took the long route via enlisting, Nuke School, Boost, to get to USNA. At first a die-hard SWO, he soon saw the aerial view of aviation...P-Cola became the daily word and his sacred ground next to his rack. Computer adventure games, models of unknown models, and the love of California is what I'll always remember you by...I can't forget the rack periods either. By the way, the #1 spot is still open. I still need a hard drive. Hey is Kokka still employing you as his decorator? Good Luck from the Old Man. If we can't meet in the Golden State, then let's try our luck in the state famous for its Beaches and Spring Breaks. GDG

Kenneth William Zitz II
Camp Lejeune, North Carolina
Naval Flight Officer

Ken signed up for the five year plan with the intentions of becoming a Marine and an engineer. His hair grew longer and his major changed, but his introspective and helpful disposition did not. Although sometimes quiet, Ken was always willing to hear problems and lend a cheerful word or a helping hand to a friend in need. As a battle-training stud, company surfing rep., soccer blue chip, and initiatior of the Zitz kneeboard Faceplant, Ken distinguished himself with his amphibious athletic abilities. Three years in 19 brought many memorable experiences, both good and bad. Airborne quals on Rt. 70, come arounds with the EE antichrist, and the discovery that alcohol and biker shorts don't mix all helped to make life more interesting. Although I didn't always say it, you've been the best friend a guy could ask for! Good luck buddy, and GO NAVY AIR! CDH





Joseph Richard Daniel Baich Jr.
Coventry, Rhode Island
Naval Flight Officer

Here at the leadership pressure cooker on the Severn the question of scrambling is constantly being questioned. I'm one who lost and gained from this. I lost my best friend, but gained freedom from his squeaky voice. Not a big fan of the books but a big fan of previously acquired knowledge. He usually does what he thinks is necessary and this leads to his way of thinking-simply unorthodox. He has his own way of doing everything and as often as it sounds like it'll never work, it does. He is a deceptively good athlete who leads 20 in B-Ball,LtwtF-ball,Softball. Watch out for him in a fight, his years of wrestling and Judo have thrown a few people. One girl from an assorted past claimed "You've got a Chip-n-Dales chest" and proceeded well, not to put money in his pants. He may yet fall in ?love?, but the boy never burns a bridge and gets more mail than he deserves. He is always healthy except for the annual visit by ARK in Feb which brings chickenpox and broken ankles! CoCdr & VicePrez can you believe that, with all you've done its amazing you didn't get fried. You can fly in my Backseat anyday. Backseat Baich Go! Nicks Griz Dom

Stephen Edward Banta
Annandale, Virginia
Navy Pilot

LAL is a citizen of the world, born and raised navy. Son of an A-6 pilot, he could end up flying the exact plane that his father flew, scary! A fellow international communism insulter, he helped begin the end of Marxism, fading like a golden mist. His most noted accomplishment is a claim that many a submariner would like to have enjoyed; he cremated Hyman G. Rickover. Because of this fact it should not suprise one to find that Rickover got the best of Steve by enslaving him in the hall that bears the former's name. The revenge was short lived as Steve rebounded from aero to become a general. The "swordsman" was known for his brief dazzling performances such as scaling the wall during the security-rich NATO Sea Link conference and completing plebe summer (yours, not his) with a black "N." Engineer of the famed "Revenge of the Darkside," Steve ended up coming full circle, amazing what four years in an institution will do. Whether it be behind the microphone at WRNV or partaking in group frosting licking, he was always involved for the love of fun. Seemingly connected at the hip (we were even assigned to the same ship for cruise), Steve is a best friend and an understanding roommate of three years. I will truly miss him in the Naval service of which I know he will become an integral part. See you at Top Gun vs. Red Flag, dude. Semper Fly. Jeff

Eric William Covington
Hempstead, New York
Surface Warfare

How can you sum up Cov in a few words? It's not easy, but here's my try: roommate, knight, president, brother, scholar, punk, rebel, and most importantly friend. The times with Cov, Easy E, Cool E, or whatever nickname you call him by, are always exciting. His spontaneous sense of humor and ear to ear smile lifted many people from depression. His dedication to the task at hand and ability to struggle through adversity have allowed him to overcome the many obstacles that life at USNA has put in his path. He has always been there to take the heat from his classmates as with his plebe summer chant of "88 sucks." Youngster year started with a bang or nearly a bang as the Honor dining-in is a testament to. His cheese gang managed to terrorize Duke, but revenge was forthcoming when they ventured into a hick bar in J-ville. I will never forget toasting the New Age over a flaming trash can with a can of Carlsberg Special Export Lager and Earle, New Jersey will never be the same. When he joins the fleet he will take with him a shiney two handed sword, an Isuzu trooper, and the ability to dance like hell. S.G.M.

Jennifer Fajardo Diaz
Jarrettsville, Maryland
General Unrestricted Line

Remember the short girl with the funny colored hair from Plebe Summer? Munchkin has since learned many lessons (You didn't know he was a mid? Oh, he didn't know you were one either!), travelled to exotic places (Fort Benning, yeah sawdust!), met interesting people (Dave, Dave, and Dave), jumped out of airplanes and rode the Rocket. Never has one so short spent so long learning so little. Have you ever been asleep at 4AM? Have you ever been awake at 4PM? Munchkin definitely brought something important to the Academy, and takes it on with her to the Navy (assuming she ever decides what to service select!), and that's the concept of FUN! At least if you get married you should have a roommate you'll get along with! Advice for life in the fleet: Next time just don't lock your door!

Eric Anthony Dukat
Jacksonville, Florida
Surface Warfare

Duke came to Annapolis after his stint on Parris Island, a tour in Vietnam, and 4 innocent years in a Florida Catholic high school. The goofy smile on his ID indicated a sense of humor that never left Dukey during plebe year: "I think you should fry me, sir." Duke is the sort of guy that kept everything in a gigantic pile in the middle of the floor—that way nothing ever got lost. He never let the little things at USNA get him down: Mu Pi Sigma, psychotic redheads, and impending academic disaster could not keep Eric from his favorite hobby, Bancroft Hall nightlife. Duke lives for the important things in life: The Log, shooting off bottle rockets off the mate's desk, and helping his friends through life's turmoils. Duke is of that rare breed that genuinely cares for others more than themselves. Surface Line will soon realize what a treasure it is receiving, albeit inadvertently. After serving as his receptionist for 5 semesters, I can safely say a more sought-after mid has never lived in 2nd Wing. Duke helped to make Dark Side 20 what it is today, and helped me to wipe down once in a while. May God bless you Always. MJF

Christian James Edwards
Huntington Station, New York
Surface Warfare
Mostly outdated parts and rust. No, we're not talking about his '68 Charger. What we're talking about here is Chris Edwards. A man who lives for the sweat and pain of the Halsey weight room. Although pain and sweat were common things as a plebe, Chris admired the one man who seemed determined to make his life miserable. For those who remember the circumstances, his name was "Heat Miser". Talk about admiring a sadist. When his turn came, coke and beer runs had to take the cake. After ARMY, plebe year, he had a heavy dry-cleaning bill due to his testing of the limits to which a body could absorb C2H6O. Once Chris leaves, King Hall should have enough food to feed the Brigade since he won't be here to fill his locker with pilfered treasure. As a Youngster, Chris was no academician. He took all his frustrations out on the plebes, then spent his junior year attempting the elusive inter-company transfer to the NO FUN company. It would not have mattered if he had gotten the transfer, though. Chris found out what true LOVE was. He also had a fiance. The Central Scrutinizer also squashed the amphibious part of his personality to remain Semper Swodelis. Through it all, Chris remained true to himself. He obeyed the rules, but they were always his rules. Look out Archimedes! LTM. CJD RMM SGM

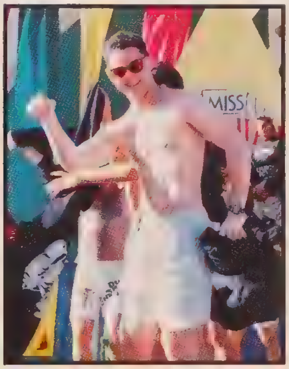
James Raymond Fisher
Deer Park, Texas
Interservice Transfer
Fish,

Well, President of the He-man Woman Haters Club of the Universe, here is the second edition since the first one got lost. Even though you have more money than Fort Knox and won't even spend a dime to get a cheap thrill, which will be the only way you get lucky, we had some good times. I know you liked your sponsor, but there are better things in life, LIKE GIRLS! Even though things didn't go well with your two or three dates while at Canoe U, it is no reason to go into celibacy. Like a bull in a china closet, how could I ever forget those nights that your major, SECOND TO NONE, was unfair to YOU. The last thing that MUST be said is, of course, that I cannot believe my own roomate became a traitor: Stabbed in the back by a BUSDRIVER!! The elite of the quasi-pilots in the world. Look out PAN AM, here comes Jay. Take Care, BUDDY, and good luck.

Keith and Spin

ARKANSAS
A
RAZORBACK

Dominic Andrew Flis
Little Rock, Arkansas
Navy Pilot
Dom Chung Lee was brought by a mighty man the King of Burgers Little did he know that he would soon be the Prince of Darkness Dom began our friendship at Army/Navy but soon we found ourselves living together in 20 As a youngster Dom Caened his way to fame but little did he know that there was a bimbo in his wing. There were two places that he could be found, in his books or the sailing center. He illuminated the darkness with his performance in the Akron game. Econ taught him a lot, especially to stay out of LA. His true passions in life include hats, trucks, boots, Razorbacks, dip and swimming. How much water did you swallow? You swallowed your pride with a 360, but showed your awesome power by lifting the garage door! Dom is portrayed as a tough guy, but we know the truth. You're a great buddy-pal-champ-#1. You were always there, if not you could be found in the LOVESHACK. Fly Navy! JRDB GRIZ 831



Michael Joseph Foley Jr.
Birmingham, Michigan
Marine Corps Pilot
Michael J. Foley, better known as Achmed, Axel, Brewster, Swamp Thing, Sugar Daddy, Gigalo, Well Kept One, Friggin' Foley, Felix, Cupie Doll, New Orleans Light Weight, or Best Buns in Daytona, came to us from Land O' Robocop with granola-bean sprout ice cream and a Trans-V. pic from his 2 years at E. BFE Siberian University to become '91's Plebe of the Semester. After the scramble, the Prince Valiant of Professionalism found himself rooming with 2 Mu Pi Sigma grads in Smilin' Jim's Dos Equis Land. Brewster kicked off as our "willing-to-fry" sub cdr. by introducing his roomies to the concepts of $75 oversea kiss-offs, eyebrow plucking, King Hall Nutritional Analysis, and 3X5 card warfare. After the loss of the Kosemonster and the Mason-Dixon Line was built, the now Felix and Oscar settled in for the duration. Don't think Kate's Toy is all good, this Closet Durany has quite a list of crimes including Gedunk Assault, M&M Addiction, Youngster Party Combat Driving, Technicolor Yawning at Motley Crue, Passing-out During an FSU Orgy, and Switching from Poly-sci to Econ. Mike has truly been a constant reminder to me of what this place is about and I know the Corps has gained a leader. I still have some advice: keep listening to Uncle Greasy, be respectful of Stanley, go South (you know it's better), and show up for your safety briefs in P-Cola this time. EAD

Keith David Green
Baltimore, Maryland
Nuclear Power-Surface

Keith Green, more oftenly called Buddah for his resemblance to that eastern god, especially around the middle, has his belly fubbed for homerun luck and is great with numbers--just ask Griz. He can count to three, which is the number of outs he usually makes in a game, and can add, which is what he does to his bank account. He still hasn't touched the interest on his nuke bonus much to the dismay of a certain little gal who loves feet. Word in the grapevine is that she has tought him a few more things than dot matrix. No one plays tennis harder, or loses more gracefully. Can he drive? NO WAY. Not one person has ever complimented Buddah on his driving skills, perhaps because he has none. Usually, the rear view mirror show lines of angered motorists run off the road. As to polotics, Keith is making his contacts starting with one historical crazy fellow, and is busy learning the ins and outs and ins of freebies. "If it's free, it's for me," can often be heard escaping Buddah's mouth, as it is one of his favorite phrases. Keith has the haircut of a Marine, the brain of a Nuke, and the physique of a SWO. He's the ideal naval officer, and I'd wish him luck, but he won't need it.

Alton Lee Grizzard
Bowie, Maryland
Special Warfare

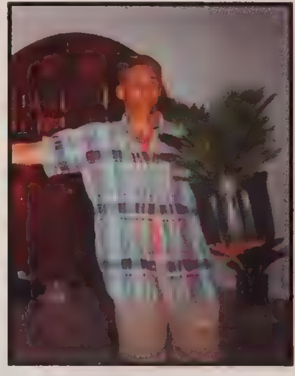
Griz,

SAAAAY, BUDDY! To the Navy football legend and homeboy form VA Beach/Bowie who succeeded in graduating with a MATHEMATICS degree--how did that happen? I hope you don't use too much of that Adv. Calc. knowledge in BUDS, because I won't be there. This is the second edition since the first one got lost. Stop posing in the mirror and go swim a couple of miles. Remember, don't CRY!! Oh, by the way, I hope you haven't tried to take anymore beer mugs out of the bars lately. How about those parties in Annapolis with the Senator and Jan?!! Between post-party fests and service selection night, Middleton's and the Ram's Head will never be the same! Then there was Atlantic City. We took that town in style!!! You are probably stuck in the Great Plains because the GRAY GHOST decided his time had some to escort Zeus. Please don't make your men invent stories about Swedish Stewardesses during chow. I know you still have to do a couple thousand pushups, so GOOD LUCK and take care.

Keith

David Edward Koss
Orand Park, Florida
Navy Pilot

Dave - tall blonde guy affectionately known as 'Surfer Dave' by the Dave Koss Fan Club. Thank God for youngster girls! You were a mere babe when thrust into the big, nasty outside world at NAPS. But you did pick up a few cool rope tricks. Then on to the Academy where you found your aptitude for leadership (and lost something else)! Didn't take long. Never does. Youngster year was fun too... ahh, life with flight attendents. It has its ups and downs. You acquired an awesome sponser and started going someplace new and different, over and over and over. The sign of the whale (Ed's place) will never be forgotten. Boxing became your passion, hopefully your name is now on that wall. Ocean 'Easy' was the subject of your studies, but you managed to make it look hard. On to junior year (Third years are like third rounds), you got a cool car so you can drive seventy-five between stop signs that are a hundred yards apart. Good thing grandma pays your speeding tickets. Bad thing you never did get a decent ring dance date. Summer, and the beginning of your lifelong struggle to get those elusive Jump Wings. Forget it Dave, you'll always be a leg. Stick to surfing. We're gonna miss you, buddy! Your laughter and sense of humor kept us sane in this crazy institution. Remember, it's the size of the fight in the dog. Thanks for all the Dave stories. Navy Air! JBHR SAS

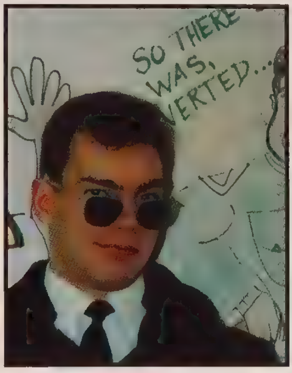


Anthony John Kotarsky
Laflin, Pennsylvania
Nuclear Power-Surface

An accomplished night owl when he arrived in company, few of us realized that the guy we always saw late at night walking around in a Penn State ballcap with a cup of coffee was actually in Twenty until he pitched the company softball team to a Brigade Championship. Second Class year, though, this die-hard skater made a name for himself on the ice by testing the softness of every sideboard in Dahlgren after sliding headfirst across the ice at breakneck speed. Firstie summer was a chance to slow down and enjoy the finer points of a cold malt beverage with S'mores by a campfire out West. After getting along famously with a certain M.I.T. professor on "the Hill," and the natives of Las Vegas, NM, this one-time Leg headed down to Fort Benning. Almost six months after his initial school date, and after a well-planned hike on Assateague, a couple of wires on a bandsaw in A-3, the USMC marathon, hundreds of glass beads, his twenty-first birthday, many trips to American U. and several fun weekends with the black hats at Benning, Tony finally earned the wings he will need so often in the reactor room of U.S.S. Arkansas. A quiet guy who raises swearing to an art form when he's ticked, Tony will no doubt be an asset to the nuclear Navy, as long as he does not have the conn when a flotilla of long-haired, "No nukes!"-chanting, rubber-boat-paddling weirdos blocks his way to liberty.

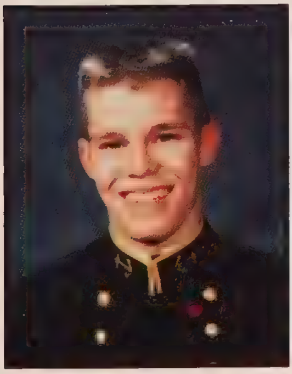
William David Kulp III
Salisbury, Maryland
Navy Pilot

Well, after four years of worrying about his eyesight, Dave will finally become a full fledged Naval Aviator (providing that he gets a flight school date this century, that is). Of course, being an aviator is only one more step towards Dave's life-long dream of being an astronaut. Like all good rocket scientists, Dave doesn't need a Trident Scholar to tell him that rubidium and water do not mix very well. Yes, folks, it has been a long, strange trip. Dave's plebe year in 7th Co. can be summed up by one word: Crew, Crew, and more Crew. After being scrambled into 20th Co., the avid scientist that he is, Dave hung up his oars and decided to channel his attention into more "constructive" projects: examining the water retention characteristics of surgical tubing (with the help of unsuspecting plebers, of course); testing the elasticity of the Naval Academy administration with a certain and now "non-existent" issue of the Log Magazine; and examining the four wheel drive characteristics of Ford Tempo's in the wild lands of New Mexico. With a sense of humor that will either carry him very far in life or land him in jail, Dave will surely be an asset to the aviation community. In closing, this biography is dedicated to the one person who means the world to him: Heather.


SO THERE WAS, VERTED...

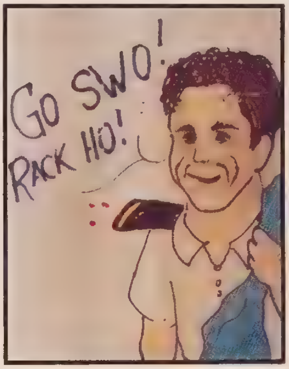
Michael Joseph Lindemann Jr.
Waldorf, Maryland
Marine Corps

Originally from a small town in southern Maryland, where the major industry is traffic light maintainance and the only nightlife to be found is in local donut shops, Mike quickly learned plebe summer that he was not in Waldorf anymore. Relying on instinct, he began stockpiling foodstuffs of all types and earned himself the nickname "Chowhound." He brought his strategic supplies to Twenty Youngster year, and began to hone his skills as a Hall survivalist. In the company, Mike's oratorical skills and statesmanship earned him the title "Jabberjaw," leaving few to doubt that he was indeed a true Bull Major, and a gungy one at that. His gunginess led him to the Judo Club, where Supertoe, as they call him on the club, earned his national title. Now known throughout the nation to Judo enthusiasts as Lawndart Lindy for his incredible competition spear-point head dive, we like to remember Mike for all the little things he did for us before he became famous. His spirit and eagerness often placed Mike at the head of a company recon or fun run on Saturday mornings, and we could always count on him to be his enthusiastic, if loud, self during his tenure as drill officer. With qualities like that the U.S. Marine Corps isn't just getting another loud, bald, barking Second Lieutenant this summer, but a faithful, loud, bald, barking Second Lieutenant. Semper Fi, Mike.



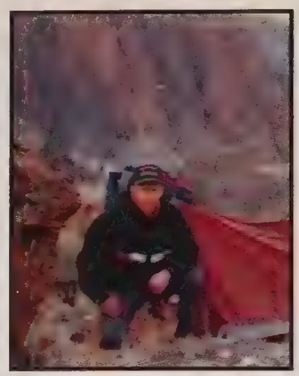
Jason Kenneth Lopez
Long, Island, New York
Navy Pilot

Lopes came to the boat school from Long Island, New York. This little Mexican (OOP! PUERTO RICAN!) didn't let anything bother him. (Yeah right. Just try living with him during his 1.59 SQPR 2/c year). After a clueless plebe sumer, Jason decided that maybe he could find what he was looking for in church. (He did. Her name was Jackie). Youngster year took him to deck 2-2 and his first semester was spent with the Hound Dog. They tried everything, but couldn't find a radio station that played Hank Williams Jr. and Expose at the same time. After swapping roommates, the good times began, while the dance music echoed through the halls. Who could ever forget your little cannibal fish who ate two dozen baby guppies and the four other fish in the tank; the spring formal and our 0.5 SQPR roommate who was practicing black magic in our room when we came back; Philly after the Army-Navy game and my unexpected guest at UPenn; your inability to catch the football in our lightweight games; your supposed scuba qual-dive that was spent with the fiance in a two story hotel room with a fireplace; and all the good times we had at Secrets. You've been a great friend and I wish for you all the best.


GO SWO!
RACK HO!

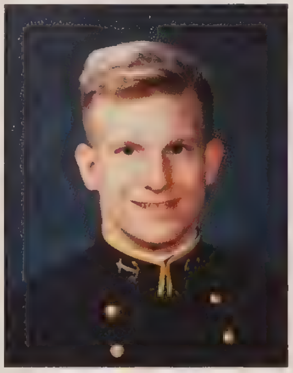
Sean Gordon McLaren
Mt. Dora, Florida
Surface Warfare

My man Little Sean. I met the man while doing Friday night all-nighter in order to complete our statics homework. The next time our paths crossed was at the inaugural meeting of the Society of Former Engineers. After moving in with Sean, it slowly became obvious that Sean operated in three modes: eating, playing computer games, and sleeping. Sean has eaten everything on the menus of King Hall, Steerage, Machoian Poultry, and the New Canton Restaurant. But, eating was only third on his table of priorities as he religiously spent time on the computer gaining the titles of World Emperor, Weljamir, and Lich Conqueror. Sean, primarily, experienced many bouts of voluntary unconsciousness. With his magical pillow from home, Sean established new records for endurance and consistency. Sean's most impressive and painful moments occurred on the fieldball field where he broke each finger on his hands, but returned to be crowned the "Vince Lombardi" of fieldball. Although fashionably backwards, this supporter of the Boy Scouts of America was also my friend, roommate, and the best squad leader I had ever seen. From Duke...The $60 "bet" on whose speedometer was correct through S.C., slumber parties, and Long Island Ice Tea memories...And my favorite punch line..."Nothing". C.O.V.



Christian Lee Nicewarner
Phoenix, Arizona
Marine Corps Pilot

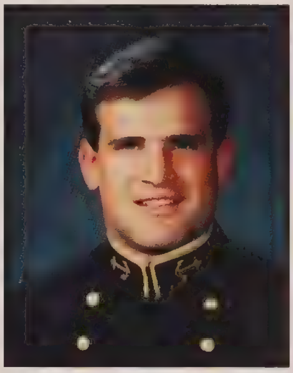
It is fitting that this inhabitant of desert sands will soon be storming sandy beaches as a U.S. Marine. One year at SMU was enough and Chris came to USNA with a burr in his saddle and his hair on fire, ready for some high speed adventure. A macho hairy chested man as a pleber, Hound Dog just couldn't get enough leave: "I shoulda gone to ASU!" A pseudo-Econ major, he tried to convince everyone he was a common hick: Cowboy boots, hunching apelike walk, John Wayne authority, guarding his food at the table—but he turned out to be a closet genius for as little as he really knew. Second class year was highlighted by countless predawn hours in a lightweight shell. Bulldog brought out the B.A. in Nice, and brought on the wrath of the staff: "Nicewarner! What are you screwing up now?" Chris' laurels led him to don 4 stripes, which severely cut into his rack time. Sleeping more in class solved this problem. A Harley wasn't to be, but a ring on Tina's finger was, despite the hedonic views of his Twin roommate. Whether the future holds four stars or Whitfield Nursery in store for Chris, there is no doubt that he will shine brightly wherever the dusty trails take him. Hoo Yah, Motor T! Tom and Dave



Gary Lee Null
Toledo, Ohio
Marine Corps

James Brian Rimrodt
O'Fallon, Illinois
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Jim (Jimbo, Rambo, Cocky #$@%&*!), you've come a long way from Okinawa, this isn't ASU! It all began at NAPS - the Black Pole, restriction, snow diving, killing grass. You were in Stalag 17 as a (pseudo) plebe. Went on a nice yawl cruise, (you're not my father!). You did get to visit Capitol Hill, at least. Oh yeah, and learned how to switch! You played football but as a youngster you got smart and got the keys to the rugby shed. This led to life on rugby trips, including a rather wet one to Va Tech! Then - fry, fry, fry! A few more and you would've been Brigade Commander. All this while sleeping through classes and getting A's. Typical. As an Aero (Astro) major you almost had to study... almost. Then, that fateful trip to West Virginia. A saga begins (standby). 2/C year you got hot in rugby, but got busted jumping the wall. I thought you were fast?? 2/C Summer you became an Annopolitan, a tour guide, and even smashed a windshield! (Well, you caused it anyway). Late July, a saga finally ends, once, no three times, and for all (very well, carry on). First class year we looked forward to you coming back after the weekends (if you came back, especially for field trips). You finally even lost your lightsaber. Never underestimate! You'll always be a big part of our lives. Thanks for all the great times and great memories! Dive dive dive! DEK SAS



Margaret Mary Scholzen
Alexandria, Virginia
General Unrestricted Line

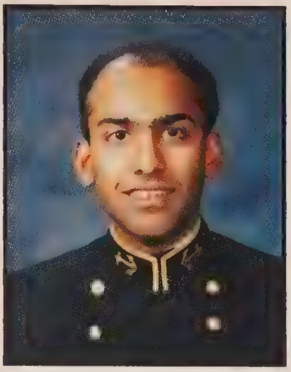
Peggy's first bio was eaten by the computer. This just about sums up her relationship w/ computers here at NAVY. Peggy shunned all things academic-even if it meant taking tests twice (maybe Harry Browne's isn't such a good place to study for the PCR!). Peggy claimed it was a sin not to make full use of 3-striper libs. Peggy made quite a splash at NAVY, both in and out of the pool. She will remain a legend at the pool for her unique "humor". Not content to limit her powers of corruption to the swim team, Peggy wandered over to the boathouse one spring day youngster year, and Hubbard Hall has never been the same since. Despite her ultra laid back attitude, Peggy had the inside drive and determination to excel both in and on the water. Senior year found Peggy captain of the swim team and a second year Varsity boat rower who helped the team to another National Championship. Even if she didn't have a lot of fun at the Academy, she made our time here go a little bit easier with a laugh and a slightly scewed perspective on life. Good luck in the Redwoods. Kari

Scot Alan Schulte
Marshall, Minnesota
Navy Pilot

Scot - or should we say, Grandpa, or Hubby, or Queeg, or Emperor. You've come a long way from your backwoods Minnesota swamp, or whatever it was. Hey, if you'd have stayed enlisted you'd be a chief by now! But you would have missed out on the saga that began way back in Newport...you made a great first impression on us all, thanks for the push-ups. No one really knows what happened your plebe year. On to youngster year! We missed that first semester together. Missed your CD collection anyway. Missed you at the Spring Formal, too. Anybody seen Scot?Oh, he's out getting another roommatefor us. Cool, now we can split the rent four ways! Luckily 2/C year we got a bigger room (1/C year we got a house). Then Jan got mono. Then you got mono. Hmmm... connection? At least an excuse for the challenging new major. Jan. Christmas. Jan. Hawaii. Enough said. Cars! Let's be original and get a...Grand Prix! You should have gotten one of those masterboat thingys. Oops, forgot about your Airborne and Scuba training. Why don't you give up this "I'm not vain" thing and wear the medals? Finally 1/C year. You shouldn't have gone out so much first semester, you wild man, you. Seriously, this was the beginning of the rest of your life. Congrats, Scot! Thanks for the birthday parties and all the great memories. Good things happen to good people. JBHR DEK

Roberta Lynn Shea
Barrington, New Hampshire
Marine Corps

Roberta Lynn Shea came to us from Headbanger High via the Marine Corps and NAPS. She called herself Bobbi and carried a sewing machine under one arm and a tool chest under the other. Little is known about the domestic mechanic's first year, but she arrived in Dos Equis post-scramble to be known as Julie— cruise director at large. Our resident crewba brought her clothes piles and mastery of organization with her along with her other many talents. Bobbi is an accomplished linguist in Russian, obscene sign language, and many other words I never knew before coming here. She's also quite good with games as an accomplished coed soccer goalie, knock-knock you're fried, and flashlight tag. Above all she's a joke teller with such greats as "I don't date mids." Julie was converted after the Honor Dining-in into the 2/c Training Officer From Hell right up until her debut in the Baltimore Sun swimsuit issue. The Mag-light Warrior does have a few imperfections, though, like nosehairphobia, shower wrestling, and ordering her own food. I have no doubt that this Bachelor Bivouac resident will be a great asset to the Corps and will be someday quoted on a plaque in Luce to say "Psssst!" EAD



Bharat Shenoy
Stafford Springs, Connecticut
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Well Bart, it's over. The good ole' days of USNA, Mother B, Bore-us-all-lectures, o-course, mile 1/2, mandatory meetings, financial briefs, snow days, Threat Con Alpha, keep your blinds closed, clean your room, why is your door closed? Hey, neat lamps...where did you get them? Nice couch, whose flag? Time to relax, shut up you fungsters. Below me. Frisbee team from hell. Open the window it's nice out. Let's party on the porch. Another home game. March over, P-rades, O-club on Thursdays. Simpsons. Free food. Mandatory breakfast. Capt. OOH-RA. Hallway frisbee. I'm glad you made it, I'm glad we got to be friends. It was really nice roomin' with ya. Great talks, too...Canada or bust. Where ya going for Spring Break? Barbells, for what? Rex's. Montreal hot spots. Now to Florida, airshow, Cape C. Bike week. Fishing. The ride back. I had great fun. I wish you the best of luck in all you do. You're a wonderful person and you bring joy to all those who know you. Take care. Friends forever. MEZ

Tommy Mitchell Short
Oxford, Kansas
Special Warfare

Tom came to USNA from the wheatfields of Kansas. It was there that he came to be the man he is by eating raw steak and wrestling bulls. I thought I would have trouble relating to someone who spends most of his waking hours throwing around a 16 pound steel ball, but we got along great. Tom's a fan of the idea that it is better to sleep for 3 years and then finish strong, than to burn out and try to "rest on your laurels." It seemed to work for him. Good luck in Coronado, I hear the water's nice in January. Remember "the Pride don't ride without Motor T." You will be a great Spec Warrior, but remember where the real warriors are. Semper Fi. Warner

Jeffrey Robert Stutz
Pleasanton, California
Interservice Transfer

Bearcat came over here from sunny Pleasanton, California equipped with his electric blanket and proceeded to change his surroundings to the climate he preferred. The antics began youngster year with Friday night shows and his versions of Calvin-face and jungle noises. After co-founding the fossil club he went on to greatness as a fellow Communist monument insulter. Not being satisfied with that narrow escape, he tried his luck at an axe-board and as the Sup said, "you just dodged the silver bullet, son." Jeff then took advantage of his new life and became King of Radio, a fearless worm eater and most importantly the great service selection schemer. Life was not always as smooth as a Greyhound bus though. Our favorite guard at the Lincoln monument will attest to that Army Week scandal. Once he realized that boats weren't for him, he went on to become someone who will get his wings before I even see flight school. He was never satisfied with what was right in front of him, and so he tortured himself with a few long-distance relationships with those elusive Cali babes. Jeff was a trying roommate, someone who you could count on to relieve you of your much needed food, but always a true friend. It's been great. Good luck in the Farce. May it always be with you. Semper fly. SEB

Mark Edward Zukowski
Port St. Lucie, Florida
Surface Warfare

Second time round. I will never forget the times we've had... the Amazon woman, Newport, Yesterdays, Dockside Dave, the cold winter of Rhode Island, the 2 Kims, Cali, SD, LA, SF, NORTON, TRAVIS, the trips to Florida, Kelly, Orlando, the club, the USNA years, O-club Tuesdays and Thursdays, relief near second wing. Hey, "What, ... are you guys ignorant?" Graduation, $. Times yet to be. Your path has crossed mine. Brother, Friend ... you only live once ... I'll try to remember that. PAW

Just
Twenty-One

Mohammed Mahmoud Alnairat
Amman, Jordan
Foreign National

With a year of college and 1000's of miles behind him, Mohammed left Jordan and joined us here at Canoeu. His indoctrination into life here began in Dirty Thirty where he learned, among other things,"How the cow was". His refusal to quit distinguished him in rumbles with Kevin P. and Ed Wardroom. But, we showed them all Army week even if we got no sleep. Second semester brought spring break in of all places, Wisconsin. Next time go some where warm? Recovering beautifully from a heinous run-in with a House, Muhammad graduated from plebe year with distinction and took his talents with him to PLAYBOY 21. Never one to take the easy route he became a Mech-E and went to airborne school. I'll never understand the desire to abandon a perfectly good aircraft. Mohammed survived second class year as a Mech-E, only to take a ride on the Rocket first semester first class year. Back to Wisconsin for Christmas and a new experience, Skiing. Stick to jumping out of planes, OK? We made it Buddy. I know you will be a great success in whatever you do. Boris.

Jeffrey Thomas Anderson
Fayetteville, Georgia
Navy Pilot

J.T.-Everyone's All American. Women love him for his looks, parents adore him for his charm, and we can only hope to achieve his Hulkster like physique. Come on Jeff, just one time real quick, the girls will love it! J.T. has always had a way with women... the wrong way. Who's picture is up this week? Although selecting Navy Air, we all know that his true dream is to be in an Airforce cockpit! Schlaaabay! As American as apple pie, J.T. came here from Atlanta, GA with all of the tools to drive the women crazy. Jeff being the sensitive and compassionate person he is, unfortunately had several 'unfulfilling' relationships. He now has a lifetime membership in the Women Haters Club.(Tape now available) He came here as an All-State wrestler, and left as an All-World rugby player. His success on the rugby field did not seem to carry over to being coach of the field ball team. Uzelac would be proud! So Jeff, I join the rugby team and I automatically get a letter sweater? J.T. you have been a great friend and this last semester rooming with you will always be special to us. Luv you man. Walk, Mike, Diego

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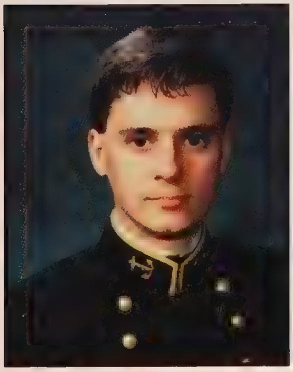
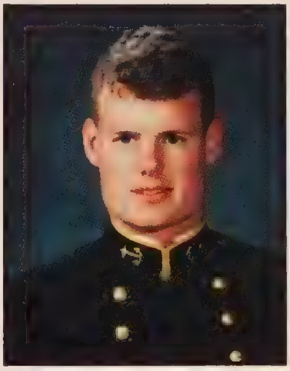
Eduardo Rego Benevides
Hilmar, California
Nuclear Power-Surface

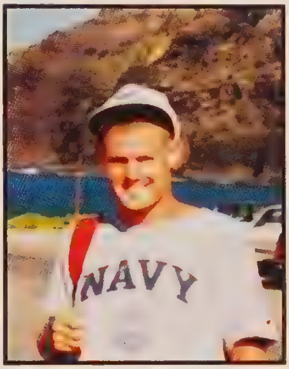
Eddie B. comes to us from so many places that we're not sure what to call his home. Azores, Brazil, Cali...? We adopted Ed at the beginning of 2/c year because we needed a CD player. Little did we know that Ed would provide more entertainment than the CD player ever would. His physical prowess was rivaled only by his love for this place. He absorbed the power from the walls of Bancroft, which explains why he could always be found connected at the shoulder to the bulkhead. Ed had a Greeen thumb and demonstrated it continuously. His best plant story was the flora he chose for his girlfriend in order to demonstrate his true love for her. Needless to say it went over REAL big. He loved the O-Course so much that he paid homage everytime he finished. He was clearly born on the sea as shown by enjoyable sailing cruise to Bermuda. He has added so many useful sounds to our vocabulary that we cannot thank him enough. Most importantly, though, he has predicted the future for use through his Ouigi Board. Seriously, though, best of luck to you Eduardo. We both wish you the best and hope your ship doesn't rock too much. Have you learned how to make your bed yet? Later - Johnny Mac and AT



Craig Allen Benson
Manhattan Beach, Minnesota
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Once in a lifetime individuals such as Craig "Boomer" Benson come to Canoe U. and impart knowledge, grace, and wisdom to the Brigade of Midshipmen. Always in bed by 12:00 and up by 6:45, Craig has had quite the total experience as Commodore of the Scourge of the Severn: the YP Squadron and as the Biggest Brother of all.. Endeavoring to ulcerate the lining of his stomach as a physics major he sought to relief by sharing quarters with two convicted felons and winners of the N*, CDS and SSK. Dreaming of his Camaro and fiancee, hopefully not in that order, Craig will be spending much time with his portfolio of pictures at 20,000 leagues under the sea. "He came, he saw, he got his three stripes."





Nicholas Carter Berra
Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot

Nick Berra has certainly made his mark here at USNA. Driving down "Creek View Road" Nick left Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania and never looked back. Plebe year laid the foundation for Nick: comearounds with the company officer, running with Kevin, and rooming with Matt. From this Nick recieved valuable training and an important address. After a summer of "numb faces" Nick exclaimed "this is the life!" The start of youngster year brought Nick a new name: No Class. A name well earned as Nick managed to pass calc, chem, physics, and EE. Youngster year left Nick searching for the meaning of life. However second class summer and "Grooouuup Six" only left him with the definition of a LOSER. Second class year marked the start of "the shrine". Liquid chow packages and a post army tradition. No Class continued to run, training for the coveted O-course record. The end of the year brought Nick his third N-star and his toughest challenge: air-borne! Too bad his stick leader wasn't "Call-me"! First class year flew by with days of carpet and "Nick, wake up. Tell Brett..." and "Cates!!!" I will never forget the king of MAC, the man with clean underwear, and the man with more class than anyone I know, my best friend. Regulators- Mount Up! BAB/jjc

Brett Alva Bourne
Fargo, North Dakota
Marine Corps
Hailing from the high plains of North Dakota, Brett "Air" Bourne came to Navy with high hopes of grappling success and a Marine Corps commission. Youngster year brought us together in the most unlikely collection of roommates ever- Mr. Pep, Mr. YP "Triple Burger Day", No Class, and Air. Brett had a knack for everything, be it academics, athletics, or women: "What was her number..x51 what?" Always up to something, Brett's projects ranged from T-Court balloon launches to mice extermination to Rm 4306 wardroom to SUPALLCOMNATS. His All-American honors in wrestling and company commander stripes further displayed his ability to reach the top. Brett stood out in the brigade, figuratively and literally. His bright smiling face and awkward but distinguished gait made everyone's journey down Stribling walk a little more memorable. Brett's graduation will affect many, but none more than the owners of Franny O's, who will be scrambling to find another customer to replace him. "Shake it up baby now..." Brett would sing, to the delight of all his fans. Stay out of trouble, Big Man, and keep the Corps in line. You've been a great roomie, and despite my failure to answer many of your late night calls, you are my best friend. Keep checking your 'six' though, because I think you are one up on me! Regulators- Mount Up! NCB/jjc

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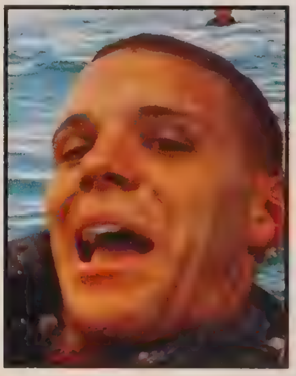
Thomas Alfonso Braden
Canton, South Dakota
Navy Pilot
Old "T&A" Braden came to the boat school from N.J.; hard to tell by his accent though. He quickly distinguished himself as the 4-3 "librarian", accumulating mass amounts of "pro-material" and running the 2/C wardroom. His penchant for caring continued and Tom led the fight to unplug Bill. Tom's many adventures in the fairer sex led him to HM,CM,AZ,DG, and a special friend from NL303 mess night and other nights. Karen-Andrea was sure to be the one until CZ stole the show. A man of many talents, Tom played nose music for us daily. His nose also led him to find a "dance" bar in any city. WE's in PA, food fights, open & sniff candy, impeccable attendance, high room standards, chit magic, bed-head of the worst variety, shots w/ Jose and Kim, Prof. Tom.'s house, Woop for a day, Chicago in Dec. w/ the windows rolled down...the memories have been many. You're a good man Tom, definitely at the "top of the barrel". P-Cola better be ready. Take care of yourself 'cause friends like you are hard to come by. ALG and BRM

Michael James Brakora
East Lansing, Michigan
Navy Pilot
"Chicks diggin' him," modest Mike skitched in to Annapolis from East Lansing, Michigan and made short work of plebe summer. As the first Ac year brought trials and tribulations, he was able to make it through with flying colors due to the help of his great and forever friends Brian G., Kelly, Ed, Brian S. and Steve. Apple pie seemed to have an answer for everything and if he didn't he would just talk louder unless you were kicking him in the face. Avis was never a friend of his as they pestered him for the next three years. Youngster year more spent in Bethesda Naval Hospital than Bancroft Hall no thanks to his good friend Dr. J. Second class year was another eventful one as EE made him romantic and the "Mariner" became one of the first "great Americans" to walk the plank with a Navy brat. It also brought an ac board which he breezed through and has had smooth sailing ever since. First class cruise was the best with the Zappers and the USS Roanoke. First class year was more fun than anything Heave Ho, Heave Ho Happy Birthday from Fran and Mr. McGarvey. "Just muck it on down." Hopefully, Navy Air will treat him better than the boat school. "It's twelve o'clock," See-ya. DRG,DH,JJD

John Jay Debellis
Northampton, Pennsylvania
Naval Flight Officer
"Jaygo, how'd your day-go" rolled in from Northampton, PA with a smile on his face and not a dime in his pocket — "We get paid a lot." Pie-zan, the volcano of torrential vehement emotion, waiting to erupt—BAAA-AAAUGHH!!!! (sometimes mistaken for a sheep). Hey..Lets do something...lets not. A true Airborne TROOPER—490 (ouch, another headache), a stud on the beaches of P.C. and the uninvited guest who found himself to be the life (and death) of Gus's party. "Spring Break was shakin' in '89" — NOT the most adroit driver. A great American who accidently sent Brak to Bethesda enroute to the Pepsi machine. What Brief? "Boy, I clocked you doin'..." Never forget Juan's jewelry and the ill-fated dive w/ D in the Keys. Jay was the consumate "sweat", but also was a good roommate. Fortunately, he finally found true love in that road machine, "The HOG," and Dena. Road trips to U of M, PSU, and Buffalo to visit THE MAN. The only thing to tame the "wild one" was a 2nd home in M-ville, where he lived most of Firstie year. Stay Real, Live Large,...See ya in the friendly skies, my man...MJB, DRG, JLS, and DH

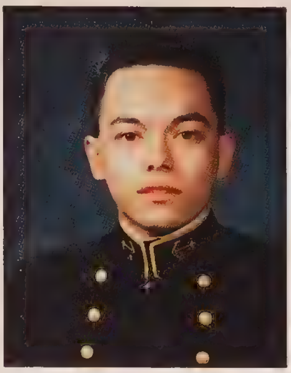


Kristin Beth Fabry
Annapolis, Maryland
Supply Corps

Fabes came to us from Serene Washington State to begin her naval career with a shoebox on her head and edge-dressed sneakers vocally "chopping" through the summer and answering rates like "Fabry—Chain of Command, GOOOOO." Then came plebe year and the Friday night pizza parties with only a red desk lamp for atmosphere and the birthday parties we threw for each other using bayonets as cake knives. We started a tradition that kept going all four years at USNA. The girls from 20 have lots of great memories and we'll keep making more. Will the Waldrons ever recover from the Porter Road takeovers? Fabes' healthiest year was plebe year-was it that easy? Since then she has been plagued with mono, shin splints, mono II, and stripes! From these humble beginnings Fabes became the "ultimate" mid. She was a dynamic whirlwind for four years-Varsity Women's Crew, FCA Secretary, WPA President, 2nd Regimental CDR, and more. She can be best remembered as Second Regimental resident headless chicken trying to balance her many tasks, or as the English major that couldn't spell, or maybe she'll be remembered for her never ending fount of optimism. She'll always be remembered as someone who tried to make USNA what it's supposed to be.

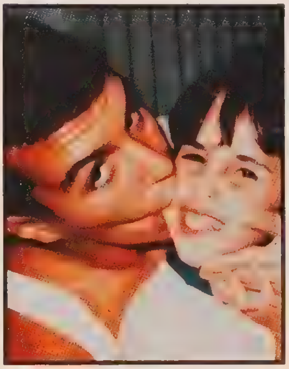
Daniel Richard Gawitt
Severna Park, Maryland
Surface Warfare

Dr. Gawitt, "call me Danno", a local from Severna Park, who survived plebe year under the tutalage of YP and Double Fat Chat. Three Bad Brothers! (heke, hike, hoke) a jack of many trades, master of none...Danno's egotistical sublime allowed him to survive his AC board. Thank God for seatbelts else we would not be blessed with his presence. Tuesdays gone with the wind, and we can do this. Yeah Boy, he's lampin! Darker than his tone, the Dr. was always the hub of privileged information. Yaking white Russians all the way to Florida 3/c year, soon convinced Danno of the costs of excess, as a result, he was one of first to bite the bullet and pledge himself to the fair Eileen. One Florida trip was not enough for this astute theologian. He had to make one more trip to the sunshine belt where he demonstrated extreme seamanship and navigation, tumbling over the side with the anchor and w/o his knee. Everyone should remember... no matter where you go there is Danno. DH,MB,YP,JD,TY



Arthur Louis Glasgow
Des Plaines, Illinois
Marine Corps

Artsy Fartsy was always up to no good at least by the ADMINCONDUCT system. His attendance/room stds/and driving ability are admired by all. 3/c cruise he found himself in P.I. and Thai. taking in the sights from a close vantage point. 2/c year he found the dants. flt. jkt./the bi-plane/ and the delivery truck keys. Al held plebe indoc at Prof. Tom's house. 1/c Al ran up a $360 bar tab on b-day and recited the gettysburg address/going out w/ AB/KR/SW during the year proved to be a hand full. 3 stripes were for fencing capt. but that didn't stop the shots with Jose and Kim. A/N Al was into woop uniform recons. Al got good grades but didn't believe in studying. He was the Jose Cuervo 3-wheeler king/the 4-3 barber/and the "dear abby" for the underclass. Al has had 1/c parking priv. for four years. His cigarette tricks always won applause. Being from the Chicago area, Al found his favorite bar "heavenly bodies". However, Art's best trick was out-smarting bulldog but he got cold nuc. feet and went back. Art won the plebe drill and will be a great asset to the MC. Good luck with all that you do and don't make a mess w/ your room at TBS as you have here at USNA. Great friends—TAB/BRM.

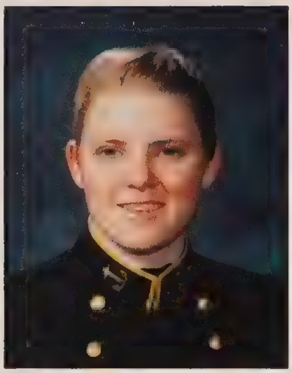


Diego Hernandez
West Palm Beach, Florida
Surface Warfare

Diego came to us from the bean fields and rolling hillsides of Columbia (Diego is Hispanic-TSR). Via Florida where the hasas there hated to see him go. D (stands for Darth) took up where he left off making quite a name for himself in Annapolis and at Hood where he won the "hearts" of nearly all of KA's friends. In Annapolis he distinguished himself both inside and outside the gates of the academy. His long list of phone numbers included both the 7 and 4 digit variety. Diego, being the fun-loving guy he is, made many friends at the Academy, including LCDR Lott and the Anne Arundel County Police Dept. His top notch uniform appearance rarely went unnoticed, especially by the CDO in smoke hall. He always seemed just one shot away from the coveted Black N which he so greatly aspired to obtain. Being the small guy that he is, Diego seemed to have trouble finding girls that weighed less than he did. First class year brought pooper back to his old stomping grounds where his skills at big game hunting were put to good use. Diego was always different from the rest. If everyone goes in the front, he always chose the back door. Diego, you're a great guy and a bright spot in everyone's day (he held us at gunpoint to make us write that). Have fun hanging out with the geeks in Orlando. Good Luck and God Bless. JT,KEN,WALK,DAN,BRAK,JAY

Kevin Scott Hinton
Santa Rosa, California
Surface Warfare

Kev, Kevvy Kev, Kevin, the chinese chef, came to us from Cali but we didn't hold that against him since we knew deep inside he really wanted to be a Bears fan. In the summer of '88 Kev was introduced to a different realm of life. As his roommates showed him, through much emphasized leadership by example, the blue magnet became imprinted with his body, and maximizing rack time became a prime objective. 2/c yr brought ring dance,"who's it gonna be?" the ring, and the "much deserved" car and through many philosophical talks, Kev preached "there's no perfect match, you gotta give and take to make it happen": what bulldog and airborne?..oh EE, ouch! Boy anything can happen, huh? As the cars finally arrived, so did 1/c yr and the credit card bills too. WOW! But the new set of wheels helped us to experience terminal velocity. Kev was it copacabana AND YMCA, oh man!..why would anybody want to run 26 miles?..subs, o.k..oh med corps..marine corps?!, no NFO?..SWO daddy!! (did we have a choice?) Kev, I have noodles!, ouch, oh !@#$ me! A 4-door family car? Kev, did I really put up with that music? WOW! Kev, a man of many facts, I couldn't have asked for a better friend or a roommate. See you out west! Do we have a ADM in the making! Man, we are friends for life!! Peace, hoops, no more swimming, more hoops, and money. TEY



Janet Lin Jackson
Yorba Linda, California
Navy Pilot

The sweet silver tones that grace the firmament seem not the progeny of corporeal throat...Yanute, our quiet Californian with the lustrous locks was tossed into 21 with a less than playboy attitude as she immersed herself in glee club right off. She chose the only major fit for her mind-English-and went on to gain a great appreciation for the accent ("Can't stop now Daddy, Napoleon wants to throw up!") 2/c summer found her living with KH and thus began her expatriate living in 11th Co. They found they shared the same attitude towards Quantyco: "Let's NOT double-time, ok?" Wake up-groan. July 4 festivities got a shot of adrenalin with 2 min. to spare! Firstie year brought her a phone in the form of Glee Club Despot. She remained her serene unperturbable self until succumbing to the allure of Hubbard Hall: crew finally revealed the savage warrior deep within her as she quickly established herself as ergmonster and hill-runner extordinaire. Newt has insidiously made herself indispensable to many of us here at Navy, and her quick laugh and ready helping hand will be sorely missed as we go our separate ways. We wish her the best of luck amongst the P-cola types and know she will make a name for herself (if the DeSoto doesn't for her!). Dear Janet, wherever fate leads you, you are (borrowing from Byron) "a friend whom death alone could sever." HKB KMH SCM

Walker Eugene Kimbell
Fort Lauderdale, Florida
Surface Warfare

Word! Walk, where are you? We figured you'd show up to edit your own bio. We're anxiously awaiting graduation so you can show us the pictures... Five Ac Boards? From Major Moore's "sincere" appraisal of your 3/C watchstanding ability to football's stalwart backing, you will go down in the annals of USNA history and may even make "Reef Points" in the quote section next to Clarence. "Why take the strain when you can take the hit?" Words to live by. Although Walk never actually set foot on the playing field, football brought him the academic survival and a secret admirer from the west coast. Walker chose to forego his final year of eligibility to slim down and shape up, however it was hard to give those double portions at team tables... "I'm a whale!!" We'll never forget the Sunday night bedtime stories that gave us amateurs something to dream about. Walk, what's the best class? 91.5, right? Don't forego studying for any tests to read this bio. Good luck, Walk;. You're a great friend and remember, we're just a phone call away. Some things to remember: "Ten minutes, time's up." ..21st Co. Rat Officer... Peace and chicken grease... etc.... JT, MIKEY, DIEGO, AT, JOHNNY MAC, ED B.

Scott Susumu Kokka
Santa Clara, California
Surface Warfare

SCOTT...HE WAS A GREAT GUY WITH A LOT OF ACCOMPLISHMENTS. BLACK N, RECONS WITH CID, 21 MILLION?, SMOKE HALL COMMANDO, ATTEMPTED MARINE, AND A FUTURE SWO/NFO? WHO KNOWS. PUT SIMPLY, SCOTT WAS DIVERSITY PERSONIFIED. 21ST COMPANY

Joann Lynne McCabe
Manassas, Virginia
Aviation Maintenance Duty

JoJo only had to come from an hour away to get to the Academy on I-day, but that fateful drive was one of the last things that came easy. Right away, there were the repurcussions of the gerbil incident! (and one semi-psychotic roommate to deal with!) Hard work (and Caren's singing to drown out the whines) prevailed. When it came time to move, it was another short trip - this time only down the hall. The next three years spent in the Aero program would mean a lot of late nights and some sacrificed weekends. But a girl's gotta have priorities, and sports still came first. Jo broke all the records as goalkeeper of the soccer team, and anchored the women's softball team behind the plate as well. She even learned to wear a mask AFTER the non-supervised practice session. If her knees weren't already hurting enough, she took a 26 mile tour of DC in November of her firstie year. ("Just Call Us Stupid") (But none of these athletic endeavors made her any good at unauthorized fence climbing!) Zorching back and forth between Annapolis and Manassas in the black Trans Am became a weekend hobby as Murphy became a fixture in the McCabe family. If you're looking for her now check the West Coast, she'll be the redhead with the bandana-wearing dog and her own apartment. You're a good friend JoJoBear-I'll see you in San Diego-(you'll HAVE to get a tan there) love, tlee.

Brent Russell McMurry
Canton, South Dakota
Navy Pilot

"It's simply" been an interesting 4 years by the bay for HD. The most striking memories will be of all the strong bonds AL has made during his few woken hours at USNA. I'm sure Brent's addictive ties to TB/JB/JD/HS/AS/AG/and JCG will not fade as quickly as our vision has on many nights in the past. The nights have been warmed for Mr. LP by memorable ladies, such as the Anderson Window Queen/Bat-Bat/Tom's sister/the Phil. Indian and JAS. Brennie Boy will always have a keen memory of life in the hall-brightened by the likes of Mr. F/the grange/smiley/ and a colorful LCDR. Times such as NL303/mess night/rides on the metro to AU/PA rowboating/P-cola landings/doing shots w/Jose and Kim/playing shell game in NYC/making a pass at Tom will hold a special place for those of us who know McLucky and live to remember him. We'll always remember the big hay-tosser, but will we ever figure him out? The CB/WT's/stereo/ostriches/fans/or his impeccable attendance (at Piezano's and drunken hay auctions only) may begin to explain his outstanding performance (and room stds) as a batt striper. "Whatever" one thing is certain, if you can catch him awake two things will be present; a smoke or a dip and always a smile. USNA would definatly be a better place if more stripers took their job as seriously as BRM. "Well, good enough" :TAB and ALG

John Farrell McVay
Simsbury, Connecticut
Naval Flight Officer

Johnny Mac-this youthful man with the upside down smile and hair Kojak would be proud of. Often mistaken for the coach, old-man winter defended the Navy soccer goal with a vengence. It all started with a few innocent road trips to Loyola in the Bobcat. By senior year, he had his Loyola College ID. Thank God for the Integra, it made the commute a little more enjoyable. John had many friends but there was something different about this man. A man dedicated to school, Sheila, and Soccer. His friends couldn't understand why he actually studied. In class he would constantly participate between his naps. Spring Break with the team was a little on the sick side. With Mac skiing in three feet of water. Road trippin' with PJ, Brad, Fish, Stick, and Van. He was a great roommate as well. He could always tell the best stories, especially when asleep. "VLS, its the best!" John also loved the water. "That's alright, Mr. Sully, I'd rather swim back." He is loved by all...friends, parents, and creditors. John, you are a great friend and we will miss you. Good Luck to you and Sheila, and take 'em by storm at P'cola. ALL THE BEST FROM THE BOYZ. AT,WALK,ED,B,FISH,STICK

Michael Nicholas Oluvic
Valparaiso, Indiana
Surface Warfare

Michael Oluvic came to the Academy from the rat infested back alleys of Gary, Indiana. His tact and compassion for all of mankind made him a champion of breaking down racial and cultural barriers and won the favor of many a foriegn national. Having had a class option chit for all four years, you could always find Mike in medical getting treated for his rack burns. His physical fitness was legendary and he was always in top shape. First in his class to finish his Airborne training, Fat Mike is a man to be admired for all, by all. One of the founders and first members of the Regulators, he walked tall and carried his badge with pride. Females swooned over him and wanted to become his slave and take care of him. By the way Mike -Who is your nanny?! Then he met 'her'. A woman who tamed his rough outside and discovered the sensitive side within. They fell in love and she told him that he was the man she'd been looking for so she moved to Califoria and left him here with us. And the saga continues... Mike, SWO, O'lovik, Snakin n Rackin, the Great Santini- you are a man who will never be forgotten. You made us laugh, you made us mad, but there was never a more loyal friend. And willpower?... G. Gordon Liddy would be proud. Walk, JT, Kenny, Diego

Brian Michael Smith
Louisville, Kentucky
Marine Corps

Brian...My half brother who often got all the good things meant for me, while I received his vast mistakes because my first name was second alphabetically. We had some good times: G-Town 3/c year, Franny-O's every semester, Army-Navy 1/c year, and hopefully a job with your Dad at Jack Daniels when I get out. Good luck with your new wife and Semper Fi! P.S. Don't be late for my wedding! -Joe- Smitty, who thought that buying a 1 Karat rock was worth a case of beer. Whatever happened to Luke. Semper Fi to a tamed man and one helluva of a lady! -Cid- Brian was known for his "gungyness" through many late night recons, his ability to jump WALLS along early morning runs with the plebers. After a USAFA tour he found his one and only! I wish him the best and may the Corps keep him in line. -DBW- Smitty, who didn't know the difference between a washer and dryer, or how to empty the garbage when we met, has been broken. Must be a hell of a woman, like Karen-Andrea was — too bad she got blown away. Must have been too many nights at AU or NYC. I hope you've learned your lesson about the shell game, but other than that I know that you'll never change — no matter how many stripes you wear, you'll always be the leader of the group. -TAB

Joseph Lee Smith
Newcomb, New York
Navy Pilot

Smitty was my roommate for a year and a half. You could always enjoy Joe's stories of being a Navy enlisted man. 3/C year brought Joe many countless adventures out at Frannie O's. (How many kids?) Joe chilled out 1/C year after being company commander, getting engaged, and selecting Navy pilot. I wish you the best and remember: You can be my wingman anytime! To my twin brother Joe "It's 12 o'clock" Smith which has sparked much confusion in billets, mail, and messages over the years. Hope the coin toss comes for USMC Air Service Selection Night. See you in the Middle East. The other smitty. I never could figure out how a room could stay so clean with so little effort on my part. Yes, the legendary generic man with the Monte was always known for such deep sayings as "DUDE!","Shut Up Gadget", and the infamous "See-Ya!". Dr. Smith was always experimenting-trying to find ways to fix this place-when the only thing wrong was his childhood (Hence that stupid puppet "Grover"). I will miss the man who helped me shovel through one last trench 1/C year. Best of luck bro, and tell the wife we'll all get together next weekend. Amigos. DBW, BMS, JDB.

Craig Derrick Sybrant
Beulaville, North Carolina
Marine Corps

Over the years, Cid has graced the hallowed halls of USNA with his eloquent presence. He especially graced Smoke Hall after he & SSK suffered the consequences of uncontrolled urges to dispense of some duct tape and neckerchiefs. His expertise in ropesmanship did not go unnoticed by NESA (Cid got another "demerit badge") or by 19th Co. Among Craig's (who?) other accomplishments (besides having his picture & bio here) are: not marrying Jill H., not killing CB after rooming with him, not losing his driver's license, and never losing a passenger due to a cardiac arrest on a roadtrip. These ticket-accumulating trips took Syborg to many interesting places on his few SAT weekends, such as Phila, NC, NYC, and Quantico, VA. Bulldog earned Dehydrant a USMC billet when his OOM might not. Many of the other trips proved profitable either in weightlifting or quality of the experience, such as those with MA and RLW/NH, respectively. "Mr. Tact," to those who know him, has been known to impress many an awed crowd with his command of the language, such as Tom's Dad, youngster T-day. However, those of us not awe-stricken by Cid's eloquent disposition have seen through the charade to find a valued and trusted friend, with a heart of gold. OOHRAH! TAB,ALG,BRM

Harold Anthony Terrell
Irvine, California
Surface Warfare

A sucker is born every minute-that's 1440 every day. Eddie B.-Who must pay? Hello McFly, anybody home? Wake up, time for class-will coach run that play? Wish you & Sully the best. Special shout to the boyz-Eight Ball, JT, Covy Cov, De La, and the Diym Posse. KT, keep up the fight, it's worth it. Rather take the hit-Who do you know anyway, Walk? Thanx for the choc chips. Thanx to Mom & Pops-What would I do without you? Where to now, Peanut? If God is with us-who could be against us? Stay busy-AT-We couldn't let you go without a few fond remembrances. For example, watch out for the Mad Dog, because he bites back-Port too-We haven't figured out why "AT's busy," unless sleeping counts-We think his eyesight is really bad, because every time he sees someone he knows, he says, "I see you!"-Dingus-If it's not one scam, it's another-See you at the top of the Fortune 500 ladder, under me, though-Peace and Chicken grease- JOHNNY MAC,WALK,ED

Douglas Boyd Whitney
Pittsford, New York
Navy Pilot

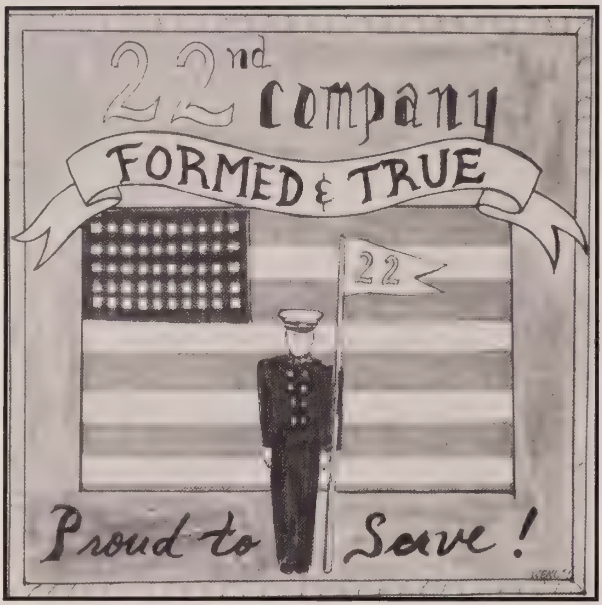
Doug, Whitburger, the Whitdog embarked on his USNA adventure from Rochester with dreams as big as his body. Built for swim sprints, Whitdog found the Almighty Lou had other plans. Doug's plebe year included N-star, sprinter's option, and an interesting New Year's Eve in Coronado accompanied with a NADSAP tour. Doug swam into retirement 3 years later leaving him time to pursue his automotive exploits such as rent-a-cars, Repoman, and a wall from nowhere. Along with countless weekends adventures, D.C, Corn fields, and the UNKNOWN, Doug became a close friend of mine. Throughout Padre Island, Doug and I learned that a lot of food isn't really necessary with a diet of wheat and barley. Ring Dance saw Whitdog painting the back of the Booze Cruise. Thank God he didn't go over, but what about his Ring?! Those two weeks went by in a blink of the eye, I wouldn't trade the fun times they brought us for the world. Don't forget Europe 90, the WALL, the Alpine, beaches and babes down at P-City (Watch out for the SNAKES!) Doug never lost sight of his goals of being a Pilot and a Comp Sci major. Doug, this place would not have been the same without you. You had a positive attitude and knew how to live. We've had some great times and may many more follow. Never look back and don't forget that the sky's the limit. BWB, MEB, & MALICE.

Timothy Eun Yoo
Streamwood, Illinois
Surface Warfare

Timmy-tim, I met him at the beginning of 3/c year. Where's our other roomate, yeah!, a two man room; but,...oh-well. Walk and I, "Where did all these stains on the floor come from?" -Desenex?! Tim had a girlfriend back at UofI...and a multi-hundred dollar phone bill to go with her. What the heck is "House" music? My stereo is louder than your box, Tim. Your welcome for the honor of being our parade judge. Tim loved BB, but his body just wouldn't cooperate, i.e. knee and ankle braces. "If only I was taller, I wouldn't be here!" He couldn't pick the right FB team either. Super Bowl wins while at USNA: Bears 0, 49ers 2. By 2/c year, Tim was settled in w/Mech E and enjoyed his many free periods in the rack while his roomate slaved away in the chem lab. The only exceptions came when he was practicing in the pool..."Come on Tim, this is for X-mas leave!" Tim's bills began to add up. "I'm only getting paid how much?!" He made it through 2/c year; next came 1/c road trips. These included our "We almost died!" trip to UofI and our 120 mph trip to Williamsburg. I can still see Tim doing the YMCA dance. "Tim, can I have one of your oriental soups?" Through it all, Tim was/and is a true friend. I couldn't imagine living and getting along with anyone else better. See ya...at SWOS? KSH

Theresa Marie Young
Rancho Palos Verdes, California
General Unrestricted Line

It was hot and very tense, but she continued talking as we sat waiting on the bleachers early that morning. That's how it was I-day. The girl from Cali with her new hair and her wish to fly ended up being my roommate. We had the worst and best year together. We understood each other. PE and ex-boyfriends were our downfalls along with that monthly batch of awesome cookies. Wierd upperclass that walked bugs and brushed their teeth in the hall, gashes during pep rallies and unwashed laundry misplaced outside our window made for interesting days. Sleeping in front of our door was a necessity one night and marching tours for our spirit became commonplace. That first USNA shower still makes me laugh and the continued griping about living conditions made us feel so much better. Talking was the best even after we split and you went to Playboy 21. Stories of cruises, vacations and guys were always a good laugh. Dadadadada-B.C. came into the picture, along with your own place. It looks like he's going to stay! Good luck with Prince Charming and your continued social life. Thanks for helping me survive!! SAM As your roommate for the last 3 years, I feel somewhat obligated to refresh your memory with a few events: Ben, 0.21, the Ritz-Carlton, champagne, the "other youngsterette," Jill's new toy, radio wars, bedtime? Good luck and thanks T, you're a pal. JLJ



Rogelio Enrique Alvarez
Bronx, New York
Navy Pilot

Kimberly Lynne Church
Annapolis, Maryland
Supply Corps

Kimberly went by Kim, Kimmer, and even Kimmie. She went to NAPS an informed midshipman candidate. Her family had lived in the yard since junior high. Kim had a blast in Newport on the Volleyball team, and with Mom's car. Who would have guessed that we would end up rooming together after the first two years of our naval careers? Kimmer was lucky to have her folks in the yard on plebe year snow days. Youngster year Kim lived on vivarin and it took forever for her and Skip to admit that they were more than good friends. Spring break in Orlando was a trip to remember!! She made it through EE after loving it so much that she took it another semester. This night-owl succeeded in getting her roomie to stay up late and even try escargot in Florida. I don't know if she will survive the 4th degree rack burns, but she always had the holiday spirit for both of us. It took forever for first class year to arrive on our five year plan. Kim's stint as wardroom rep. allowed 22 to have the best 'gators. Everyone will remember the awesome chilli and the good times. Talk about faithful, and you describe Kim. She was always there to put me back in balance and she stuck with me through my ups and downs. Kim can now play THE WALL anytime she wants. JAK KLC

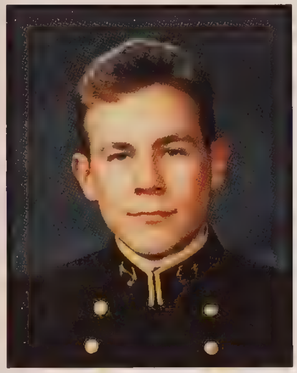
David Carl Berghult
Byron, California
Maine Corps

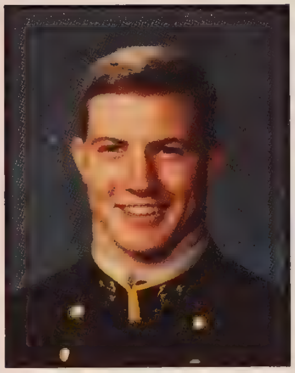
Dear Family, Close Friends, and Others (i.e. not so close friends),

We made it but tried not to try hard. We had more good times than bad and more fun than anguish. Yep, we reputations molded ours, "We made it with malice and laughed all the way."

Jonathan Christian Ciccone
Medway, Massachusetts
Surface Warfare

Jonathan Ciccone, the alias "Midget," hailed to beloved 22 from the 20th company. Those of you wondering where Jon got his nickname must trust me when I say that it was attributable to his height only! A native of Massachusetts, Jon took an early passion towards boxing; he actively pursued the Brigade Boxing Championship for three years. He must have loved to take a beating, or he would not have stayed on the boxing team for so long. Those of you subscribing to GQ magazine will probably find his face on the cover one day as well. Our "yuppie in training" preferred the finer things in life, like gourmet coffee, the Wall Street Journal, and progressive music (which by the way, will probably drive his future roommates to abandon ship). A Surface Warrior all the way (and then some), Jon will most likely "wow" his fellow watchstanders on the bridge with his lewd immitations of "brains and sailboats." Needless to say, Jon left his mark here at Navy and 22; the surface community just isn't aware of what a fine officer they will be getting. Good luck always, roommate. JAW





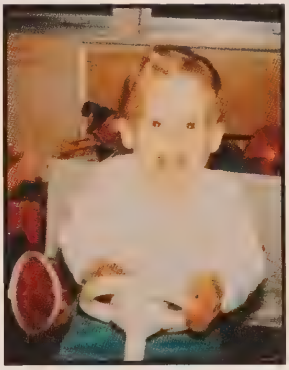
Scott Douglas Carson
Boulder, Colorado
Marine Corps

are done. And, to borrow words from those whose S-E-E Y-A,

REA, DCB, SDC

Orrie Roland Doffin
Batesville, Arkansas
Navy Pilot

Orie, a true son of the South, came to USNA from the hills of Southside, Arkansas. Although initially baffled by the welcome he received, he quickly caught on to the fact that the academy was more than just a "college with a little Navy thrown in." He paid his dues in the 7th company, spending many a late night up past taps studying with a desk lamp pulled low, or all too often BSing with his unsat Yankee roommate when they both should have been studying (or better yet, racking.) Youngster year, he discovered the progressive sport of ultimate frisbee. Always a great athlete, he excelled at this sport of kings and liberals. I think he liked it so much because he got to wear a do-rag and drink beer at tournaments. As a single E major, I guess communicating was his specialty. A friendly "howdy" for people he didn't even know, and a hundred and one ways to leave a message without pen and paper, (marker on blotter or desk, glue writing, staples in fruit, photographic self portraits, and "Boy Scouts Rule"). Good luck on the quest for your second set of "wings of gold." I hope I'm still down there when all you pilots finally show up. God bless you, Orie. You've been and always will be a great friend. Stay arrogant (like I taught you) and maybe someday you'll be good enough to be my pilot. MSR



Kenneth Thomas Engle
Islip, New York
Surface Warfare

Ken came to us via the long way. Ken got his 1st "We regret to inform you" in 1985. While at NY Tech, he was turned down again in '86. USNA Foundation sent him back to high (prep) school at ADM Farragut Acad. There, he came under the wing of a "wise old man of the sea" Capt Jewett (USNA '47). Cap's advice & guidance profoundly affected Ken. Tired of seeing his applications, Ken was accepted on his 3rd try. An opinionated pleber, Ken's Long Island attitude brought much attention from the upperclass. 3/c cruise (CVN-68) to CA & HI, a week in the back of TA-4's in TX, fueled the fires for a dream to fly Navy Air. Little Creek trained, Ken became a Navy Scuba Diver. 1/c cruise (ARS-53) to Italy & France, sailing trip to New England with Dietrich. Spent last two years living w/ an equally stubborn NJ boy & the Hotel. Academics were never a strongpoint for Ken as he managed to attend summer school annually & escape Academic Boards each semester. Always looking for a bargain, the "PACK RAT" will most likely open a flea market upon leaving the service.// JRG & SJK

My love to my family and friends, you've always supported me. Without you this would not have been possible. To Brian, I wish you were here. You are in my heart and this is for you. Your loving brother, Kenneth.

Walter Elias Finney
Missoula, Montana
Marine Corps

W.E. Finney arrived at Camp Tecumseh from Big Sky (aka God's country), with nothing else but THE USMC on his mind. His early days allowed him to perfect his bark, cut his hair, PT and meet up with the Rodman. He immediately became the pride of his 2/c (and Red) and was promptly, and appropriately, renamed FINDOG. Our interior decorating did not reflect scantily clad babes, but rather Marine Corps banners and wildlife of the week. This Poly Sci major definately kept his priorities straight, getting as much time in his rack as possible, but only sleeping on half of it and not using his pillow. Compacting his body to form a lump so small many a taps taker didn't believe he was there. He also spent nights impressing the whole company (while disturbing his roommate) by snoring louder than any jarhead's bark. 2/c year almost put stars on his uniform despite showing up late for a steam exam (where else-the rack). Golden Gloves and an N-sweater came into view as he shot to the top of the USNA sports world by becoming the 119lb. Brigade Champ. 1/c Cruise send him on "vacation" to Quantico and then to rigger school. I'll be waiting impatiently for your first book entitled "Scamp, I had another dream last night..." Enjoy pounding ground-the Corps will never have anyone gungier. -GLS

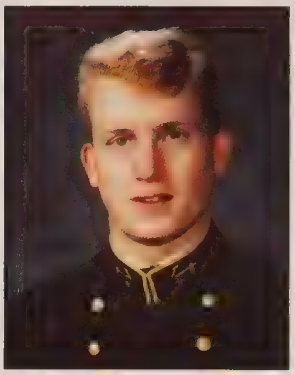
Stephen Patrick Forkel
Grover City, California
Marine Corps Pilot

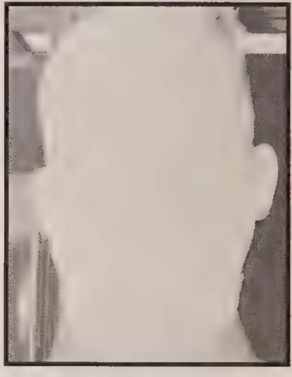
Steve, the man from South Dakota. And California. And Arizona and Minnesota and Virginia. Next up is Florida, probably after a brief layover in Quantico. Only Snork would go through 4 years of march-ons and breakfast sandwich kits to upgrade from piloting heavy machinery to flying F-18's in the Corps. It's not the speed he's going for; a Hornet is no match for his cherry-red Japanese land rocket. Despite his apparent failure to recognize that he is human (You can't go 130 mph on the DC beltway, jump off cliffs, or spend money faster than you can borrow it.), Snork will live forever. The classic natural-born athlete, he energizes the space around him and has an unbridled smile that we will never forget. Snork's passions are too many to list. Among them are Karate, flying, any kind of music Sugar doesn't like, and riding certain two-wheeled vehicles that go really fast. Snork, remember wrestling, Bob and Marcia, Clint and Travis, the Bat'Cave, the bits and pieces you can recall of our Hawaii trip, and eternal friendship. Keep dreaming, and you may yet find heaven on Earth. HJW

Mark David Garrison
Bowie, Maryland
Naval Flight Officer

The president of the "Latenight/Early-morning study club" this mid comes from a small Bowie family. After running wild (camouflaged as a zoomie) in Maryland's U. campus he saw the light, he had a vision.. and decided to come to USNA. (Guess that's why he is going 'FO) One of the antiques of the company, this character managed to pull himself out of a deep coma every day as I woke him up with a couple of minutes to make it to formation. (uniform race) Soon after the beginning of youngster year he learned about his second mistake, being a EE major. With the exhuberant amount of time he had to spare he participated in ECA's such as the "Running man club" and the "PT" club. His greatest passion had to be speed (he got plenty of that with his 928-S and his Ninja) This eternal quest for speed finally drove him down to the beaches of P-cola, where he will get his precious wings. (Is my tan OK?) I never thought that I was going to earn a brother at USNA, but I did, and also a family. (May God bless you and grant you with a good pilot!!!) Say hi to mom and Pops. BTW Buy an alarm clock! NRS

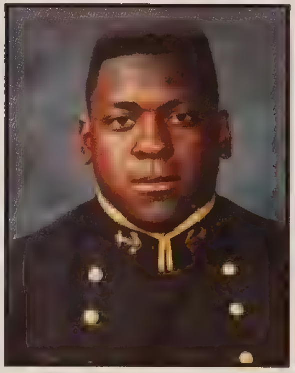
Thanks to mom and dad. I owe it all to you. Hope I've made you proud. I love you both. Mark





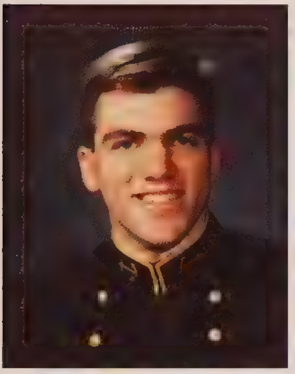
Christopher Bernard Graham
Gordon, Alabama
Surface Warfare

This monster of the gridiron did what many thought he would not do, graduate. He was OHHH so sweet in doing it. Many said he was as sweet as SUGAR. CBG



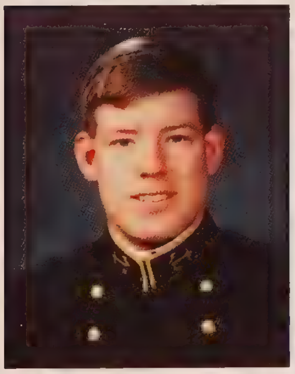
David George Graulich
Greenlawn, New York
Navy Pilot

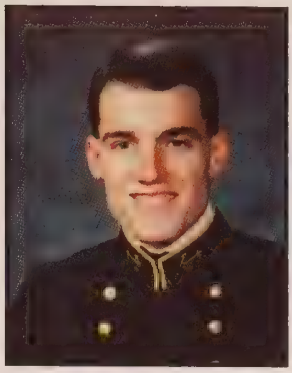
And the voices echoed down from cloud 9 "Oh there are no mulieberal plebes in ninth platoon ..." With the resounding groans of Ben, "Dude, this is just so uncool, I mean I know this is the military but..." And as we moved into the clouds of 5-4, we found out how attractive the Shupster really was. But if it weren't for McDonough, I could have won that contest. "Morning Dave, It's 5AM. No Dave, we can't skip practice, Lou won't buy the alarm clock story." Oh yeah him—It was a long trip, but I survived the Fat man...barely. He gave us some moments though, I'll miss him. The trip to Chosin Resevoir plebe year was unforgettable. Good thing we didn't touch the vents. And as the clouds faded, we mourned the growing number of MIA's. No time to think of that, I was too busy trying to become a scientist. Only time for the occasional swim and time at the Doc's. Bonfires, X-mas parties, the Butcher, and oh yeah - THE ROAD TRIP FROM HELL. "We got no clutch! We got no clutch!" But we don't have $5 sir." And Owen drove us to Alaska as we slept. And from this distant vantage point, I look upon my path of destruction: Anorexia, Greedy Gretta, France over Spring Break...naah, Fatal Attraction alive and we in Baltimore, "But coach I made it to exit 22 in..." Fly Navy, Hank D.G.G.

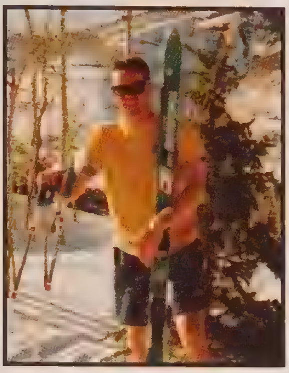


John Paul Grierson
Grosse Point, Michigan
Surface Warfare

Though the word "work" affected Gries like 20 ounces of Ny-Quil, he proved his true leadership skills in the arena of weekend entertainment and impromptu spirit-raising stunts. Like the company-wide blindfolded-swing-the-lacrosse stick-as-hard-as-you-can post-Valentine's Day pinata-smashing contest. John dreamed up the world-renowned 22nd Company bagpipe legion that took King Hall by storm. Gries was the motivator behind our ski trips, our outings at Big Al's, and our countless hours in Davis' Pub. Known sometimes as the "Cisco Kid" for his one-night addiction to $3.00/gallon fortified wine cooler, John often looks beyond his 1,825 days of commitment to the Navy. A future with the girl next door in a mansion financed by junk bonds is all he asks. This should come easily, as he makes friends with most, adversaries of others, and coerces them all to do his work for him. John Grierson, the goal: five and dive straight into the Fortune 500. You're off to a good start with a Miata, a cosmic knowledge of sailing, and a degree in sleepwalking between academic buildings you can't name. See you in the Caribbean. HJW





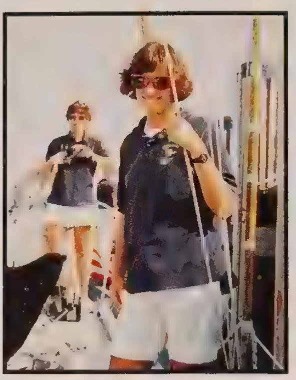


Lindley William Grubbs
Great Falls, Virginia
Navy Pilot

Lindley W. Grubbs will best be remembered by his outstanding memory (Let it rest!) and exquisite social etiquette. Lee came out of plebe year with a halo big enough to fit around Herndon which stayed with him for the rest of his years in Double-Deuce. Outstanding in Piloting class, Sluggo failed to demonstrate his SeaNav abilities, as the McCabe's can attest (RED RIGHT WHAT?). Good thing for those Redskin's tickets you still had a sponsor. U2, frostbite, no more pixies, shotgunning in the shower, plebe year boat rides, A Night in the Hay, and Jon's cup were just some of the highlights. If you make it big enough to have your bust erected in the Yard, they'll have to make sure they have enough copper to capture that staunch chin of yours. I don't think 22 will ever forget the resounding music of your voice throughout the Halls- "DUMB DORK"-"SAC"-"STINKY, STINKY MIDGET"-"SORRY." I hope you finally find that special someone with that special touch. I'm not the only one itchin' to get down to P-Cola. See you there. JMN, JCC

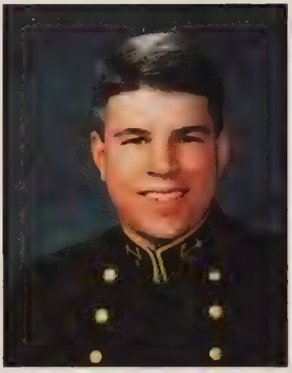
Gregory Mark Hlatky
Dillsburg, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

Well what can I say about my roomie? I guess not anything to upset him, his temper isn't the mildest one around. (This reminds me of the time when he stubbed his toe on the electrical outlet on the floor, and picked up a chair and started beating the outlet with it.) Of course he was always a smooth talker with the ladies though; whether he was chasing after one of the several chicks back home, or driving up to go to the 'Sign', or just trying to stay away from that psycho girl from D.C. Greg was pretty much mild-mannered. Keep up the partying buddy, and I hope to meet up with you in San Diego. -DEO



Julie Ann Kohl
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Marine Corps

Julie, "Jules", Kohl made her way to USNA via the Naps connection. Plebe year she kept a low profile, only entering the limelight as part of the 36th company "you can't fry us all" bunch. Second semester youngster year Julie became a distinguished member of the square root club, but managed to pull victory from the jaws of the Ac-Boards. Second class year sped by with plebe training, EE, and sailing. As a second class, Julie was known for the plebe letters sent home to explain why she had been called "sir". She also spent quite a few weekends in Pensacola. (The Rocket, R-poo!) Firstie summer, Julie became a "Lady Leatherneck" and successfully completed Bulldog. Throughout her time at USNA, Julie picked up some good friends and some notable character traits: pink hi-tops, cammies/combat boots, coca cola cravings, and chocolate fits (Ho Hos). Julie has a big decision to make soon. Whether to follow in her father's footsteps and join the Marine Corps (OOH-RAH) or get in line with the rest of the class of 1991 for Naval Aviation. Which ever one Julie chooses, I know it will be the right one. She's been a great friend and roomate and I know I'll miss her, especially if the Corps is her choice, but she will be a valuable asset to either community. KLC



Stanley Joseph Krasovic Jr.
Piscataway, New Jersey
Navy Pilot

Stanley arrived at Canoe U. from between Exits 9 and 10, and was always first to remind you it should be the New Jersey Giants. After standing in line for a year, he headed to the Double-Deuce where he promptly took over as youngster company commander. Everyone always thought that with his gray hair he must be mature enough to handle the responsibility. They still hadn't wisened up by 2/c year. Stan the man earned quite a reputation for calling dinosaurs. After two years of playing Lax, he switched over to being a fieldball goalie worthy of all-brigade recognition. He had his share of roommates, from a good ol' boy from Arkansas to the Long Island scrounge. 1/c year brought Stan into the ultimate leadership positions of squad leader and plt cdr. He still had 'em fooled, except for ATU. We all thought Mr. Grecian would be a frogman but alas Navy Air will probably lose a few airplanes when he decides to take some more parachute rides. He finally found a nice girl who wasn't some psycho. The result was long trips to Va. Tech in the Laser instead of up to the concrete wasteland he called home. Krasovic, you're out! Have a nice life. -WEF

Jennifer Anne Lednicky
Hobbs, New Mexico
Supply Corps

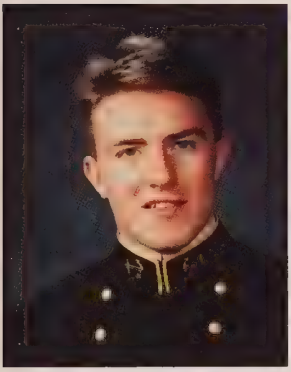
Led saw USNA the first time on I-day and almost went back to the metropolis of Hobbs, NM. Never fear, the altitude change transformed our little lady into a crew stud, even though her pursuit of a Mech E degree baffled us. Plebe Year was a test of surviving the missing link, the 5-man suite and her Toolshed Twelve squad leader, who she found mess-cranking in the Med during Youngster cruise. Led had her well-deserved working vacation in Palma, fitting in with Swedes, Daiquiri Palace, Alexander's, BCM, and the YoYo. Rota brought on more adventures, like the guy who wanted to ESQUIAR! After two years of rowing, Jen hung up her oar, but not before she put more than one foot over the edge! Second class year: Club Quantico, skinny dipping in Va. Beach, that crazy dress in the Village, New Orleans, finally switching to Ocean E, Ax board with a 3.0 CUM. Too bad it took 3 semesters to pass EE! First class year: Frannie's and the engineering firm, your plebe brother going EE (He's not adopted?), falling in love with the Zoomie, not running during the day, winning the Sterno design, London, OE parties, Rugged, Women Working Aloft. Its been a trip, Jen. Though you came in with the desire to succeed, meet the challenge, & be number one, and left with the desire to leave, I thank you for taking the trip with me. May God bless you throughout the rest of this CRAZY journey! GIS.

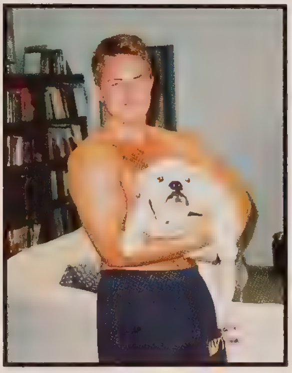
James Michael Novak
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
Navy Pilot

James Michael Novak will always be best known for always itching to dig into a wide variety of activities. As a distinguished member of the Corps of Oceanographers he became an immediate leader among our class in every respect (excluding afternoon workouts) while maintaining many strong friendships within the company. NoD earned the honor of wearing Superintendent's stars three semesters (although he owned them for four) and is well known for his many spoils on the field of company athletics. These achievements marked an amazing recovery after his plebe year was soiled by a white sock. Always steady in the face of adversity he has weathered a sinking ship on the Severn, the Arctic Tundra, and a short time as a man (accompanied by a Bud) overboard. He is well known for always maintaining (or at least recovering) a positive attitude after often getting the short end of the stick (and less than he deserved) as well as a staunch discipline that is best characterized by his credit cards that I am sure still lay lock away in one of my shoeboxes. Jim will always be remembered by all with the fondliest of thoughts. LWG

David Erik Olson
Arkansas City, Kansas
Nuclear Power-Submarines

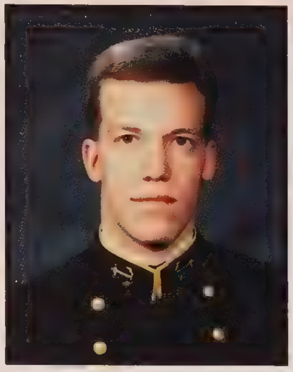
"Diamond" Dave Olson two-stepped his way from the Great Plains State of Kansas to USNA. What the hell is in Kansas? Well just look at his blotter! Diamond is notorious for his many weekend adventures. Way to use the force Luke! Whenever a grenade fell on the bar floor, Dave didn't ask, he just jumped. A true sign of a friend. Dave survived Elliot, and finished his fourth year with a varsity football letter under a Chaump! (champ not chump) As a math major, Dave decided to take the money and run (run silent, run deep). He'll sure look good in that poopie-suit! Maybe we'll meet up again in San Diego or somewhere else, and discover some new USNA groupies. You have a visitor in Main(O), again. At least I have broadened your music listening habits. We'll have to 'Whale-it' at our fifth. You'll probably be driving a Jag by then. I'll ride with you! Happy hunting! -GMH





Nelson Ruben Santini
Bayamon, Puerto Rico
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Best roomate ever. Reveille, Reveille! Who'd have thought we'd ever be roomates? Wish it would have happened sooner. Bidi bidi bidi bidi, Taco Bell, guacomole, fajita. You never did teach me any Spanish. Thanks for covering me at reveille...everyday. Treat all unprepackaged oxygen as if it were contaminated. Bechert, bail out bail out bail out. Tango at football. Is this mike on? Could you use some more light? Pre-PCR noises from nextdoor. Is that one of my pens? Remote offender. By the left flank, march... Hope you and Sharon are doing well. If you are reading this CALL ME. God Bless. Go nuclear! MDG



Gary Lee Schaap
Sioux Center, Iowa
Interservice Transfer

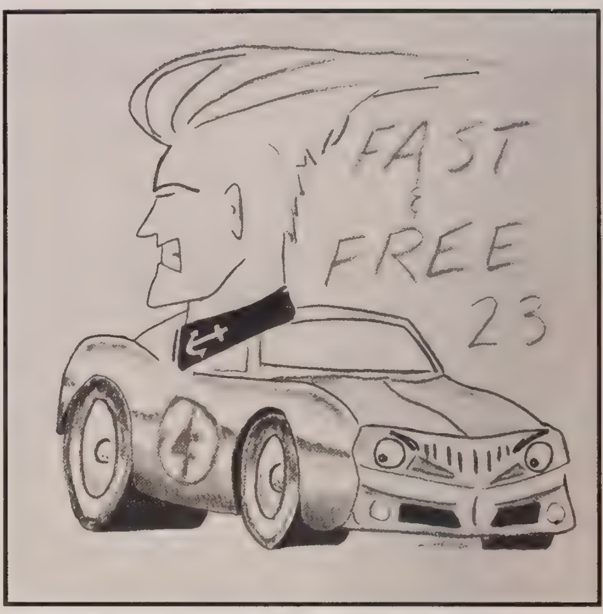
You know it never ceases to amaze me... Hailing from the land of corn and corn, this Sioux Center, Iowa boy spent plebe year in Stalag 13, having to share quarters with the admiral and the private. Together we trekked across T-Court in P.E. gear (we can't?) with all our possessions to the Double-Deuce. Youngster year brought record-breaking times for road trips, living in the coldest room in the brigade, salsa parties, and many hours at the top of Halligan working for those coveted gold wings. The weekends of 2/c year were filled with trips to D.C., and what else happened? 1/c year, finally a chance to take over, serving dutifully as 1st Lt. and then XO. Well you shotgun king and renowned aficionado of the art of swearing, who else can boast a full range music collection, from Randy Travis to AC/DC, an extensive outdoor magazine library, and such a compatible roommate (although we had some SORRY neighbors). When it came down to it, I knew you wanted to be a 2nd Lt., too bad in the AIR FARCE. I'll always think of you when I get juked off a MAC flight, or miss the bus. AIM HIGH while I SEMPER FI! -WEF

Harry Jeffrey Ward
Concord, Ohio
Navy Pilot

When you think of the greats: Nimitz, Halsey, Mahan, one name will always stick out as the greatest 'Harry Ward, from Clevelend.' H.J. is already distinguished himself as tomorrows leader(because he would rather procrastinate and put off leading until tomorrow.) Harry came to Annapolis with a Maryland state wrestling championship, and great inspiration to be an engineer. Now, he leaves with a black "N" and a coveted political science degree. Everyday, Harry was faced with the grueling decision of whether he should go to class or take off on his two wheeled freedom machine and head to Belize to open his beachfront bar. His inner desire to be a Naval Aviator was just too strong, and so he put in the necessary fifteen minutes a week of homework and struggled through. As company comedian, beach house host, low lamp Jimmy Buffet fan, Davis regular, and Blues guitar guru, he kept very busy and everyone laughing. He had a natural ability to enjoy his summers: tasting wines, scuba diving, visiting the New Orleans pubs, doing the Hawaii thing with Snork(lest he forget), or at any J.A. concert. He thrives in warm weather and doing things he likes, which is why he is heading to Pensacola. Good luck choplick, I'll see you in the islands, playing "He went to Paris", while sipping on a Margarita. Gries

Jensin Weng
Towson, Maryland
General Unrestricted Line
Plebe yr: 26 co; Weng Hour with Bramble, Capt Dogstar, Piggy and Mr. Ruler; Covers in the head; Surviving with T.Leaf; 2nd semester trips to 8-3.
3/C: 22co and the Led; Quit Volleyball, Tennis is a real lady's sport; Trips to the phone and Norfolk.
2/C: Maggies + Sherwood; Speed and Drop Dead Legs; Indecision; Motorcycle rides and picnics in parking lot; Springbreak with Pb; Trips DTH.
1/C: Made Tennis O-6; USAFA trip to see Curti; 3.0 finally! Trips to San Diego.
Thanks, Mom & Dad!!! I couldn't have had such a happy four years without your love, support and $$$ subsidies.

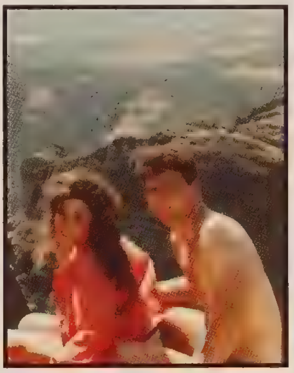
Jason Andrew Whitehead
Aurora, Colorado
Navy Pilot
If Dork wasn't in the rack he was lifting. Constantly in search of the perfect "bod" (be it his own or someone elses), he was attracted to mirrors and purple starfish almost as much as the opposite sex. Known for his utter lack of shame, this future Naval Aviator racked up an impressive number of "kills". The famous record setting weekend with, Easter in O.C., all to be followed by the exploits of an Aviation Cruise made up for all those nights you got shot down. Firstie year brought a surprise for you at Maggies (She is?!) but you were finally domesticated by our favorite waitress (Jas, you can change that T-shirt now) and were seldom seen in the hall. Off to P-cola (eventually), the halls are going to miss J.A., G-n-R, and other assorted noises. Best of luck friend, it's been great! GO JETS! JC



Shane Michael Baldino
Evanston, Illinois
Navy Pilot
Shane the Chicken Hawk came from a large and small family in Chicago. As a group they are large, but as individuals they are anything but. It must have been childhood which bred Shane's shy, reserved spirit. His classmates spent their first days in Stalag 17 trying to uncover Shane's true personality so often obstructed by his vague, quiet exterior. His pledge semesters were highlighted with rigorous demands, just like anyone from 17 will fool you into believing if you let them. Ever the professional hound, Shane went jump school to plummet to earth for no reason. After being scrambled to the Rock Hard Big Dogs of 23, he began to tackle his introversion problem. Heartache lay ahead though when all his close friends from '89 went their separate ways, but we all share in his sorrow. Well into his third year of sailing as a junior, Shane spent two days per week not on movement order. He was a standout crew and made national all-star the first of two times. Unfortunately, second class year was also the year of the beast for Shane. The female nightmare of a lifetime waltzed into Shane's life and turned into the nightmare that makes every guy cringe. Worse yet, she stuck around like athlete's foot long after she had worn out any sort of welcome. First class year was golf, skiing, road trips and over before we knew it. JW

Richard Thomas Brophy Jr.
Carmel, California
Navy Pilot

Always professional no matter-plebes, "the Admiral" or Louser-What? A speck of dust! The Calif free spirit makes Brof wonderfully spontaneous, occassional unpredictable & totally in love w/Nature. Yet balanced by his need to plan the week sun night, occassional predictablity & filling the air w/the noise of afterburners. All this in addition to intense drive, dedication, loyalty, & honesty combine to make the kind of guy who does nothing but prays, works hard & suffers thru prep school & NAPS to get to USNA. Then for 2yrs does more praying, working hard & suffering thru exams & advisory brds to get a flight billet-After 2yrs priorities somehow changed, Brof couldnt be found pushin bike races, studying in MotherB, or showin' up the guys by pickin' up the women at Irish Times. No instead Rich was in DC, Richmond, Savannah, Key West, San Jose, Carmel, Charleston, London, Frankfurt, Stuttgart, Reinmein, Freiburg, Paris, Lux, JAX or Virginia Beach. Rich's life is not a matter of survival-it's pushin himself to be the best he can:Gold Jump wings, Scuba school, screaming on & off the deck of a carrier at 140kts, &91 class pres-Mediocrity? Never. Look at the Adm's Daughter you chose to marry. The USA's in good hands w/ The Guys: RB, MS, BF-Air; DR-Subs; CN-MC ;RK-Med; WO- SWO. LUV KF(B)



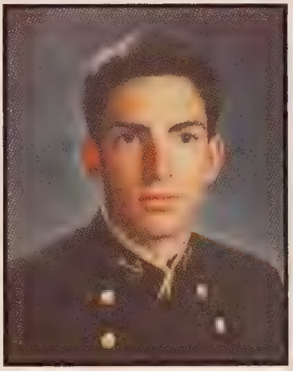
John Brian Debruin
West Long Branch, New Jersey
Nuclear Power-Submarines
Brian, B, Morris, Black N***, B's Day Off, Yo John.

A paragraph for posterity: a few words can't hope to do you justice. Your life is one of contradictions. Your grades are better when you don't go to class, you can't stand Steve's haircuts, you eat beer, you jump the wall while on weekend and walk through the gate on restriction, you're from New Jersey and proud of it, you have more demerits than credits, you are an airborne and scuba school graduate going nuclear power. You are a man of chances, since it's better to be a dead lion than a living dog. - DCN

Your feats are many, your exploits endless, and your thirst legendary. - CAPT Morgan

Sunil Bates Desai
Brooklyn, New York
Marine Corps

SemperFiDesai came to us from Brooklyn Heights, but he claims he was born and raised in a swamp near Quantico. He did his plebe time in double deuce where he struggled to find the meaning of "sat". He moved out of the frying pan and into the fire 3/c year and hasn't been the same. Since then he has attempted to corrupt one room mate and understand the other without killing them both. He will be remembered for cleaning the doorplate for inspection and forgetting everything else. Leadership positions are distinguished and varied. Sunny has wreaked havoc in every climb and place, be it on the squash court with his racquet or on the drill field with SunDrill. He can rack anywhere, be it in his uniform protector, in his wall-crack, or on his ring dance date. Distinguished himself playing for J.V. and varsity tennis, squash, and J.B. His life took a 93 degree turn and ended up being brigade commander pro tem during 1/c summer, calling his "brigade" to attention five times a day. He was also squash team captain for four days. Linus was always a lady's man, attracting women with his tales of how God will conquer the world with the help of a few Marines. As a result, he has girlfriends on every continent but this one. Now he can stop boasting about the Marines and start shooting people for a living. Stay outta other people's sights. JHP MAP.

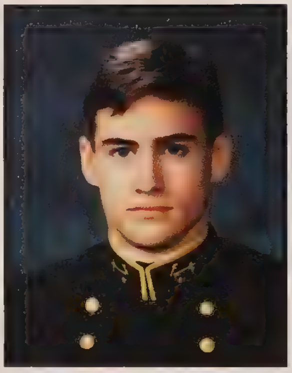


Jeffrey Eric Falcone
Northbrook, Illinois
Marine Corps

Jeff came to USNA the long way around: a year at Iowa State, and then Canoe Tech. A veteran of ISU's grueling NROTC program, Jeff took the demands of plebe year in stride, validating most of it, kicking back during plebe pro courses, and relocating his nose to a better neighborhood in Boxing. Two trips to the emergency room, a free night at the dental ward with the Navy Nurse Corps' finest, surgery and much cocaine finally got the schnozz back in its rightful place. Youngster year. . . Med cruise, catching rays and blast-pattern tests on the beaches of southern France. . . rooming with Squeel all of the time and Butthead some of the time. Jeff is the only mid I know who legally acquired the blueprints to Ho Chi Minh trail, built a pipe bomb, and interviewed his buddy Tom Clancy, all for a single project. Jeff's 21st was memorable for the marathon game of spades in his room, as well as the buzz we all got without breaking any regs! Jeff never was a modest person. . .just ask the customer in the next car at the gas station on I-10 between New Orleans and P-cola! Second class year. . .NL303 Mess Night, the aluminum god, and the CO for a witness. . driving top-down through PA in February. . .Ring Dance. First class year found Jeff majoring in graduation, hoping to attend his first while still at Boat U. . . Buona fortuna! FJS

Neil Edwin Funtanilla
Ladson, South Carolina
Surface Warfare

Squeel, Fun-Man, Eazy-E, or just Neil - whatever you like. Squeel came to us from the Deep South, Charleston SC. His plebe year was spent in the illustrious and infamous 29th co. trying to keep up w/ the antics of his classmates. Once in 23rd Co. he quickly established his rep as the company barber. Between cutting hair and avoiding Lumpy, Squeel was kept busy planning his next 5 raging birthday parties at the Rose's. 2/c year brought EE, Lawn Boy, and the annexation of the Porch. Between Cheers, The Simpson's, and Monday Night Football, Squeel barely had time to study. That was OK since paying attention in class was optional for Squeel, or so he thought. Seeing Neil study was a rarity, seeing him playing computer games, poker, or spades was the norm. Due to lack of studying it was always amazing to see Squeel do so well on his exams. Firstie year brought weekday libs, RX-7, service selection, and wedding plans. (finally!)...Ooops, time for the 10:00 call. Remember, if you can't run with the Big Dogs, then stay IN the Porch — so Squeel brought the TV. All the best—Ruegg and Goob



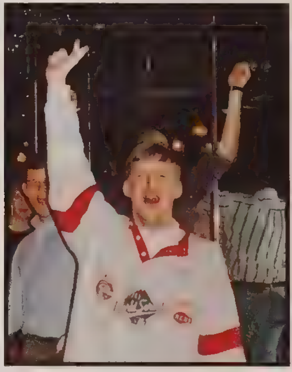
Richard Warner Gordon
Winchester, Virginia
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Rick and the U-Haul carrying his ego came to USNA from Winchester, Virginia (or is it West Virginia?). He was put in 25th platoon and had a great summer, except for losing to MDL (future roommate and enemy) in the wrestling smoker ("But I am better than him!"). The rest of plebe year went well for Egoman, and then he was transferred to the Big Dogs of 23 (YORT!). He participated in many events over youngster year including wrestling, roommate switching, chairman of the end-of-the-year party, and even a little recruit training. Second class year started slowly because of her; come on Egoman, SHE WAS IN THE BAND!! It picked up after that: homecoming at Amy's, spring break with the Rasta man, and then Easter break (use the Force, Luke). Another end-of-the-year party came and went with 60+ of us on red beach over end-of-semester leave. First class year came and with it your new identity—Darth. This year has been road trips, downtown Annapolis, Andrews, and many hours of combat against MDL. On service selection night Darth is choosing to become the most fearsome creature of all, the underwater glow-worm (thank God for the waiver!). It's been fun, it's gone fast, and I wouldn't change a thing. See you in Orlando. DAL

Gilbert Leo Hageman
Birmingham, Alabama
Navy Pilot

Goober LeMond cycled to the Boat School from the heart of Dixie. As a pleber in Playboy XXI, Gil tried to find the meaning of the "open-HOUSE" on 4-3. As a youngster, the Great Goo-Han knew nada about physics, so he changed his major to "generally" engineering. 2/C year, Gangha Gil, fell off his speeding tricycle when he met a Florence Nightingale from Dundalk. Firstie year rolled around and things have never been the same. Goober has broken every land speed record on his daily drives to Baltimore in Lil' Joe. Goobs is a most triumphant dude whose NOSE and FEET always provided his buddies with new material for comedy routines. Gil did You take your shoes off again?? Never one to turn down a party, Goober always preached high BAC tolerance. His amazing ability to recover always found him 600% better the morning after... Not!!!... Yaakk!!!...Barf!!!! When not partying or cycling, the Duke of Z's, could be found trapped in his blue magnet even when class was in session. We still don't know why his feet are propped up. Good Luck, Colleen! UAB, the Reds, a fiancee, "haze gray and underway", and "five and dive" all top his personal list. Remember, if you can't run with the BIG dogs then stay IN the porch, so Gil brought the VCR.

Hang Ten and all the Best! Squeel and Ruegg.



David John Hauth
Hamburg, New York
Naval Flight Officer

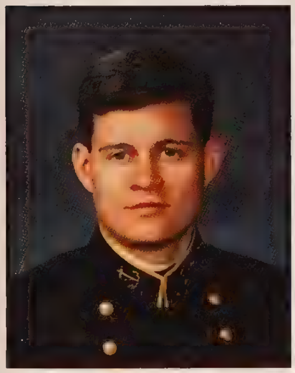
Sloth came to us from the cold, snowy weather of Buffalo. So we always wondered how a New Yorker ever got involved with a cool, summertime sport like volleyball. Good ole' Dave was always reading BIG Books with BIG words that had some mysterious connection with his major in B.S., a.k.a. ENGLISH. Thanks to the President, the boob tube was always in fine operation. Computer games, crossword puzzles, and not so friendly card games were all his weekday pursuits. On the weekends, the Claw would rage with Blue Sundays and often had a hard time bumping into everyone on his way up the stairs after LAX games. The most triumphant rule is ... never argue with the Master of the Devil's Advocate because he is always right...NOT!!!! Yeah, Bills...CHOKE! Great times and Great fun. All the best-Squeel, Ruegg, Goob, Toisch, M.T., B, Buddha, and Bucket.

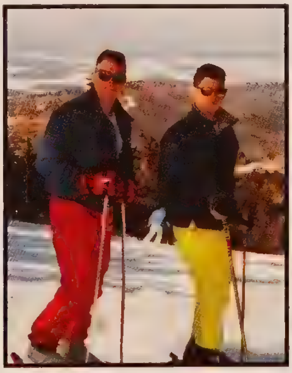
Matthew Thomas Hill
Brookfield, Wisconsin
Naval Flight Officer

M.T. HEAD came to USNA from the city of beer, Milwaukee via Huttonville (NAPS). Indoor/Outdoor track & Cross Country; MT ran for hours, not miles. Shoe of the week club, mental books, nutrition...Cantello (DISS). Plebe year in 3rd Co. w/J.M., and onto The Big Dogs (F.S.) with 3rd class educational porch flicks, Tooz, Earl, puking at Chicago's, motorcycle accidents...& broken necks (hey intelligence). Second class year brought "Wild Bill" and MT Generally was not an Aerospace Engineer; CD's, 99.1, progressive influence, unfun, Dad's Mastercard...Money was never a factor to MT, Nothing but the best. 1/c summer: 7-day greyhull, & P-3 laziness...ahh, a career of laziness!! 1/c year brought "early to be and late to rise", getting huge, 91 minute showers (Navy shower...Ya Right!), ski outings, BMW's, chicks, U.A., sustacal scams, dogging everyone & career choices: Marines-NOT!, Nuke-NOT!!, GO NFO!!! Everyone's friend, MT is truly a USNA S.B. secret; one of the few to make it. See you in the civilian world...YORT! tjt

Rex Allison Kiteley II
Baton Rouge, Louisiana
Medical Corps

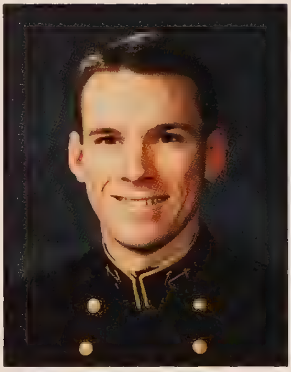
Leaving L.S.U., southern belles, country roads, and cajun cooking for the more relaxed life of the Northeast, Rex Kiteley (aka S. Nightly, Hoover, etc.) packed up his belongings (pitchfork, canned goods, and a sleeping bag) and came to the Academy having never seen it before. As it turned out, Rex showed us all how it was done, graduating top 50 of the class and collecting three stripes in his last semester. Hoover, which describes his appetite, has managed to stay out of trouble despite some of the company he kept. How many times I have caught the wild one stalking either fat bottomed girls or the wardroom fridge I can not count. Youngster year, R.A.K. graduated top rack as valasleeptorian. He had fourth period, but that didn't stop the wild one from sprinting back to his rack from Michelson Hall to catch 10 minutes of Z's with his raingear on. Firstie year Rex managed the company with an iron stomach. "Doogie" Kiteley, M.D., USN never could make up his mind whether it was a major, service selection, truck or car. About girls, Rex has two pieces of advice: "Friends don't let friends beer goggle" and "Get on your bikes and Ride!" Good Luck and God Bless You!—JBD-Beeeeeeesch, M.T., B, Buddha, and Bucket.





Jeffrey Jay Kowalczyk
Pittsburg, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot

JJ,Jayster,J-ster,Jaje...Hey dude, party on!..I have no idea how you ever got that giant latex "covering" over Herndon-OOPS!.. remember your leaky plumbing?..the jimmylegs needed a new car anyway..Sodium in the shower-BOOM!-that was the first time I lost my eyebrows! ..swimming/paddling the severn..the bridge isn't that high, why is it so windy? ..killer green glowing jellyfish..recons that turned into aerobics..super bowl sundays spent swilling suds secretly at sal's..NIS!!!??? ..that's the wrong wall you bozo!..life is more fun on four-no-TWO wheels..so what if it's sleeting-VROOM, SKID, SCRAPE-NO PROBLEM!..parties at the Ogles..Polish heritage..trips to Pittsburgh.. Zelda's at Oakland..Joy (Ahh,Joy...) and Dad..skiing with the girls-strip piddidle (take the LONG way home, red light next to the bus).."go naked sir!"..SIX billion dollars!..such a lady killer-must have been your eyebrow..the recon king, found rapelling off every stucture here..thanks for trying to share-it's the thought that counts..join me on the dark side!..Do you like danishes?-I do!..Jayster, you could make a bed of roses out of a bed of nails. You are the best friend anyone could ask for..see you out there buddy!-Pete and (Hi Junior!) Craig.

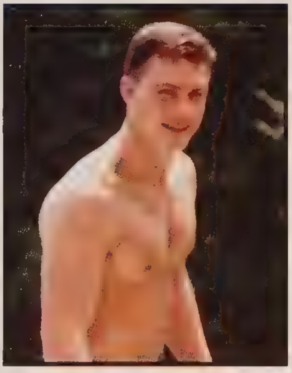


David Anthony Lott
Natchez, Mississippi
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Tony "The Lottman" Lott came to us from Natchez, Missouri...Mississippi???, one of those places that no one has ever been. Belonging first to 32 Co., Tony soon become known as the Norman Bates of USNA. Youngster year Tony joined the "Yort, we're the Big Dogs" of 23 Co and soon discarded his Norman Bates image through bulking up with Calc and Aero books. However, it didn't take long for Tony to assume another identity. His newfound companymates discovered that there truly was a "lot of man" in Tony. Hence, "The Lottman." Life was not easy in 23, and Tony has numerous permanent scars to show for it. He was plagued for 3 years by that terminal disease known as a girlfriend. The poor sucker. Sure, she got the hope-chest, but Tony had the last laugh. He got the ring back. She wasn't right for him anyway. Deep inside, Tony has always been a closet stormtrooper. Word has it that Tony will receive The Medal of Honor at graduation for living with MDL for 5 semesters. Then it's on to Orlando, home of beautiful women waiting to experience "The Lottman". Someone warn the poor souls. -RWG

Jeffrey Andrew Martin
Norfolk, Virginia
Navy Pilot

Coming from Navy, VA (oops - Norfolk), who would have thought the poor sponsorless plebe Stacy brought in off the street to the Logans' would become a five-striper. Unless of course you consider that the Deputy Dant used to live a couple of blocks from the Martin residence. Sure you never met. Jeff had no qualms at bilging his entire class by becoming an EE major, and breezing through it with flying colors. He would often times beat PolySci majors to the rack and he knew the weekly TV schedule. He loved all that nifty gadgetry with those groovy resistors and that swell circuitry. No one could tell just by looking at him what a gEEk he was. That nice bald spot always drew a second look, though. Rocketing up Skyline Drive in his 300ZX will help prepare him for dogfighting in a Tomcat. Of course, all those trips to the Star City of the South may prepare him for long on-station time in a P-3. The objective of frequent long drives was the result of a succesful snaking. Let's hope when he's standing still at his wedding he doesn't do a repeat of the face plant demonstrated so aptly by the Deputy Brigade Commander at the Dant's Change of Command. A toast to coolers full of mackerel and Toonces the driving cat. GOOD LUCK!-WEF



Patrick Conrey Meagher Jr.
Murfreesboro, Tennessee
Interservice Transfer

Pat a.k.a. Rambuddha, Tennessee Flash, joined us from Murfreesboro, TN. Then, after spending a year in Fun One escaping a real plebe year by playing football, he joined us here at Rock Hard 23. We both showed up in company area at the same time so we decided to be roomates; and we were roomates the next 3 years. Buddha is a great guy. He always has something going, usually a girl. Every week or two for a period of 2 years Pat had a "girl of the week," and when they dropped out of his good favor he really did something nasty; he would turn over their picture in his blotter. He has the ability to talk to anyone, again especially girls, about anything. Buddha is the King of the art of opening deals, he just needs to learn to close one. Pat is known for many things - gouge, Boss Hog Mobile, big appetite, craddle robbing and how he easily becomes a giggling drunk. In all Pat is just a good old boy. However, if you mess with his sleep or talk on the phone Wednesday at 7 PM you better watch out for his wrath. I'll miss Pat and our late night talks about girls, but I won't be the only one to miss Flash. The Air Force is getting a great guy! Don't forget your Navy friends. PJM

Peter James Morse
Albany, Oregon
Navy Pilot

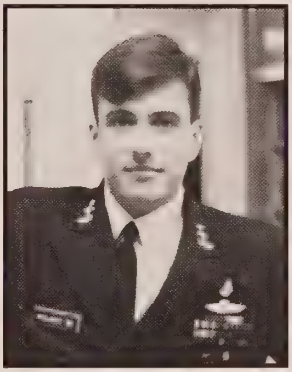
Pete, "Bucket," Morse joined us from Albany, Oregon. He came here as spear chucker and was placed in Sweet 16 as a plebe. He seemed to have a run in with one of his upper class over plebe summer over who could kick who's butt; Pete would have won, but that's not how the game is played. The rest of that year was pretty cake. He joined Rock Hard 23 as a youngster. Being a Mech E he studied more than a normal mid should have too. Especially with his 91 hours 1st class year. He rode the Rocket and got hit by some AAA, but Pete shot the Rocket down in the end. Pete also played 150-lb football, and somehow always appeared on the Cross-Country excusal list-right. Pete never has a problem with the women if you can get him to talk to them. We took trips as far away as Moscow, Idaho for companionship, and even to the social mecca of Murfreesboro. I have enjoyed all the late night talks with the molester about his exploits when we should have been sleeping. He has been a great roomate for 3 years. He is well loved and respected by those who know him. Pete is a true friend; he will be an Ace pilot and will be a success in whatever he does. From the Captain, may he never again have the con. PCM

Manuel Alfonso Picon
El Paso, Texas
Navy Pilot

From the Republic of Texas, Manny came to USNA with visions of becoming a Naval Aviator. Although he scored a 9/9 on the AQT/FAR he never remembers to put his landing gear down on Flight Simulator. Manny arrived in 23 (late from a 3/c boomer cruise) from the plebe year combat zone of 19. Having lost his Michelle to Egypt, Manny found women in uniform more attractive, although he was the only one of the three amigos to hook up in NYC over 2/c Easter. Even after being called back to USNA while in midcourse at Goucher for not being on the weekend list. The Brigade's Don Juan kept his harem satisfied, even though he dis'ed four dates to the Edie Brickell concert. Thanks for all the visits: GJ,HB,ES,KP,MM,HG,PH,KC,JL,LB,KH,KC, and of course DW. Manny, aka Capt. Midnight (for those nightly visits to the squash courts), was a computer hacker extraordinaire. As Chairman of the Chalk-Board, none could match his sarcasm. Manny spent many hours searching for various misplaced items, some lost forever (class ring requistion lists, and clothing left all over the country). Things we won't forget about him: his laugh, his exultations, his music, his green 'worm', and his own personal vogue. We wish you the best of luck, a seat with the Blue Angels, and the ability to avoid the parachute (3-yr leg). Keep it above the hard deck & never leave your wingmen. SBD JHP.

John Harold Pylant Jr.
Union City, Tennessee
Marine Corps

Hal came to Fun One from Union City, Tennessee (Union what?). He came to 23, earning an Expeditionary Medal for coming back from the dead on flight 151. It was in 23 that he met his long-time TorMentors, an insomniac and a maniac. After a successful 3/c year, he was inn-keeper of Hotel Hell for 2/c summer and bought his blue grocery-getter. During 2/c year, Hal began caving in to the influence of his roommates and even bent a reg or two. He became an instant animal after a few beers, ask anyone at Hood or Secrets. Hal started 1/c cruise at USMC OCS (ranked 1st of 219 candidates after 5 weeks), but broke his leg and spent the rest of his time playing SWO in Norfolk. He came back hard charging, making 1/c year the most memorable one. Darth lost his Heine to '94, but soon worked up the ranks. As first semester co. cdr., he distinguished himself as the "Form-2 CIWS", spending more time standing in front of a desk than studying behind one, but pulled it out in the end. Now he can enjoy the libs he neglected first semester and has learned the meaning of "Ladies' Night" and "Happy Hour". He feels guilty for not doing homework, but racks until that feeling goes away. Although never wanting to admit it, he will end up in Quantico but will eventually join the fewer and the prouder in P-cola. To the only true southern gentleman we know, Semper Fi and Check-6! MAP SBD.



Keith Lee Ruegger
Deltona, Florida
Surface Warfare

Ruegger-Dog came to USNA from the Sunshine State with a basketball in one hand and his music in the other. He spent his plebe year learning how to skate in company 8. Thanks to an arduous plebe year Keith came to 23 with principles of professionalism, accountability, and responsibility...NOT! Majoring as a "General Scientist," Keith became extremely efficient in Gouge 101. Ruegg had the keen ability to collect and distribute "knowledge." Thanks to him, many mids remained in the ranks of SAT. 2/c year brought Keith his 6th different roommate (but the same music). The only reason why we stayed around is because we were the only ones who could sleep with booming bass pounding through our heads. Once 1/c year rolled around, Keith could be found buzzing about the brigade making his nightly rounds. Remember Navy basketball, the Porch, Rueggerball, free food from Steerage, and the ever talked about Alpha Kappa Alpha girls at Duke. Service selection soon found Keith facing the reality of becoming a surface warrior destined for new adventures and buzzardry. Remember if you can't run with the big dogs, then stay in the Porch—so Keith brought the booze. All the best. Goob and Squeel

Francisco Jose Sanchez
Del Rio, Texas
General Unrestricted Line

No one knows exactly where Frank came to USNA from (some say Texas, others say Colombia, S. A.), but we all know that he's not from Chicago. (Cubs & Bears fair-weather fan!) Always one to jump on the bandwagon, Frank joined D&B, and 2 cymbals & a bass drum later, Frank ascended to D&B sub-commander and laid the groundwork for the Silent Drill Team. Diss '91 survived many obstacles in the 4 years, including EE933, 2 X acboard, and 2 X plebe detail. Frank was always a friend: borrowing your car, sharing Mexican care packages, & shaving in a "quick" 20 minutes. Sanch's favorite pastimes were giving piano lessons, drinking Lemonade, & doing fictitious workouts (claiming 200 situps when only doing 50). A familiar face at medical, "Jose" was always seen dragging around his multi-volume medical record and can of Sustacal, & even managed to scam a NPQ commission. This Big Dog was always blessed with the good things, as he had a hook major (chem-not!), ideal roommates, & flag girls galore. We'll never forget your Cox fund exploits (stud), tight t-shirt collection, the Army-week recon that never was, & the great win over Air Force firstie year. A devout Catholic and everyone's friend, Frank was always there whenever you needed him. We wish you many dreams in the years ahead. Beat Air Force. MTH, TJT, MWS, & SAC

Matthew Wood Shipley
Keymar, Maryland
Special Warfare

'Ship' came to us by way of "the real Navy" and NAPS. For a wise old man that he is, he was not above his unique brand of wackiness. Banana wars and practical jokes with plebe year roommates are just the beginning. Youngster year: with your tailor-made civies and interesting first semester rooming arrangements. Second semester, and a new victim for practical jokes, as well as a proper British disdain for things Spanish. I'll never forget the spiked burrito, your tough "shedule" featuring: Ludmilla the Terrible and Micro-Eco, your informal history lessons over a "proper" cup o'tea, or the blown clutch in Georgetown with the Schmuck who ended the episode! By the way, I hear the skiing is good in Honduras during Spring Break! Stay away from Panama though, you don't want any of the snow that's down there! First class cruise brought death defying climbing adventures in the Negev desert of Israel and the earning of the nickname "the Mattman" from your immunity to seasickness while lone sailing in the Atlantic. Thanks for being a great roommate, especially 2/c year, and yes, I STILL lock up my stuff! Gook luck at BUDS...Hoo-yah! -FJS

Thomas Joseph Teuschl
Montgomery, Ohio
Navy Pilot
TJ Teuschl (or is it Tooz?) came to USNA from a small, skyscraperless city in Ohio known as Cincinnati (Yeah, how about that NBA team). Here, in this non-Midwestern state, Toisch attended the football powerhouse, Moeller High. After a two year contract deal as a kicker at Navy, T squared found less physical ways to scam out of P.E. tests, formation, & accountability. Although not always sporting whiteworks, Teusch made an attempt at the chit world record with his knee/groin injury. However, Tooschool was not as successful at ducking out of plebe detail, & ended up with only a week of leave and 3 cruises before firstie year. In the end, his DB ways won out, and he landed the position of 4th batt honor rep the next school year. When Toisch thinks of his four years at Navy, he'll never forget, TOOZ (his twin), the desperation shot in Porch b-ball, the week long vacation with 150LB F.B., all the audio equipment 3rd class year (except a tape player), the unfun Homecoming crash, the miniature Christmas tree, the Stien jokes, the violator, his AUTOMATIC Honda machine, his b-day surprise party, cleaning up Phil's mess, or the night at Chicago's where it all started. Toisch, a true friend till the end, I have only one thing to say - remember FOD kills.   mth

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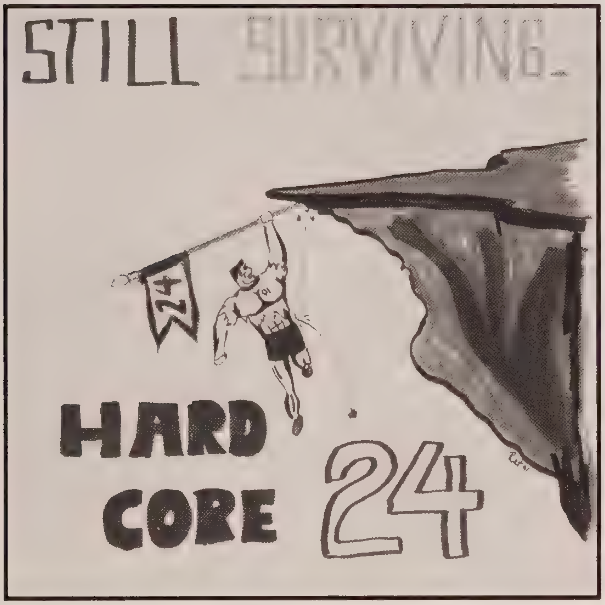
Thomas Andrew Weber Jr.
Rutherford, New Jersey
Navy Pilot
No job is too tough for Tom Weber. His motto was "The mountain that doesn't kill me makes me stronger." As a pleber, he was dead last in every track meet but he finished the year. Later, he ran the USMC marathon in 3:20. His quest for the best lead him to Goucher to find his future wife. But life wasn't always a bed of roses for 4.0 Weber. Tom was the only person not to make the Catholic Choir plebe year. Tone Deaf Tom then came upon his greatest tragedy. Fried for missing the sub brief, Tom spent his first weekend away from Lynne-horrors! Needless to say, Tom has been a straight arrow ever since. Second class year brought Tom a new found professionalism when he realized he could get another day with Lynne by getting a star. He continued this high speed pace by becoming the 4th battalion commander, where his greatest challenge became staying up to 11:30 for his brigade officer's call. "Do you think I can delegate my meetings?" At last check it looks like Tom will go Navy Air. Of course the high speed lifestyle will take some getting used to, as Jayster found out after bruised ribs on a long ride to Baltimore. "Hold on tight Tom." Well whatever you do, we know that you'll do it well. Good luck and lots of love, Lynne. RAK and Broph

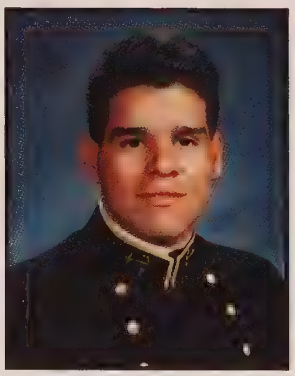
John Harrison Wolfe II
Reston, Virginia
Surface Warfare
Under the lights, the cheer of the crowd, sprinting upfield. Some memories will last forever. 1st semester 3/C year: Frenchie, Freddy (Kruger) Davis—an Acboard, almost; didn't Weber rub off at all? The Porch...the Big Dogs...?Rock Hard?...class of 89..Goob eating an entire rawhide dog treat. Marnie to Seattle, no letter, but you survived nonetheless. Moved in with me (mistake?). Good tunes...good laughs...tough studies...our favorite men in cammies (and everyone reminding us). The "Wolfeman" sheet poster, long calls with the money pit...got your sweater...one more year. A good room location (finally), service selection nightmares...compulsive behavior? never; gluttonous? sometimes...Nuc? another juke—on to that great community in the coffee mug (they need more like you). It's a good thing you're one who's always loved the Navy (and expressed it so well). "Baby, I Don't Care"...our man, Lucas Reilly...Job42. You are the only man to save more money at the academy than Ross Perot. You've been a temperate force in my somewhat hyper life, and a person who's been an example of all I want to be. I won't forget the lessons you've taught me—morally, physically, emotionally—and I'll be a friend for life. TAD here we come. Fumigate the Naderbacks. SMB

Peter Ackerman Young
San Diego, California
Nuclear Power-Submarines
Skipper, the sailing guru, you did everything in your boat (and even more in Tom's). Couldn't you afford a BOQ room in New England? Petey, you majored in Naval Architecture with an undeclared minor in International Affairs. You turned out to be quite the animal lover, ranging from Squirrels to Great, really Great Danes! You'll be remembered for Army Week at Hood, your CD collection, Doc's collection of literature, Want to see B arrive??, our room from hell, your land speed records, the things we shared, the one I tried to share with you between restriction musters, your plebe roomates: MIDN X and MIDN Y, Smoke Hall Company Formations, our stash, the blender, Young for Mayor!, putting up with the junior lawnmower, Pearl Harbor Day with Craig!! Super Bowl at Sal's (and what the N.I.S. didn't need to know), Craig jumping the wrong wall; GEORGE THIS, GEORGE THAT. Pete's Road. Ski Trips: near death experiences with Mario Montero, falling Rocks, yard sales, strip peditle...let's take the long way home, "Greg, nice peanuts", Pete's in Oakland, Pete's Place, Ram's Head, Buddy's, Fran's, etc; keeping Craig out of Trouble. Pete, I've shared your low moments and your greatest victories. I'm proud of you. I envy you. I'm going to miss you!   -Jayster



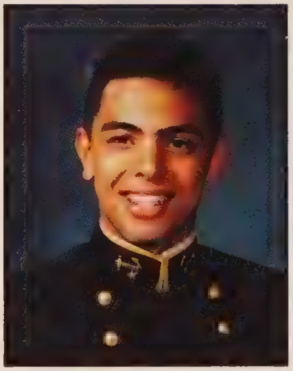
Nana Bemah Adae
Shelton, Connecticut
Navy Pilot

”What’s a banana without the ba?” To Nana-my favorite “sister” Phoo-Phoo. It’s so hard to believe that upon graduation I would have known you for 2 yrs-it feels like a lifetime. We’ve been through the best and the worst. I couldn’t have made it without you! Here are a few key words to help you remember our funtimes! 2/c Summer-Schaeffer’s, K.R.-constantly, R.M. luckily! positive aura, P-cola, Quantico-”I’m not doing that!” “I don’t think I’m doing this right!”, “Fag”, Rehoboth Beach. Glee Club-”Stop talking back there”, California trip-2mile trip to Red Lobster, The Watering Hole-”It’s Country Night-yee hah!”, self-portrait at the zoo. Of course, New Orleans “Where’s Gretna?” Track-we got more practice sprinting between 7-4 and 4-3; 2/c Year-Nana, bust a move on the desk; Steam roller!; Cheese her! Honorary member of 14, always on the phone-rumor control central, juicy fruit, Who needs a driver’s license anyway? Mookie monster, “So are you two brother & sister, or...” inside, outside, reverse logic. Key Largo-Nana Black doo doo doo, “Look old-here comes the bouncer” charcoal brisquet-”Your not even in the sun!”, Nana, I recognized your...bathing suit (Dave was a dork!); The drive from ——; Our families-Whose parents are these? “Let me tell you about...” I could go on forever. I’ll close with one thing; I’ll always have an eye to the sky, looking for you, ’cause I love you!



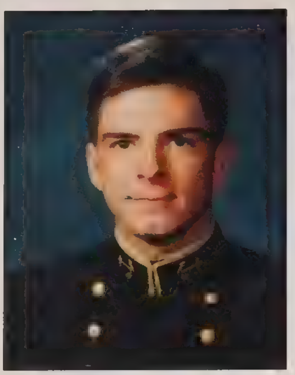
Jorge Antonio Baez
Fairfax, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Good evening, Mr. Fisherisherisher..., this is Mr. George Baze. Coming to the Hard Core from the Club with the Beamer, Hormay had a lot of adjusting to do... He still can’t find his misplaced athletic supporters. He evaded the Big Mack and the Fry Gang, but his loyalty was not misplaced. “Hey Strike, what’s on the desk?” Second class year and still with Strike...are there wedding bells. Hooyah!!! Enjoying the federal holiday??? Turn that awesome, pounding, pulsating stereo down. What’s your major this week? And who can forget his complete ring dance date, complete with an attitude. Sorry about the video cam, Trags...Smile Tracy! Jorge’s summer cruise taught him responsibility...”I didn’t know the car was stolen...she seemed like a nice girl.” Blame the youngsters, never the firsties. Flew home compliments of Uncle Sam. Miramar swimming pool, another close call. Second time in San Diego, saw the Mexican girl, one point five kids. Mom takes over the Core. Ditches Strike for Bolter. Hey John, where you going this weekend? Special request chit—another family reunion. Birthday party, the Jorge laugh machine. Wrestling with Dom’s dog, the girls at the party,... Thanks Hormay. The Bowling Team



Carlos Raymond Barata
Jacksonville, Florida
Naval Flight Officer

Too many fil Rat coming with Pen and Pat to Hard Core from Skate 28 and landed in a crowded house. First impression as a loudmouth. Goes into direct competition with First Class over local opportunities...”What’s a four letter word for fry? Starts with an M.” Contemplated marriage over numerous trips to Delaware. He was a regular in the 4-3 head. High school hero stories...played J.R. Reid, boxed Tyson, outran Emmitt...just ask him, he’ll tell you (real loud!) Rat was a natural with a big stick out on Worden. Coming from the Room that Goes Boom, he narrowly missed being on the “launching pad”. Joined the Smithfest on 4-3, Ray was a key element in the mission. Lot of work in Newark, but very little to show for it. Hooyah loved his command voice. O-dark thirty PT...get real! Our resident authority on dance, Barkada let us all know we had “the disease.” Finally lost that excess baggage from Delaware. But managed to pick up more here and abroad. Navy Dental let us all down by not making the wires permanent, he was talking (real loud) within a week. Went home over break, nothing new about that. He has that highway memorized by now. LOG- survivor “it’s not my fault.” Golly we’ll miss those Copa’ days. See you in the sky. The Bowling Team



John Alexander Bolt
Tavares, Florida
Marine Corps Pilot

Bolter, Bolter, Bolter. Hi, I'm Bolt, I'm your company commander. "I'm in charge here." Shellshocked from Raging Nineteen, John came to the Hard Core making a great first impression. Very original in missing the mile and a half, but a collapsed lung, come on. Villanova, impressing the babes, he told them just who was in charge. Second class year, and the car that went Boom. Oorah and Hooyah made quite an impression on our Marineling. He was one of the company bullpups. February, floating the car loans..."Don't worry I'll pay it off in May." John must have slept through all the financial briefs. The voluntary EE project in his car turned out to be less than a complete success. Bulldog didn't seem to effect his outlook at all...Aviation cruise in Yuma..."How do I get to the beach??" Ring dance and two round trips to Delaware. Have another John. Firstie year and a new Mom and family after being adopted by the Baez's..."Want some chicken and rice...again." Final grade in EE - CAR...F-. "How many miles...and how about that electrical system." Road trips to Tech and more to come...John have you finally decided where you're from and more importantly...where you're going???? The Bowling Team

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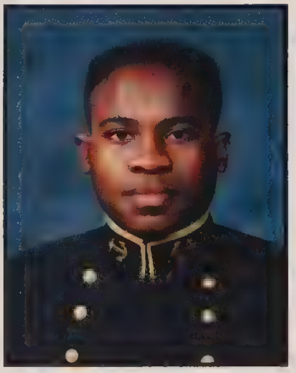


William Melvin Brown III
Charleston, South Carolina
Surface Warfare

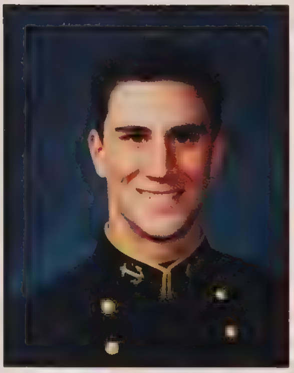
Upon hearing about his being put up for committing arson during Army Week of Plebe year, I knew Mel was different. I've been with Mel since Plebe Year, and to be honest, I thought he was quite the grouch as a plebe, and I wasn't really looking forward to rooming with him when I learned that we'd be scrambled to 24. Then again I figured since he was one of the only plebes to ever stand restriction, he couldn't be that bad. Youngster year was not one of his luckier ones thanks to Lt. Mack who nailed him for offenses along the lines of ignorance of regulations and overdue library books. I introduced Mel and his buddy Dave Lesser to my ex-girlfriend and her friends not knowing Dave would soon be rendered unwelcome and that Mel would tell her that she was one of the only two women I really loved! Second Class year showed promise for Mel. After changing his major and acquiring a new car, he was a new man. Our only problems came in the form of a certain USMC Captain. Aside from making us get rid of our pet piranha, the Captain made Mel put on fashion shows to make sure his uniforms fit correctly. Mel was also able to get national air time on color guard at Army-Navy that year. After a stint with Heckle and Jeckle and an unsuccessful business venture, we now with Joey D. are on our way out at last. I know I put you through a lot and I just wanna say,"Thanks, man!" WMB

Brian Eugene Crane
Colts Neck, New Jersey
Marine Corps

By the time Brian E. Crane got to USNA ,he already looked like a war hero. Arriving from Admiral Farragut Academy with a chest full of medals and arms full of stripes, he had to start from scratch (although we've received assurances from outside sources that Brian's legend still lives on at Farragut). Feeling the need for a change (and to become a truly diversified war machine), Brian gave up his Anschutz to join the pistol team. Born to be a Marine (or so he tells us), Brian passed up no opportunity to wear green or to insert "ooh-rah" into a conversation, but our guess is that his thin hair had something to do with his service selection. Second class year, Brian filled a major block in his "been-there-done-that" checklist by buying a Jeep (though some of the "optional equipment" is often more interesting than the vehicle itself). One day, he tells us, he may even get to put it into 4-wheel drive (we doubt that it will be in New Jersey, however. Brian has been quite active at USNA, serving as both a high dignitary in the Semper Fi infrastructure and a key player in the "New Jersey: Change your residence before it's too late" committee. In all honesty, however, Brian will be best remembered (at least by these authors) for being there to put life's little ups and downs into perspective. Thanks. Best wishes and Semper Fi—JJP and DDZ

Joseph Reynold Dondero
Lido Beach, New York
Surface Warfare

Joey D. arrived at USNA with Lax stick in hand, ready to take on the world. Despite the drastic lifestyle change, he made it through plebe year with the help of Duth, Faga, and Barnett, and was ready for hardcore. Joey D. handled his new responsibilities well, fitting in Co. Cdr, Lax, and Academics around his rack, and Tom's especially during Spring Break. During 2/C year, late nights, although common were rarely the result of studying. Our dancing abilities however, were greatly improved.I thought you set the alarm? 2/C summer would have been perfect except for a pair of obstacles that stood in his way. We almost lost Joe to UVA that summer but he looked so good in his uniform that he decided to stay, hair and all. 1/C year and 21 finally! Now weekday libs and driving in the yard was legal! As a result, he was rarely found in co. area except during the day, when he could be found in the place only those close to him would know. Joe, it's been a great four years and despite the efforts of others, we made it.Always remember: Steerage, white works, Let's go to bed, man!, Tell me a story?, get off the mike, toss you like a salad, cheese ball, unbelievable, I can't wait until tomorrow, late nite 7-11 runs, Neiko Tuscany, #19, Fellas!, Yee!, Smokin', Mel, Neaser, Rock, Navy Lax, I own!. On the arm!, VA Beach, HI summer cruise (you know who you are). That's it, that's the end! Good luck my man, Later, TJJ



Christopher John Ericson
San Raphael, California
Navy Pilot
At the end of the Navy brat trail Chris found himself being inducted into the class of 1991. After a enjoyable stay in fourth company Chris was a fighting member of the Core. He survived the Mack attack without a demerit (possibly because he was intimate with every C.O. we ever had) and would change his service selection nearly daily. Chris has visited more countries than some of his plebes can name, and will be glad to tell you all about his travels, the universe, life, the world in which we live....etc.... Girls seemed to come easy to Chris. He changed his girlfriends more often than he changed his underwear. "How was your weekend Chris?" "I am in love..." "Figures..." Each one was weirder than the last, and at this time he has yet to date a normal girl. Good luck Chris, I'm sure you will love Surfac...Wait... ....Special Oper...no wait, service selection was on Tuesday so it must be pilot. Good luck on your "Wings of Gold." Hard Core Slam Team

Kevin Patick Fisher
Lansdale, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare
Kevin Patrick Fisher well...he's not all there. I haven't seen him much this year even though I room with him, he's probably out with Van and Matt enjoying the fundamentals in life beer and socializing. I've known Fish four years now and ever since day one I knew he was different. As a plebe he didn't concern himself with menial tasks such as; morning quarters, uniform appearance, hair cuts, or rates. I could write volumes on the shennanigans of this clown but I'm limited to a few memorable phrases: one of the two girls he loves, chicks are coool..., Hey stick you dere?, If I win I get a phone in my room! Both AC boards, Daytona, Clearwater, Pheonix, New Orleans, Hawaii...I've been there, Right?, Navy Rugby, hurts!, when are gonna clean the room?, Mel- I've roomed with you for two years, man I can't handle it Those are fish, Sir., Sir alot of people really don't like you. Tailgator cordinator. Road trips with Van and Matt, What a night!, Beer is Food, DWC, Soccer trips, Sir, well we returned to the Academy around 0215, I don't know anything! never forget Mc Vay, Melvacious, Stick, Joey D, Oakman, Shoeman, Muia's, Fish you'vew made the last four years... interesting. You put me and Vince through hell and by the way, "Why did you come here?"

Joseph Phillip Gottschalk
Davenport, Iowa
Surface Warfare
Joe entered Plebe Summer straight from the golf course in his back yard off of the farm called Iowa. He will tell you the reason he was the only plebe in the class of '91 to fail the Plebe Summer Honor test was because he had watch during the lectures. I know better, now so do you. He furthered his professional cause by playing in pickup hoops game and dunking on his squad leader on Day 3 of Plebe Summer. Plebe year was all basketball. The year was probably highlighted by Ensign David Robinson's visit to Joe's room to see if he could play. No big deal. Second only to this was Chandra, far too long a story, but stop by and I'll tell you all. Youngster cruise was an experience to remember - at least in fragments. Basketball was soon replaced with the basketball coach's daughter (?!) and wedding plans were made. Subs, too, fell by the wayside and dreams of SWO-dom filled Joe's head - NO SMALL TASK THERE. First class year saw Joe as 24th Company commander, and ever the paragon of professionalism. The high-and-tight was a nice touch too. Joe's academy life had its ups and downs, and where would he be without help from me and his friends at NAAA. We're all behind you Joe, but they have cattle prods. JHW

Paul Callaway Hagar
Mesa, Arizona
Marine Corps Pilot
Hailing from the Sunbelt, we arrived at USNA with an air of nonchalance and candor that never failed us in times of peril. After a plebe year scramble, finding no one else of like mind, we settled down together as youngsters in Hard Core (along with soon-to-be-again-Petty Officer Byers). The following three years included: rack, occasional harmless conduct offenses, old restriction, new restriction, a cool pair of company officers (the Dant's EA and Hooyah), Friday night excursions, an arduous academic schedule, Bulldog, a pack of wild mice, and many many schemes, scandals and requisitions. Through it all we emerged undaunted and unscathed. We now embark on our careers in the Fleet Marine Force continuing to pursue excellence without compromising our sense of humor. We are who we are because we believe that those who laugh in the face of adversity will reign victorious and the meek shall not inherit anything. Well rested, well rested.

Michael Lee Hamilton
Friendswood, Texas
Naval Flight Officer

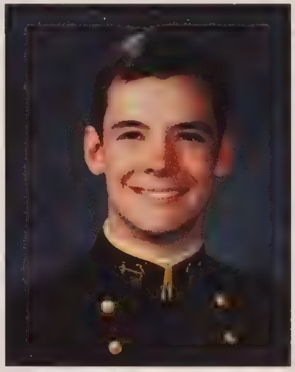
Strike I can't believe you own your own bowling shoes. Coming from Thirsty Third with a chipped tooth Strike came to the Hard Core and met the Rack. Hey, where are my misplaced athletic supporters. Another Mountain Dew...Hood and getting dissed with Shaun..."Did you sleep well Strike...I did." Did not escape the Mack attack...who would have thought that the designated driver couldn't drive a stick. Stood restriction the old fashioned way...The summer with another Baez boy. "Hey Chris can you pick us up at the airport??" How was your trip to Houston? Second class year and Axel and the airband returns..."Hey, turn that stereo down." Still living with Hormay and having nightmares about his desk. First class land cruise and not a boat in sight...Los Alamos and per diem, Mirmar jet setters and Nancy, and plebe detail and the lost souls from 31. First class year and moved to live with real engineers in the nest...just ask Chad. Improved grades and a lot more sleep...a new ECA. Redefined loyalty to his subordinates..."Strike doesn't take study breaks he takes breaks to study." Academic apex and a slight problem with ES 820. "Hey Strike can I borrow your car...I promise I'll be back by taps..." Looking forward to P-Cola in 1991. Go 'FO. The Bowling Team

Penelope Kate Hardy
Berwyn, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

Pen didn't have as complete an Academy experience as most because she never did reach the inevitable "Why am I here?" stage. Military high school preceded her time at USNA, so she came prepared. Rowing didn't last too long, but that's okay 'cause she was busy jumping out of high-speed, high-altitude vehicles. Pen was always down-to-earth, so airborne was good for her. She always kept moving, even when landing (in a jeep?). Airborne led to Aerospace. Again Pen missed out on typical Academy life: an Aero without an Axe-Board . . . AMAZING! She didn't even study much, but took up cross-stitch and an Ensign. First-class year was busy. Between Bride's magazine, aero, lax, powerlifting, and driving to Newport, the weekends were full. YAAARCH! Who knows when Pen will finally think to ask why she came here — probably when she's writing her memoirs as an Admiral. Good luck and good steaming! JAL

Charles Arbie Joplin III
Hobbs, New Mexico
Surface Warfare

Charles Arbie Joplin the Third, his royal highness, drives a Porsche, from New Mexico??? Let's cut to the chase...Women are his thang. He actually had a file! Youngster year, living in a crowded house with a loudmouth and a marine. Veteran cheese warrior, liked Goucher and glazed doughnuts. He sang his way into Goucher and Hood. "Misplaced classmate loyalty..." Where'd who go, sir? Women who saw him second class year, became accident prone. Wimped out of summer programs by doing pistol detail (Don't point that at me.). Second class year with Rat and the room that went boom until he ran into DJ RAY and Personal Jesus. The hardest working and the lowest ranked engineer we know...Does he ever sleep? A real overachiever, took both EE classes during the second semester. Chad was the ring dance date lottery...who won anyway? Cheated Navy out of one week of YP cruise by falling down a three degree angle incline into the Gate 8 pool. First class year, moved in with real engineers (didn't help). Bought a Porsche (the black flash), saw a lot of Virginia. Set first class record for least amount of weekends taken. Here's to tall women, with long legs and dark hair. Happy times at the Copa. Don't forget the Dramamine... The Bowling Team



Thomas John Junor III
Hauppauge, New York
Surface Warfare

With no plebe year to speak of, this hard chargin' grunt found himself under the constant supervision and professional guidance of 2 LAX team members. Despite 2200 sat night come-arounds with his 2/c in town, he survived a grueling plebe year in 36 and was ready for HARDCORE. TJ managed youngster year's new responsibilities very efficiently fitting in academics, airborne, and plebe indoc around his racktime. Returning the favor, youngster year ended with a bang! and the ego war was begun. Thus, the tone was set and during 2/c year, TJ lost all FEAR! Annapolis became his stomping grounds, and there, the 3 rules were put into effect. Late nights, although common, were rarely the result of studying. "I thought you set the alarm!" Our social graces and dancing ability however, were greatly imporved! Ahhhhhhh, 1/c year finally! Yo-Yo man was now scuba qualed too, only one left, the BLACK N! The badge hunter's quest was finally completed, along with his 45 days. Next service selection and then who know's? TJ, we've done it all and despite the efforts of others, we made it! Always remember: Don't be afraid, Bust a Move, Tell me a Story, C'mon man, let's go to bed man! and no, you're not conceited, your... Good luck TJ, it's been great! Do you later Bubba, your dismissed! JRD

James Richard Lederer
Hillsboro, Ohio
Surface Warfare

Ok, what'd ya do this time? 'Least Jamie evaded trouble 1 of 5 yrs. An old salt of 3 yrs before going to NAPS. There he convinced himself it didn't matter if he made it or not; he enjoyed enlisted life. W/that thought, could he ever go wrong? His calling: nightlife and women of Newport. Next time we go out, use the ladder not the 2nd deck window & No the Coast Guard's not coming to get ya! He'd do 'bout anything to aviod studying: biking in the rain, the lighthouse, & Brick Alley Pub. Summer before plebe year was memorable; living on the edge, snorkeling, swimming, singing at luau, buses. Round 1 of trouble, 4/C yr Jamie 1, USNA 0. Who's that ? An officer stumbling around in mess dress? In who's office at 0800? Herndon couldn't have been better. Round 2:3/c yr Jamie 2, USNA 0. You Halt! That yours? Drop something? Jamie nowhere to be found... couldn't be his. To him Regs were for those who didn't know better! T-giving was 1 good thing of 3/c year, I think. The ride home was a slow and cold but we thawed, in a day or so. Big striper? Her roommate? 2/c yr He's able to stay out of trouble 1/c yr: round 3, Jamie 3 USNA 0. This you? Yours? I don't think so! I think I'll confiscate it. From Hackey to Hack Jamie fooled a lot of people but made it thru with 3-0 record & 2 N's 2 colors. Wow! Duncle wouldn't believe it. I knew we'd graduate! Good luck, GO SWO! DLL

William Scruggs O'Connor
Avalon, New Jersey
Surface Warfare

Everyone chastises Jersey: Will is another excuse to do so. The Founding Father of everyone's Avalon story, from the lifeguard stand, to the floor of Jack's, Will's been there and dragged most of us with him. Survivor of 19th company: home of Batt Commanders, Team Captains, megastripers, and one Black N winner (not Dave, Nice, Broph, or Freeloader.) Big move from 2-4 to 2-3 when Hard Core took him on board. Will's the last survivor of his youngster year roommates. How was your cruise? Don't ask...but I've got pictures! What time you getting up for crew? Second class year Will erupted into a Flaming Machine. Who me? Hazing? "Care to look into my overhead for a night cap ?"—Great idea, Willo. Spring Break '90..."you would have had the time of your life"-Mike. Ring Dance—you still seeing her? Shooters?—Let's do em !! First class cruise, SWO-GOD. Return of the brigade and hit Annapolis. Where did you get that belt! Road trip king in the blue-bomber. Spearheaded the collegiate effort with Dom. What did you do with your mid-loan? Look out WESTPAC—here comes a salted warrior. Will wasn't afraid to have a cocktail.-The Varsity Team.

David Thomas Peterson
Edmonds, Washington
Nuclear Power-Surface

Peterswine, another veteran bowler and champion chair sleeper. Midnight conversations with himself. Set the alarm for five, five-thirty, six...wake up second period. "I know my eyes were closed, I was drooling and snoring, but I promise that I was awake." Youngster year in the Cooler, he kept the temperature up [and the QPR]. We knew, one day, he'd be company commander. Tall, blonde, good grades, loves Mom and apple pie, drives a '68 Mustang, sort of makes you sick. Believes no good music was made after 1958. He is a Smoke Hall virgin, much to the chagrin of the Mackster and Hooyah. Stripes came early to him, second class year. He proved to the plebes that he had a real command voice. Tom was the Teflon mid, every CO's dream. Another YP veteran after a misfired Bulldog, Tom got the total summer experience. He took a trip to UVA, and part of him is still there. Firstie year, company commander (big surprise), hey Tom how many morning quarters' formations did you sleep through. Tom, good luck in coming out of the air and into the bucks...The Bowling Team

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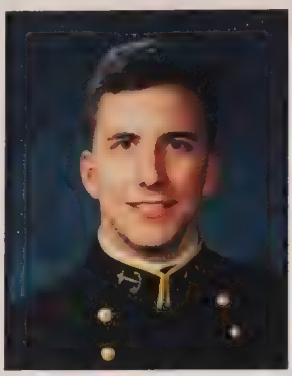
John Liebman Rabin
Irvington, New York
Surface Warfare

After growing up with the likes of Mung, Cholo, Danno, and Mina, Johnny O' arrived in 24, where he immediately had a Big Mack Attack. He learned, when it comes to honor, if you can't beat them, join them. After serving restriction the old fashioned way, John made his mark by submitting the Top Ten Most Improbable Chits. "Respectfully request permission to be a fireman." "...to get a new nose." Everyone thought he was a "Happy" guy, until Mr. Hyde showed up hockey season with his cross-check: on the ice, in the hall. Off to summer school, again. 2/c year Johnny roomed with Mike, again. He managed to skate his way past his Hoynes, and onto the A's. Johnny began his mastery of the system by not going to a single football game and becoming a parade judge. He led the bowling team in dipping the rings in the other seven seas. 1/c year brought rooming with Mike, again, and the end of his hockey career, Live by the check, Die by the check. Too bad about those catscans. "But really, guys, I was PROMOTED to the front office." And then, he began his rise to Ensignhood, by joining the Honor Staff and leaving the Brigade. His lack of reveille, formations, drill, class, taps all led to min. time here, max time at the firehouse and in D.C. "But fellas, I really do work hard." Fondly, a member of the Varsity Team who could Copa and the Bowling Team, leaves, because a mine is a terrible thing.



Michael Dean Reiners
Polson, Montana
Navy Pilot

Mike came to us from Montana as a bit of a hayseed, despite his year-long sentence in metropolitan New Mexico. A Big Sticks/SERE escapee, Mike hit the Hard Core on the hard floors of the squash courts. Only man to survive Johnny for 3 years. Sorry Chad, I'll wear shoes next time. Fun in the Cooler, busted collar bone, Nana? Girl from Chile. Wish Crane knew how to drive. Ft. Lauderdale (Yes, we are lifeguards, Dom. Where's Trags?) SERE cadre, P-cola bonus housing plan. Power outage + busted lip = Black 'N'. P-board, courtesy of His Royal Hoyness. Montor Leadership Award Winner? Car loan? Naah, Datsun 510 wagon. Ring Dance date? Ask your Plebe. Then came the sail cruise of justice, too bad about the hurricane. Fortunately, you landed on the fabled shores of Avalon (where's Mike, Bill?). Newport's duty ensign, vacation in Japan (courtesy of US Navy). Brown Eyes. Always the young entrepeneur, dashing and daring Mike could even outshovel Ericson if cash were involved. A/N recon, General Powell, arrested, and still in time for last call at Irish Times. Annapolis—Watch out for that Porsche!! As Mike stealthily leaves What's-the-Score Two-Four, we caution the naive, gullible, or light-weighted personell. Pilot selectee, il va a la France, what a great effort! The Varsity Team.

Jeffrey Scott Ribel
Semiole, Florida
Marine Corps

Hailing from the Sunbelt, we arrived at USNA with an air of nonchalance and candor that never failed us in times of peril. After a plebe year scramble, finding no one else of like mind, we settled down together as youngsters in Hard Core (along with soon-to-be-again-Petty Officer Byers). The following three years included: rack, occasional harmless conduct offenses, old restriction, new restriction, a cool pair of company officers (the Dant's EA and Hooyah), Friday night excursions, an arduous academic schedule, Bulldog, a pack of wild mice, and many many schemes, scandals and requisitions. Through it all we emerged undaunted and unscathed. We now embark on our careers in the Fleet Marine Force continuing to pursue excellence without compromising our sense of humor. We are who we are because we believe that those who laugh in the face of adversity will reign victorious and the meek shall not inherit anything. Well rested, well rested.

Shaun Chuka Spang
Linn, Missouri
Marine Corps Pilot

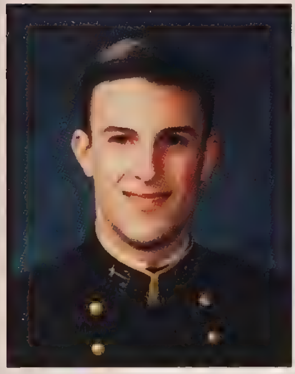
We can thank Missouri for Shaun, after a year of "Studies" in the civilian world. Shaun who? The short little Marine with the bad-ass attitude. SHUT UP! FALL IN! Shaun the devout student-Good night Shaun, no I wont keep the light on too long. Weekends: how's Kim? Night MOM. Nice truck nice head they both shine really well. The secret/unknown: gates, do you know what they're for? The low spot here will do. Shaun how about a shot? what your combo? Oh yeah, where were you on your 21st? On a Tues! Did U make it from Gtown? What about those rifle MO's? Can You really shoot and yak simultaneously? Yes there is another side of the Spanger. Its been a great 1/c year. Could U turn down your stereo? Best about Shaun-honest and true; no airs here! Lastly, leave Chris alone! Good luck and scream thru the skies. Thanks!! JRL

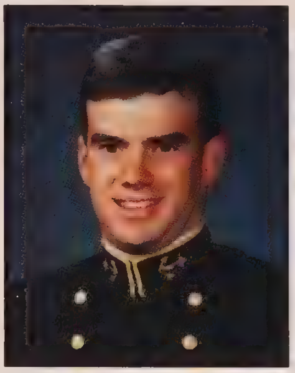
Dominick Joseph Strada
Fairfax, Virginia
Navy Pilot

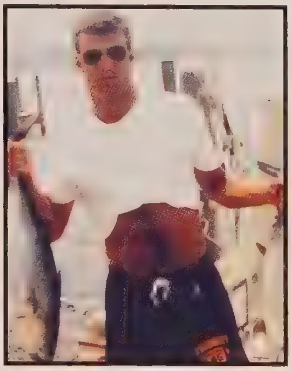
TJ and Dom migrated to Hard Core from no-name 36. Dom had the real plebe year. Thank God they have reserve chutes! His intro was rather rough with the carrier incident under his belt and Mac under his skin. Spring Break in Florida (have fun Trags ?). Wish Crane could drive a stick. Second class flame thrower, sorry Schaeffer. 13 more college students at Podunk U. Xmas Ski trip in PA—how's your credit rating. Dom always helped out his classmates with another Strada-fest, sorry about your dining room table, Mom & Dad. Smokey Joe's steps. Ring Dance fest, Quality Inn, Strawberries & Champagne, the pool party of justice. Acapulco, C-Company, Avalon at Will's......Good thing Ash can ride a bike. You can't do that on 96th St. !! Can you say your alphabet backwards ? 1/c year, can we please talk about my car ? Downtown Annapolis may never be the same. Tab ?.....Jerry ! UVA, U Penn, Nova. Fort Meyer A/N Arrest. Step off in 5 minutes and where's Dom? Brandi, Richmond road trips, Miss Virginia (right Mike ?). Norway. Call Truckmaster after you get to P-Cola. Look out France, here comes the Varsity Team.

Christopher Charles Tragna
East Northport, New York
Navy Pilot

Toph's great military adventure began in a hostile, uncivilized land: 33rd Co.'s infamous DECK 8-4, a.k.a. Hell's Kitchen. Having been trained by the likes of Hawk, the Hitman, and Johnny K. (Mr. Rope-a-Dope himself), Toph was ready for anything the military had to offer. So what did it offer, you ask? Well, there were numerous blind date romances. In fact, Trags spent most of his 3 years of liberty down at either GW or AU. There were the killer attack dogs that we battled daily while training for the USMC Marathon. (Did we really run that?) Oh, and don't forget that head call before! There was the dart game in Rota where Toph almost maimed 3 members of the Spanish Navy. How about that self-made BOQ room. It's all liquid! Los Alamos had its share of us, too. All nighters in Vegas, Grand Canyon, bingo with the locals. And those off road trails. What was going through our heads? There were the often grueling parties on aviation cruise in Miramar. Toph wants to be a pilot so bad that all of his blood has probably turned to JP-5 by now. If he flies like he drives though, TOPH's RIO had better be a light eater. There were the many afternoons spent on the 2nd deck of Halsey getting huge while inhaling aspestos fibers. Finally, there was the Army/Navy party Friday night with the Joneser. What was in that last shot, anyway? No one will ever know...AJK







Carl Aaron Bresko
Peoria, Illinois
Surface Warfare

Carl Bresko aka "Rip" did time as a laid back athlete in Peoria, Illinois before coming to USNA. He came here to play football but found himself pitching for the baseball team instead. His youngster year he earned his first letter. Not a varsity letter N but a Black N for reasons unmentionable. All I will say is he reached a grand total of 98 days of restriction. Due to his great perserverance in complaining he managed to make it through the year. Second class year found him as a reliever on the baseball team where he earned 3 saves for Navy. As a senior he finds himself looking forward to being a starting pitcher. He likes to spend his spare time fishing in the Gulf of Mexico. Dedicated to fishing, he finds himself basing his service selection on where the fishing is good and the water warm. I wish him all the luck and may he catch the "Big One".

Robert Leslie Brookshier III
Albany, Georgia
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Rob, or Pappy, is the only guy who can say "I've been here for 3 years and I haven't bought a thing yet." He holds the record for helping the most people on the computer, and has probably saved the CDO report countless times. Virtually everyone in the company has had a paper recovered from the depths of a disk by Paps at one time or another. Stupid Games; OOPS-flinch- that's mine - DE-duct!- nope, that's mine too, making up your own rules, questioning my authority, failure to know the rules. Come-on muthin'! RUSH, the only group, Miller Lite, the only beer. "Rob, ready for formation?" "No, I'm duty beater today." "Rob, did you study for Heat Transfer?" "No, I had Trident Brass practice." Only Brookie could fall asleep at a Randy Travis concert. Yes Paps, the bass in your car does give me a headache. "You know, if you put one speaker up there, and another over there, and then you buy this and I buy that..." Boy, every weekend at Hood and I bet you've racked up more frequent flyer miles than anyone. How much did you really get from that Nuc bonus? Hey, you've been a great roommate and friend for the last 2 years. Good luck in the nuclear Navy and keep in touch. -JEP, GCD, ERH

NAVAL ACADEMY

Anthony Milow Bruce
Columbus, Georgia
Surface Warfare

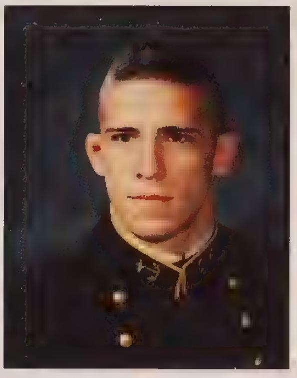
Four score and two crutches ago a man with two first names stepped, or should we say hobbled onto the grounds of NETC Newport, RI. When he introduced himself he would say, "They call me Bruce." Once he graduated from NAPS and changed his address to Mother B, Bruce(a.k.a BLOCKHEAD) proceeded to try and master swimming, the o-course, 1 1/2 mile run and most of all the AC BOARD. Bruce was often quoted as saying, "He who walks, walks alone." So, what do Val, Val, Bobbi, Carolyn, Sharon, Jennifer and the rest have in common with him? You guessed it, nothing, Bruce walks alone! Bruce was a walking example of a Murphy Law in action. What ever could go wrong he predicted, and what could go right never happened. But one thing that could go right did happen... HAPPY GRADUATION from the boys BIG AL and CA$HMONEY.

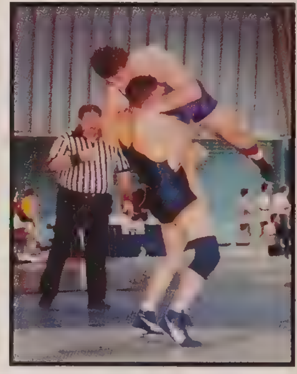
Willard Chad Burney
Lincoln, Nebraska
Naval Flight Officer

Will came to the Academy four years ago with one thing on his mind - to become President of the United States. During his first year in 10, Will discovered rugby and Georgetown. Ah yes, remember Georgetown. After that Will continued playing rugby, but his life was missing something. During his youngster elective at SDI, Will realized what his life needed. He wanted desperately to get into a cockpit. Finally, at the end of the summer, Will got to fly in an A-4 and he knew immediately that he wanted to fly. Will's greatest love, however, came after Big Emma's wedding. Who could forget that Pepsi machine that Will fell instantly in love with? That was the same night that the bartender kept slipping Will the extra-heavy beer bottles. There are countless stories to be told about Will, from West Virginia to Moscow. Unfortunately, all there is room to say here is why were you in your car while the car cover was still on? Since I-day, Will is more of a brother than a roommate to me. I just wonder if the women in P-cola are ready? Your brother Eagle. FDW

Steve L. Cantrell
Lakeworth, Florida
Marine Corps Pilot

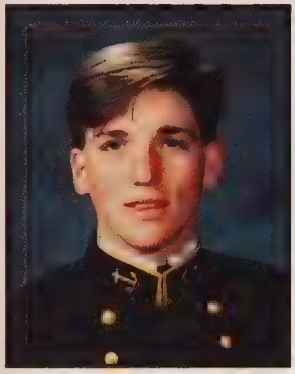
Steve is good roommate. He wrestle and sleep. Sometimes he grumpy when he break hand, or knee, or shoulder, wrist, or head. He break head lots. He smart though. He study ocea..., he study osch...-he study water + fish. He talk lots about fecal pellet theory. Buddies call him Rhino, but that's mean to rhinos. Steve is weight loss expert. He drop 1+1+1+1...bunches of pounds a week. He never eat 'cept on Friday. Maybe why he so grumpy. Steve jump out of airplanes. He so good he throw other people out now. He go to Bulldog for the cool stool and the 3 locks with da same combo. (Them good for Marine to have) Steve old. Maybe why he so grumpy. Steve also Dark Lord. Maybe why he get extra roommate. Steve go back to Corps now. We go with him. Keep your chin up and your head down. Semper Fi, The Gentleman and the Iguana.





Robert Brian Cawley
Boston, Massachusetts
Navy Pilot

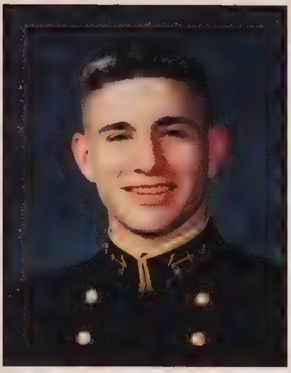
Andrew Daniel Crowe
Nashville, Tennessee
Surface Warfare



Arthur Michael Delacruz
Cottage Grove, Minnesota
Naval Flight Officer

Part the Pysics major rolled in from the arctic tundra of Minnesota with happy memories of civilian college debauchery swimming in his head. As he did battle with likes of quantum physics and "black magic" well into the dark recesses of the morning, he could not help but conclude that his decision to come to NAVY was a gross manifestation of intense, personal stupidity. Nevertheless, his ability to learn through osmosis (I'm not sleeping, I'm just memorizing equations) as well as his ability to analyze virtually any problem with Supercalc, occasionally kept him in good stead with the higher ups. When Art was not in the field fighting with the Barkada Revolutionary Front or suffering from an his ugly emasculation at the hands of one Laura Hadley, he could be found on the ice with Coach Berry and the Hockey team where Art's skill did not go unrecognized pulling down both rookie of the year and team captain honors... May you never again pay the sock toll and may your mail slot always produce residual mail. JMW

MIDSHIPMEN STORE



Jon Darren Duke
Camden, Arizona
Marine Corps

Life on a plantation is slow. J. Darren Duke grew up on one and it has shaped his whole life. His natural tendency is to snooze. At the wheel, at his desk, or halfway through a physics exam, he has slept through it all. He does wake up for his fiancee though. Whenever it's time to go to Maggie's house or she calls, he wakes up. The only thing he has more of than musical instruments is car accidents, but even then it's a close margin! If Darren could get credits for all the hours he has put into religous groups (BSU OCF) and ECAs he would either be a double major or a Ph. D. The fact that Arkansas was a Yankee state sits ill with him. In fact it gives him so much gas that he shares it freely with all. Once he had gas so bad that he had to go to the hospital, missing a final. The next time it happened it was his appendix. A solid friend and Christian. Keep your chin up and your head down. Semper Fi, Rhino and Iguana

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John David Duthie
Ithaca, New York
Surface Warfare

George Collier Dyer
Redmond, Washington
Nuclear Power-Submarines
If it were up to Hormando, every Shipper at USNA would live in Seattle, so long as they cheered for the Seahawks and owned a raincoat. Leave all loyalty behind, if you're with Jorge you root for Seattle so his dad can keep his job. Come on Georgie, Bob told us he makes six digits a year, at least!!! George has made some great friends over his four years by the what? Yeah, bay, including Vi, Denny-O, Jimbo, some fellas on 42nd Street and Georgetown, Tom, Rumirez, and Applesocks. "Well, I guess I'm going to have to get used to it." How could he ever forget the Sun Tan Motel, Shennanigan's Pub, the Senior Chief's daughter, Robby's, the Montwood Motor Inn, and that powerful Le Mans from Avis? Just don't loan him a pair of your boxers at Myrtle Beach! Well now. Always willing to help, teach, or get under your skin, George was and will always be a true friend to me and everyone who knew him. Great plans have been made for your life. Your friend always. JOSH.

Scott Walter Edwards
Columbus, Indiana
Navy Pilot
Golden Boy was incarcerated in the Stalag from "that same small town" after taking a short detour through Jax. Finally, his dream came true and this wonder twin started the journey from Ocean-easy to F-14's. Being Settele's boy(Jim 89) was the first step. 21 youngster, stars & airplane adventures led to romance for this old man. After that, Mr. Fleischman's had such a "nice" Ring Dance before heartbreak hotel and an A/C crash. First Class year, the cooled CXO skated drill and civilized classes. In bed by Eleven, Luke's Army-Navy game was not a victory, but his following weekends were fulfilled, and Modesty brought Chip closer to the Aviation Community: America, A-4's, P-cola, S-3's. We hope to find the IROC-Z pilot flying for Delta soon, If not president of Taco Bell. Always check-six....Texas and Sarco

Dale Andrew Eyeman
Schererville, Indiana
Naval Flight Officer
Sarco was incarcerated in the Stalag from Indiana...or was that Illinois? Faking his way though plebe year as a sailor, he made it a career. Youngster cruise brought debt, restriction, and Hood experiences—BEAT ARMY! Flaming, more sailing and EE troubles characterized a cooler second class year: 1-I moved out with some of his appliances. With the car loan came more debt, and the black baby (crash) arrived. A "nice" Ring Dance was followed by the dream first class cruise: Philmont, San Diego and Bermuda 34. Firstie year, Questrian thumbed his nose at Misfire joining the ranks of the typical midshipman sloth, with near belated success in Fiziks (weekends?). XXO has proved himself in many areas during his dark and stormy backrub-Psyco ride through Canoe-U. Destined to be a charter member of Fleichman's America's Cup bid, Flattop has been a great friend—"see ya" in P-cola. Texas and Gold

Matthew Roger Frost
Walnut Creek, California
Navy Pilot
Who would have guessed a California boy like Frosty could be so meticulous. Mat did everything the same way all the time, a real life Ice Man. You'd never imagine someone would get all suited up for a workout only to crawl into the rack. It wouldn't be so bad if it only happened once, but you know how youngsters are. Mat was doing fine pursuing his love of Aviation, studying Aerodynamics here at the Boat school. But then came 2/c year. If someone told us that a person could study more hours in a day than sleep, we would never have believed it. For all that studying, he still met the Supe and Dant up close and personal. Good thing it's a kindler, gentler USNA. Of course with a change in majors comes a change in life. Speaking in "general" terms is always easier. So Mat had to do something with his free time. Part of this time was spent attending the "Hungarian Ball" and then his free time ended. Enter Chris. His long distance relationship tacked on plenty of miles on the Z, but noon on fridays would see him heading north with his hair on fire. Mat spent a lot of money on gas and dates, and we often wondered if he would spend even more on some kind of a ring. The only thing certain about Mat's future though is that he'll be flying jets off some big carrier in the middle of the big blue sea. Good luck with the girl, but better luck with the jets. You'll always be our closest friend. DFO & JMM

Erich Rolland Heinz
Proctorville, Ohio
Medical Corps

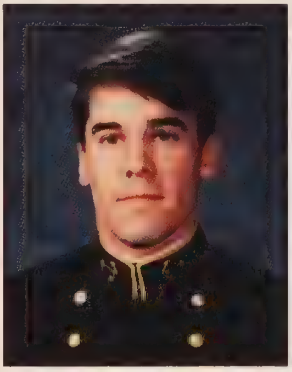
Erich, affectionately known as Josh, is from Ohio, but is a West Virginian in all respects: "That's no Ohio accent." He's the only guy we know who can spot a penny half a mile away. It took a while to get Erich to realize that there was more to having fun than a 4-H dance in Proctorville, and took even longer to get him to appreciate country music. There are many things that Josh won't soon forget...N.Y. city subways, times with Gato, trips to P-ville, visiting the Chile-slinger for five bucks, Myrtle Beach (suck down a few malts, Don), Karin and Matt's, hot fudge sundaes and sunrises in Atlantic City, Denny-O (chug it!), getting tagged by the ski-Gestapo, running the Gy-reen Corps marathon, and dropping the clam (are you going home with me or going to Zeldas?). Now the pace continues as you're off to be the next Trapper John (those pancakes should keep that water down). You will be truly missed by all of us who are proud to be your friends. You've helped me through more than you know. God bless you. GCD

Daniel Brian Hodgson
Rockville, Maryland
Naval Flight Officer

Hodge's illustrious naval career began many years ago, in the late 70's I think, at boot camp at Great Mistakes. It wasn't until the summer of '86 that I met the old man at NAPS. We teamed up here in the 25th Co. our youngster year with the infamous Mike Villar. Between his frequent golf trips (Golf Captain) and even more frequent trips home to see Jen there were times that we didn't see Hodge. But if you put the cards on the table, he was ready and able, be it hearts, spades, or gin. He nearly went the distance as a Marine Engineer, only to be knocked out in the final rounds by none other than the Rocket Man! Thanks for the good times Hodge, I probably wouldn't have made it without the old man keeping me in check. MWM

Lee Alexander Hunter
Fort Myers, Florida
Special Operations

Lee J. Danforth Luvs Diaper Man Hunter, the man who started recycling before it was fashionable, came to USNA from Puerto Rico, Mexico City and Boca Raton and has been teaching us to dress, dance and sing ever since. Sleepless nights called him from the lab decks of Rickover to the hallowed halls of Sampson. Good thing too, because it takes a history major to record his long tenure as the keeper of Dusty and his valiant but futile efforts to surrender the title, although it takes no reminder to remember the sights, sounds and smells of that fated night in Daytona or the many other times in Pittsburgh, Philly, Warren, Killington...It's been a blast Lee and we'll miss you. You've been the greatest friend. CFW, AMD, JMW.



Victor Dale Hyder
Madras, Oregon
Special Warfare

Whether it's hunting in the mountains of Madras, Oregon, facing the long table of the AC board, or even being a civilian for 24 hrs the day before 2 for 7, Vic, you are truly a survivor. You've had some tough times here, just as JB puts it ... I GOT THE BLUES, but you have overcome the B.S. and have become the best anyone can be. As one famous man told me, "Your friend Vic is a true soldier, he is very professional." When it came to spending money, you definitely used your "common sense". Don't worry about the "love handles," they have vanished since those youngster days at the ATU. Anyway, the babes never seemed to mind, whether you were at MD, UNC Chapel Hill, or inside the beloved walls of Mother-B. As one of our friends said about you, "Vic is such a man." No matter how long it takes you to get there, the TEAMS will be honored to have you serve with them. Your the best friend anyone can ask for. Thanks for being there, I am gonna miss ya. Sure thing, Pal ... BLOOD ON BLOOD. GT

Michael James Koslow
Portage, Indiana
Surface Warfare

Hailing from the thriving metropolis of Portage, Indiana, Mick came to the Academy via NAPS and the cross-country team. Running ten miles a day just wasn't his style, however, and he began to pursue academic excellence (just dodging an ac-board or two in the process). The LT M years proved to be a lot of fun for Mick also as he racked up over 30 days restriction and a number of other Academy "fringe benefits". Throughout these trials and tribulations, it was Mick's laid back personality and easy going attitude that kept him from going insane and it seemed that for him the staus quo would be fine until graduation. That staus quo was interupted in the Spring of 1990 by a Miss Sue Stedman. Susie not only swept Mick off his feet but from the company as well. Rare was the night that he was to be found in the confines of Bancroft and even more rare was a weekend out with the guys. This is not to say that the guys aren't happy for you Mick; we are and we wish you and your fiancee the best of luck in the years to come. The LT M years are behind you and the future has got to be better. God Bless. RIP

Matthew Walker Maloney
Clinton Township, New Jersey
Navy Pilot

"A B See-ya" was a common cheer when he came to the plate. Matt was first seen "swatten taters" at Cardines and then became the first man in Navy history put out at Bishop. As an active SADD member he got his feet wet at the Wharf but then became one of Pete's dedicated patrons. Matt had many demands on his time: long weekends on third base, weeknights downtown, nightime sitcom, and th endless list of FYHs would ruin the spindly shipper. But this huge sailor pulled a few 3.5s on his way thru G.E. For those of you who don't know Matt, you are probably slack-jawed anyway. Good luck buddy!

John Michael Maxwell
Holly, Michigan
Naval Flight Officer

He was the company commander that wasn't. John "Axle, Foley, Max" Maxwell came to us from the fine metropolis of Holly, Michigan. The coldest days in Crab Town were never more than a cool day to this midwesterner. Due to the '91 shuffle, we never saw the plebe in him, but maybe that was just as well. John had high hopes of studying the intricacies of electricity but compromised between weekends and Rugby and settled with the arduous major of Economics! He did well with this decision and excelled in his classes as well as parties off the pitch. Then came the Bianca blast. Some say that he dissed people too often to see her but she's a cool chick anyway, and he did well by her. Second Class year brought out the professional in him. While some of his commrades were being tortured by the ghost of Rickover, he cruised through Micro and Macro and still had time to "haze" his plebes. After the rubble of first semester, his roommates were battered and bruised yet he came out shining like a "star". After a heinous cruise on one of SWO's finest, a mighty Tike, the ex-SWO god set his sights to the sky and never looked back. It was too bad he had four eyes vice the regulation issue of two or he would have been driving rather than riding. But hey, he could be our wing man any time! Thanks for all the good times. MRF & DFO

Daniel Floyd Olson
Aiea, Hawaii
Navy Pilot

Aloha, Daniel-San! How's your woman doing? Or, should we say women? Now who's getting B & H'd? Floyd never could adjust to the ways of the East Coast ladies-no grass skirts to chase after. Or was it always too cold to go lady-hunting? Dan will go down in Rickover history as the only mid to stomp on the Rocket and live to tell about it. Was it just a coincidence that soon after Dan's confrontation with Prof. Read, he found himself in General Engineering? Hmm...curious! Dan will always be known for his outstanding floor cleaning abilities. He was especially good at mopping floors after a fun night on the town. Dan was always the most professional of his roommates-just ask the Plebes in 25. Of course, Dan was our star fieldball player and a formidable soccer player too, but he never could get that Rugby stuff quite right. Our bubblehead-turned-jet jock will always be remembered for his mellow tunes, his laid-back attitude, and his extremely long conversations immediately following reveille. I cram! We're looking forward to meeting up with Dan again somewhere over Baghdad and then later in the O-Club. Thanks for being a great friend! MRF & JMM

John Edward Passant IV
Albuquerque, New Mexico
Marine Corps

"C'mon DIS!" "Mmmmm, well." "Yeah, right!" "Do you think I'm getting fat?, I gotta work out more." Johnny P. is the only mid I know who puts PT above all other aspects in life, especially mandatory evolutions. I don't think he's seen a Forrestal Lecture yet. "I gotta PT, man." One thing for sure, J.P. is a dedicated man. His many distinctions include: three time national collegiate windsurfing champion, honor grad at Bulldog, and fewest hours spent studying in the brigade. He even earned himself a battle scar at Autec. "Guy, DON'T leave me in the bush, man. Don't leave me by myself!...GUY!" One of J.P.'s finest qualities is modesty. "Hey Rob, check out these abs. I can't wait 'til summertime so I can go to the beach and show 'em off." "How come I'm always the one who gets hit in the head around here?" J.P. is the only one I know who can convert a die-hard RUSH fan into a country music hick. You've been a great friend and roommate. Good luck and "May the force be with you." RLB

Michael Scott Radke
Grand Rapids, Michigan
Naval Flight Officer

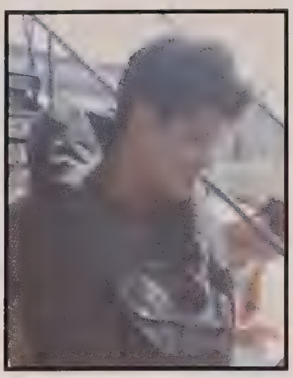
Escaping the wilderness of Michigan, Scooter ventured forth with hopes of becoming an electrical engineer. But one semester without sleep for any of us was enough to convince him that Bull Engineering was the way to go. He was a mastermind of invention. I doubt anyone will forget being gunned down by the rotary rubber band shooter or cat shots from the computer table. It is amazing what can be done with coathangers. Other fun times we had were youngster commando photos with TRR, the Army Week expedition as Jimmy Legs, wars with Orie, and skiing at Joe's. Despite warnings, horror stories, and other evil portents, Scooter did a sail cruise—and liked it. Congrats on your D Qual. He was also greatly involved in OCF, ATU, Ultimate Frisbee, and Trident Brass. I must say, though, for someone as good at music as you are, you can't whistle worth a large rodent's posterior. I am not going to miss The Academy, but I will miss my friends, and Scott, you are one of my best. Thanks for being my roommate for three years. Last one in the backseat owes me a beer. DMS

Thomas Raymond Reilly
Hamden, Connecticut
Marine Corps

Life with the Colonel hasn't been a bed of roses. We're sure it wasn't great for Tom, either. Being a Connecticut Yankee, he came down from the frozen wasteland to get away from his Irish mother only to find another one in the form of a prior Marine Sgt. It's a good thing, too. Tom has made it, but by the skin of his teeth. Now he leaves USNA with a lot to show in the way of fashion, cars (no 4wd, no A/C), and morals. Now the Colonel goes to join the ranks of the few, the proud. The Lord knows that he deserves it. The plebes can now take a sigh of relief—and so can Tom, after all, he did lose a head of hair and an eyebrow because of them. Keep your chin up and your head down. Semper Fi, Rhino and the Sleeper-at-the-Wheel.

David Marshall Sharpe
Lake Jackson, Texas
Naval Flight Officer

The man from nowhere. At the beginning of first class year, Dave realized that he had never lived anywhere for as long as he had been at USNA. He had "finally found a home." And what a home it was. I'll bet Mom never let him rumble, or have watergun fights in the halls and food fights in the dining room. (Hmm...I wonder if Mom has been talking to someone here lately?) Early plebe year he made an acting debut with the Masqueraders. Unfortunately, he couldn't sing so when it came time for the sping musical, he signed on with the backstage "drill and screw team." From the looks of his multicolored sweatshirt I sometimes wonder if he shouldn't have stuck with singing. Dave must hold the record for the thickest medical record in academy history. Raquetballs, shelves, squirrels, and even plebes all left him bleeding and maimed. Remember the great youngster fry trap, New Orleans, and decorating Tree-San at Christmas. Thanks for putting up with all my late night studying and thanks for buying all the popcorn. I'd still rather whistle than listen to your music. Good luck earning those "wings of gold." You've been a great friend and roomate. God bless you, and remember, despite your single E degree, you'll never be able to rhyme like me. MSR



Guy Adolf Torres
Rocky Point, New York
Marine Corps

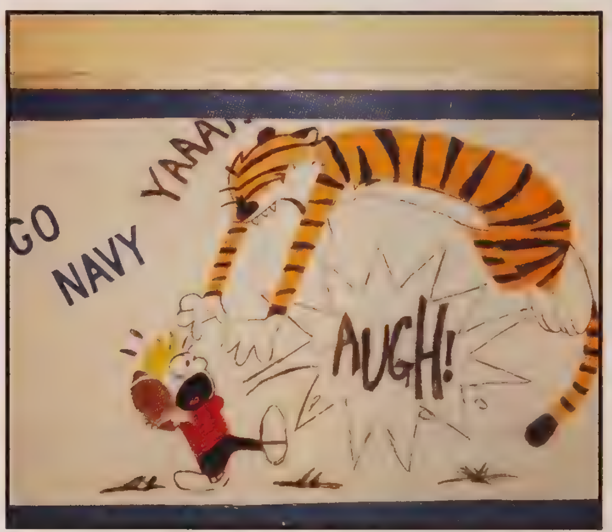
Guy-o, Buddha, The Botto, Japarican, Richie, Gimp (you still in white works?), Grandpa Gus, Tico, Bow-legged Mexican. "I ain't Mexican!" Hard-core parascuba, Double E with pistol detail pin choosing Force Recon, Navy NFO, AND Supply Corps. Too much is never enough. Assess the situation and do what ya gotta do. Whatever it takes -just get the job done. Shut up ya hump. "F" it. Why you have to curse in front of me, Joey? Spatz, spatz, spatz. Little boys. You know, I'm not talking to you anymore. I'm soorry. Excuse me. Me too. Rock & roll boots, preppie sweater, driving a Trans Am. Which is it? "All I want is a ..." Long Island bimbos make the Christmas' hard. Five numbers in one night? You're outta control. What do you want out of life, Guy? "More." Strictly business, Vito. I got nothin'. You got me, Guy-o. Aahh. Long Island guinea and an Oregon white piece. Together for how long? You're the best. Gonna miss you, Pal. My best friend. Blood on Blood. VD

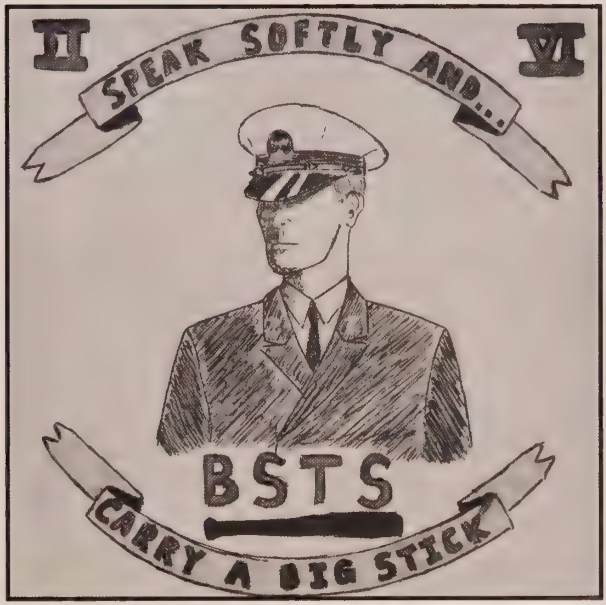
John McLaren Wiese
Germantown, Tennessee
Surface Warfare

Johnny Wee made the migration from Germantown, TN to USNA with no hesitation and then spent the next four years trying to get away: FOREX (France will never be the same), Air Force Academy exchange (John will never be the same), and Cox Fund. What is John? A scientist: he let his feet become a petri dish of fungus that modern medicine has yet to conquer, and documented the effect of alcohol on his system and poo-poo gas on his roommates. An entertainer: singing songs about Art and Lee, and pleasing Daytona Beach crowds with the 6-foot Cobra lat spread. A beer connoisseur: "It's cheap enough." A philanthropist: money for the masses due to lawyer's fees and tickets from following Wort. A Machiavellian love-maker heart-breaker: women love him then despise him. A survivalist: caught in a Killington rainstorm he survived on liquid bread for 7 straight days. A leader: "They can't fry us all." A friend: he was always there when you needed him. Best of luck in everything you do! AMD

Christian Fritz Wortman
Warren, Pennsylvania
Marine Corps

Leaving his corner of Pennsylvania to take on Annapolis, Christian did his time in Fun Four before calling 25 home. He brought his military skills with him- "don't worry, Wort, we'll wax the deck and make your rack too..." Then came the Bru, and the running of the Warren 500 every leave, making Christian a USAA preferred customer. 2/c year will be remembered for proving that headaches can be contagious, for all-star wrestling, and for teaching old snakes new tricks. First semester, 1/c year he took the conn on 4-1, despite the triangles with hooks in his chest. Then he brought the bottomless 18x18x36 box back up to 6-2 and recuperated at U of MD, becoming one of Navy's intellectual elite. Good luck in all you do, Wort, and don't forget your squid buddies; you've been a great friend all along. LAH AMD JMW





Neil Roy Albuja
Flushing, New York
Surface Warfare

Neil was the first to actually test the theory that a midshipman who sleeps twelve hours a day only attends the Academy for two years. Although he spent much of his time on his rack, he accomplished a great deal on his feet. For example, the clubs for a hundred miles around have seen his dance floor moves. Mums and Margarita Maggies know him for other reasons, but they'd both like to see him return after March 30. Neil's moves on the floor also earned him a letterman's sweater last year, but after he showed that he was the best on the mat, he moved back to the magnet. Young Bu trained in the streets and clubs of New York and he brought talents far beyond the mere ability to adhere to regulations. As a result, he's developed his own rules to live by: (1) the hair makes the man, (2) laissez-faire management works best, and (3) if you can't do 95 in third gear at 1500 rpms, then you ain't got squat. Additionally, Neil has overcome the normal restrictions on social activity. Quite lucky with the ladies, he usually leaves the club with a little woman in tow. Indeed, who else but a truly international Don Juan can claim the hearts of women from the French Riviera to the Ecuadorian backcountry. But really, Alby is a simple man—with the right city, the right woman, the right car, and the right mix, nothing will stop him. DDP

Russell James Berlin
Baltimore, Maryland
Surface Warfare

Rus, AKA Gangster, Tonto, The Claw, George, came from the beautiful city of Baltimore after a tour of Massachusetts courtesy of the Foundation. USNA took away your flowing locks, but you still made the evening news. Stalag 17 was tough but not for someone who knew what to do and how to do it. Youngster cruise and Australia fired up your wanderlust, but it kept you a day too long and you returned to find yourself stuck with two weird people: a jarhead countryboy and a savage from the tropics. Hard to believe it worked out! Scuba and Stage Crew controlled your life youngster year. Russian ... well you stuck to it anyway. Second class year was marked by a dawning understanding of life with USNA. 4000 for a baseball game. Academics, Goofies, Psychos, Terrors, gEEking, inquisitions, hay fever. What a year! Easy Firstie year. Summer off the coast of Africa and in the Soviet Union. Car, libs, 15 hours, but you also got XO! Can't win them all. Mom, Dad, rooms, drill. Well done! (or at least done.) Final semester, on the upswing. Service selection? Only Yokosuka could satisfy the wanderlust. Keep looking for the fun in life. Keep your sharp wit and your attitude. They always won people over, believe it or not! Hope you get to do new things, and see FAR places. See you in Japan! GEE Not! DPF

Bruce Whitney Bosworth
Cleburne, Texas
Surface Warfare

Bruce, Box, Boz, Boz Baby, came to USNA from the small Texas town of Cleburne via Kiski Prep. Plebe Year started off early; pre-dawn swimming practices with Lou and the rest of the Navy Swimmers. Boz's efforts earned him an N-Star, Easterns, and MVP in Coronado. However, three years later, after an interview with the Admiral and the swim option program, Boz retired and his swimming career was history; just like his major. We'll never forget 2/c summer, Scuba school in PC, spring break w/ the repo man, Eurorail '90 and the Alps, and many mornings looking for that darn cat. Boz aspired to be a naval aviator, but was destined to be Haze Gray. Boz is one of the best friends we've ever had. His postive, easy going attitude allowed him to deal with any obstacle that came his way, and it brought us through the good times as well as the bad. Boz you will go as far as the seas will carry you. Farewell and thanks for the great memories. DWB/MEB

James Choe Castano
Tampa, Florida
Surface Warfare

TACO. The name was given to him on 3/C cruise and it stuck. From the sunny west coast of Fla. to four years on the Severn. The absence of weekends for 3 years and living with Casey and later Gil made him a little crazy. But he hung on, despite bad gouge fron advisors, to enjoy Dant's List 1/C year. TACO would have made as great ZERO pilot and NO, Japan did not win WWII. The firelance, skull cap, and broken yo-yo. Great squad: TACO, John, Ty, Chris, Kevin, Skip. Bag run, Army week snowball fight and blindfolds. Spaghetti with Susan and oh, a ring too. The Halloween pirates and Casey's B-day at Franny O's. Rugby, rumbles, and a white skirt in the head. Piggy and Fred with their geekers. JCE Medieval battles at 0330, on a Wednesday? The Way of the Warrior. GEE See yaaaa - you Roman splashdowner! Taco? What is your real name anyway? You were born in the worng century. You were meant to chase zeroes and divebomb enemy flattops. Instead we had gladitorial battles and rackraces. Good luck and remember - watch your neck. CJM Once again you will return to sunny Fla. but until then remember that the sun really does shine in Norfolk. Good luck, TACO, you've been a great roommate! JCE

Thomas Elliot Chandler
Santa Fe, New Mexico
Marine Corps

How can Tom Chandler's USNA career be summed up? In just a few of the following words : honorable, truthful, rigid, cheap, loyal, trustful, frugal, straightforward, stingy, decisive, grinch-like, motivated, tightwad, and "by the book". Perhaps for clarity I should explain; Tom is a great person and a born leader. He is the Marine Corps' version of the ideal midshipman. He works at 150% all of the time and at everything he does, whether it be a tough EE class, requiring and all-niter (he never sleeps, anyway) or an excrutiating workout. He has also been a good friend, in the two years we've roomed together, I've never been thrown anything I couldn't handle from him personality-wise. BUT Tom has one little quirk : he's one of the stingiest people I've ever met. He defines frugality. He bought a '72 datsun (when they looked like steel boxes with wheels) for $100 to avoid using his CAR loan. The thing has never run for more than 45 minutes on its own. After two years of grief and labor, he gave in and bought a used truck. In his years as an upperclassman he has not even bought a pack of gum from steerage. For him to use his mid-store card is like pulling teeth. I won't even go into how he treats women on a date (ladies, bring your purses). But seriously, Tom has my utmost respect and thanks. Good luck, Marine! -JDM

Gregory Raymond Collins
West Des Moines, Iowa
Navy Pilot

GERG SNILLOC, from the cornfields of Iowa. Started in 11 then to BSTS w/ EMOREJ & MOT in 4-1 back. Gotta love EMO-his incredible snore, late night showers, rearranging his desk to your satisfaction, JEROME-BE-GONE, and how about evicting Emo after 1st Sem. Remember those FRI. night study hours, Usurping Fridays, and of course-CFC. Then to 6-1 back, Dudley, CHUMLEY HOUR, pigeoned-toed, blue-flame, stupid jeopardy, THUNDER STICK and VACA. There was Julie, Lynn, And Susan at Towson. How about Karate Club stud—Whatever! Then boxing and you end up breaking your thumb. The almost 4.0 when you said "LOOK MA, NO GILLS!" Wanted to get you flowers but knew you weren't holding your breath. AND of course-CFC! Then to 6-1 main after 1st class cruise scam. Carolina trips, HERE'S TO THE BREEZES (RP), lost items at Maryland, babysitting at O's game. Ahhh, the company party and UPHOLSTERY BY TAYLOR, Captain's Row, Fran's and the floor findings, GET TO WORK and the JACKHAMMERS! FIRECRACKERS and of course, CFC. Then the big three striper and the weapons scam. Who can forget his love for Canada and my hanging Bartman. Finally get your DAIN BRAMAGE situated and off to P-COLA. Good luck and one last thing, 98 ROCK DOES SUCK! —WEINO-

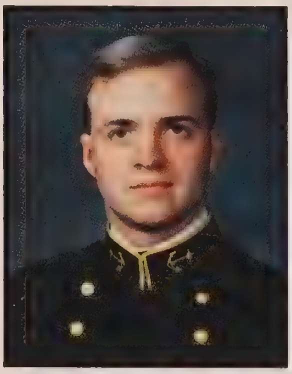
Rachel Elaine Darr
Wheaton, Illinois
Intelligence

Radar came to U.S.N.A. from Chicago and managed to keep her Midwestern naivite mostly intact until 2nd semester youngster year when the Beaz's rep caught up with the whole room. Oh well, we weathered that one too, eh? Then 2/c summer and Bachmonster and Mankmonster began the final transformation work. (L:although she still has to have most dirty jokes explained to her back in the room;M:but she's still not alone) 2/c year she found that making up was so much fun that she practiced breaking up and making up as often as she could. But year and a half long torrid love affairs take their toll (on all involved however remotely). Her characters ranged from naive farm girl to naive Puerto Rican girl (character acting?), but our favorite was the Rachel behind the scenes: the green face...driving down 50 at 90mph to get that dumb car back...pushing Isuzu's in DC in 3" heels...listening to cruise horror stories (the guy that chased you from your 3/c cruise ship to your 1/c cruise ship)...enough mush to win the Iditerod Sled Dog Race...ring dance date conflicts...shopping sprees at Vicoria's Secret with Mimi and Lynnie...Well it's been fun, do you think the operation to separate our hips will hurt? MCM, LJSB, MAM

Dominic Paul DelPozzo
Pacific Palisades, California
Surface Warfare
Dom may seem like a mellow guy, within the ordinary realms of society when found in it, but throw a little bad attitude his way and he will throw it and whoever it came from right back. He came from Pacific Palisades, California, where everyone is either a movie star or a model, except for Dom. Often confused as Dom "The Godfather" Del Pozzo, the system does not try to mess with this individual. Working out at the shop more than a month certainly has increased his stature. With future thoughts of becoming a lawyer, he is sure to need a partner and should perhaps consider changing his name. Among the ladies he is known to be as smooth as silk, more delicate than a spun web, and more tender than a black eye. Envious are the women of the one Dom chooses for his own. So many desire to have the art that only he possesses: persistence; not once, or twice, or thrice but four times he tried to help her come to her senses until he sent that black and white picture, that his help is not for free, by not calling a fifth time. No loss to him, Dom acquired a wonderful white shirt. His love of nature and Earth has led him to return those precious metals and rare stones back to where they belong. Perhaps one day he will find meaning in sifting through Rod's garbage, but until then he is still confused why they make those off ramps only 20 mph. Good luck and all the best to you. Don't forget you friends. NRA.

Gilberto Esteban Escalante
Hato Rey, Puerto Rico
Surface Warfare
Gil came to USNA from PR after a brief repose in Newport. It was there that he learned to appreciate the vices of home. Though abundant hubcaps caught him off gaurd. Gil's native language could be heard at odd times of the night in 6115, he can talk circles around anybody, even an English major (or Jaimie). Languages weren't Gil's only skills. The fastest uniform in Bancroft was his, that is when he wasn't putting it on in his sleep(?). Shower parties and Rush (Gil's alpha, (91) 2112, speaks for itself) became famous in 4145, after being tossed out of the shaft. 2/C year saw Gil and Taco (and Susan) together when the Firelance and a bolted Fred became traditions. What does a flying lizard look like anyway? Unfortunately, Gil's casual observer status made him ineligible for the Combat Pistol M.O. to Miami. "Great leadership, here's your 3000." 1/C sailing cruise? need we say more? "You're not going to eat that whole tater wedge, are you?" Checking boxes, lots of outers and the phrases "no problem" and "Ah...he's not here right now" were all characteristic of 1/C year with Mom and Dad. The quest for "home cooking" was successful (why 2 cars?) but who needs weekends anyway. A Special thanx to O.S. who carried Gil back from M.L.'s party. Syonara for now my friend. Good luck and go SWO! DPF,RJB

I HAVE HAD IT
Newsweek
CHRONIC
FATIGUE
SYNDROME

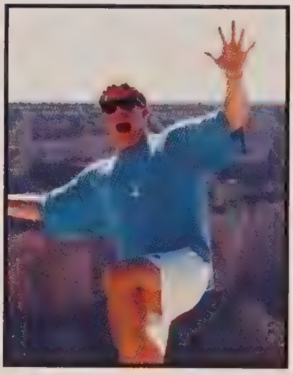


John Christopher Evarts
Malvern, Pennsylvania
Nuclear Power-Submarines
John Evarts, the California Sunshine Boy from Hell. There were many times which Tye, Chris, Skip, and Schmidt (the old squad) wanted to kill you. John was not noted during second class year for his charming personality, but he got the job done. He became even more popular when he assumed the role of company cdr. Goodmorning 26. It was a tough job but someone has to do it. By the way John is writing a book entitled "How to Win Friends and Influence People" after graduation. Tragedy struck John's heart last semester, twice. Melony was out of the picture and the room rejoiced, yeah! To console himself John had to go out with losts of girls immediately like Linda, Mary, Jackie, Jean, Jorie. Despite my good advice and his own John is back with Melony. I wonder why she likes the idea of John going nuke, $$$. John was destined to be a Marine from his Marine reg hair cut to his shinny leathers, but he did not feel worthy, so he went SUB-Marine. Goodnight Johnboy -TACO. Hit it Gil. 3/c yr EE and Physics became History, From jarhead to bubblehead; Foozball will never be the same. Something must have touched John's HEART 3/c yr want to become a nun. Dave, "Hey sure is dark down here, I wonder if this is a cave." Hurry Russ, Good vacations S. of the Border x 2, Spring Break, and Rum Runners. -TACO GEEK DPF RBJ.

Douglas Franklin Fee
Bradford, Pennsylvania
Civil Engineer Corps
DIGGA, I LOVE YA DIGGA. Why do they call you Digger? All 6'6" of Doug came to us from Bradford, PA where he would land in 23rd as a plebe. After a stellar plebe year and an N* in hoops, he moved upstairs to BSTS. Little did he know how life would change for him. He would shed his quiet boring lifestyle of long weekends studying at the computer for wild weekends he had only dreamt about. Doug became the Digger we know and love today. Digs had to give up his basketball career after knee surgery, but would make the best of it by getting a CEC billet. His transformation into Digger didn't change his report card though, with him usually coming out a full point better than us, earning the title of "undercover geek." Who could ever forget the famous "Digger Dance"? Are all the guys from Bradford as wacky as you Digs? Diggerstein was also the best money manager of all of us. Great buy on the car Digs. How many MPG do you get? You can go back and forth to New York how many times on a tank of gas? What an effect he had on women. Hey Digs, will the next one go psycho too? Always rememeber the Q's..Lake Placid ..the battle for Lordship with Tiny.."Ma, I'm about to buy a car"..KADOINK! I'll take it Phil! Not knowing the rules, not having an updated rule book, making up rules... KJP JRP

David Parker Fields
Charlotte Hall, Maryland
Navy Pilot

David P., AKA Larry, wrestled and sailed his way from Charlotte Hall, MD (where?) to NJ with the Foundation before he conned his way to USNA. Five couldn't keep him, so Big Stix was to be the home of this wannabe jarhead with the bubblehead quals (who's now a flyboy.) Youngster year with George and the Can: shower parties, rumbles, Hood, yun, EVH-allergy, diffy-thkrews, Russian(ha), Scuba qual, American U. Taught Psycho to drink. 2/c year: CC, 6126-chokepoint 15 [room nuker, bar stools, beach nites, many special visitors, ozzoP leD woD and the empty box], Grimie's Ac E.I., the Keys at Xmas with DE in DG's truck. Not only did you work for the Gangster 2x, but you got vacked. After Army you Popov-ed. Hood, again - "free" ride. Then, you got caught off guard by what lurks in the hay. Played with your first switchblade. At precomms, SA showed no mercy. Camping: "Lookout squirrels". Remember the trek from Largo to Cape May? 1/c: Scuba Prez & PC .."Where's Dave?" - "In his room". Dave put more mileage on the decks between 4th and 6th wings than he did on his bike and truck. GEE & RJB to the rescue. No more high and tight's. Dave? Roller skating? Yeah, but not dancing, yet! Well, you showed us that you can shoot, now show us you can fly...and keep getting those golden evals. Good luck. RJB GEE



John Paul Fredericksen
San Diego, California
Navy Pilot

John, better known as Fred, arrived at USNA with Air in his mind. A Navy family and REALLY resembling Calvin did not give him much of an advantage. Plebe year in 12th Company tested his olfactory nerves, but he endured. Highpoint of Plebe year: Jennie appeared. Fred was never the same. Youngster year in Bix Stix. Aero courses, eccentric roommates, a pecking order, noisy across-the-hall neighbors, paperback trading, nightly bull visits. Tried 150's and voluntary starvation for the first time, and liked it. Fred's personality shone through. Always smiling, always with a joke, never worried, Wholesome Fred floated above everything. And the Ball and Chain was still around. Second class year started with a major decision. Either Fred came to his senses or Jennie achieved a shoestring tackle, but suddenly she was around to stay. More 150's, more starvation, 2/C Training, The Rocket and lost weekends. Nothing fazed him, and he never yelled. "25 hours a week is not enough study time" one said. Unbeliever! Firstie year was quiet. 150's, more engineering, a slot in the chapel after Graduation. Service selection brought Air. Who expected different? I hope the sky is not your limit. You were always a friend, and it would always be a pleasure to drop everything to shoot the bull. Keep the attitude and the spirit and you won't lose! GEE.

Michael Adrian Kuypers
Cypress, California
Surface Warfare

Could there ever be enough Mike's in the world? Whatever the case, there's only one Kuyp-dog; the affectionate name to a most outstanding Dutchman. With a grin that covered a lot of hearts-his was always in the right place. Who was he? The Bro who could row! The V-ball, H2O polo, crew maniac from sunny Cali who listened: from talks about the sisters to atempts at German, Mexican, Oceanography, what else? Together we've clung to the ROCK-"As iron sharpens iron, so one man sharpens another!" With spontaneous choir practices behind the chapel, Mike was a modeler of superior costume fashion to meet the worlds safety standards or discover the mysteries of EE! We've come a long way together bro-there's more to travel. Wherever we go, you know I'll seeya on the final day. Stay strong, Vato loco. Studying waves and ridin' a few; Vaya con Dios! Adonai is Semper Fi!-Ichiban Yank on the stick/it's cold, wet, miserable..looks like rowing weather to me!/4:50 A.M?/I dunno Al, I shoulda played H2O polo/Let's do this!/ Remember, concerts galore, previous plans, cuttin WT, the osprey? No AL, swim like this. Late night study/coffee/JAM sessions with the guitar/ Anaconda mouth who could talk. On the ROCK, we've been blood brothers for 4 years together. Thanks Kuyp. Couldn't have been the same w/out ya. Love ya,ARM

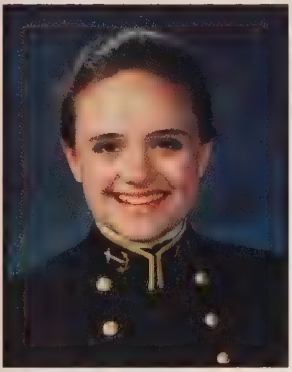
Darla Lynn Lamper
Tigard, Oregon
Supply Corps

Darla came to Annapolis from Beaverton, Oregon, although detoured for one year at NAPS. She brought her incredible athletic (if not academic) talents all the way from God's Country, proving her prowess with a letter plebe year in swimming. Sweet 16 taught her one thing: Crew! 3/c year, Darla became a member of 26, fric and frac, the first varsity boat, and my best friend. Rough water at the end rocked D's boat: Katester became a veteran, and we weren't sure if Darla would too. But, Darla had rowed through stormier seas (the Severn, Harlem, Potomac, Chattahoochee) you probably rode it out on that banana-seated, bobbed bike with the plastic flowers on the basket. 2/c year: School and rows from hell were forgotten with happy hour(s) overlooking Burger King, dives (and "hey bartender") into the canal (questionable drives down M St.), large women standing by rivers, Army Week (night w/D&R), dance music, trips to Bethesda (daquiris and the Lethargitron), Fleetwood Mac, wandering D.C.(tweedle dumb & dumber), Boston, beating VA by 2 sec., losing to Columbia by .42. Franny O's as a youngster, Frannie O's as a firsty, or don't you remember? Through everything you never quit being my friend. You will always be in my thoughts. Good Luck wherever you go. BAG

NAVY
91
CREW

Mary Carol Mankin
San Raphael, California
Surface Warfare

Mary came from San Francisco bringing with her the largest collection of facial expressions known to man. "Maryisms" abounded, eventually infecting her roomate. She had a penchant for dollar bets on Baltimore hoodlums until she hit her "flavor-of-the-week" at the end. She majored in English because of her intense love of writing (only five papers to go, Mare!). Christmas fiascoes in Washington...Searching for the perfect male dancer...long blonde hair EVERYWHERE!...tickle squeaks (or should I say "shreiks"?)...The extended car search ...Rubber stamps everywhere...Calvin and Hobbes forever! "Hey Mare, I know it's study hour, but I have this ticket problem..." AARRGGHH! "Sorry, I'd really like to go to Maine with you, Mark, but I just got a date." Mary's favorite drinking line:"I feel great!..RALPH" ...Emotional roller coaster rides..."I'm staying out of this you two!"...Who was that who fainted in P-cola? Couldn't have been Mary the day after her birthday celebrations, could it?... By the way, Mare, you really are an artsy-fartsy blonde. It's been a hectic four years. Guam will never be the same... and by the way, "Would you like that wrapped, Miss?" RED, MAM, LJSB



Jerome David May
Pasadena, California
Surface Warfare

O! He was a midn, and a midn was he,/The inscrutable EMO REJ./He had many a run-in, when he was a young-un,/With the 'Dant's Regulations for Mids./An insatiable hunter of unabashed slumber,/He sprang to his rack from the threshold./In the morning—O val'rous!—he snored like a walrus,/And held onto sleep with a death-hold!/He scrubbed at his teeth ten minutes at least,/Every morning. He rarely need shave./He took half an hour to drag to the shower,/By Russell, Gilberto, and Dave./IN NAVTAG and hoops, he sank shots and sloops,/But Nintendo he really could play./If the AC Board had seeneth that man at his Zenith,/He'd be Comp Sci, not General, today!/He must have been born to blow through a horn./He was bugle and drum to the Corps./When he stood on the field, his steely eyes steeled./He rocked the whole house with a roar!/Once, when a gale blew through with a wail,/Snatching drummers' and buglers' covers,/He gathered the lids 'fore four thousand mids,/Their girlfriends, sisters, and mothers./But he was a friend, a YAM to the end,/And an excellent roommate beside./He always had change, and he could arrange,/To hook you with chits or a ride./O! a midn he was, and he was a midn,/ That wonderful, blunderful, unshakeable, unwakeable,/Inscrutable EMO REJ! Good luck, roomdog! -TEC

John Allen Meyer
Quasqueton, Iowa
Surface Warfare

John, alias Oscar, came to the Academy from Parts Unkown, Iowa, Quasqueton. What? After spending a sheltered plebe year in 28, John made it to the Big Sticks Company. During his first three years John grappled with the Navy wrestling team. But by firstie year John found himself indulging in more civil endeavers: Bancroft Billiards, lazy days on the golf course, and frequent trips to Crabtown. Nothing outshines his love for surface warfare. John had an uncanny ability to find the most practical and natural solution to everything. That, with his never bonding opinions make him a standout. Pound for pound, John was the best roommate and a very good friend! Yea Navy! BWB......After turning down Gable & Gibbons, he chose USNA to be haze grey and underway. From the beginning, I had him pegged as either an Olympic skier or Greco champ. Outside of our athletic endeavors, we managed to find time on weekends to catch up on leisure-going toe to toe, or taking up space at Frans, or on an MPU movement order. We've difinately left our mark on this town. Here's to Canada, the breezes, petering out and petering in, etc. GRC

Casey John Moton
Woodbridge, Virginia
Surface Warfare

From the land that no one knows came Casey to USNA. In Roaring 20 plebe year, his beaker brace won great acclaim. After a brief underway period in the YP squadron, Casey scrambled into BSTS. It took but a few weeks to get Casey to leave his WUB'Ds right side out. Casey you went through more rolls of tape than anyone I know. Another 4.0? Its not the size of the dog, but the fight in the dog you know. 2/C year what a squad we had! I bet their ears are still ringing. I think you hold the record for the most songs sung about you on march-overs. Do you like pancakes Sir? 2/C head pork chop. I still think our YP CO just liked you better. In the end you got to do plebe summer, Mike Company, ah-ten-hut. Why is it that every time I saw your boys they were screwing up? 1/C year brought Trident, trips to Chincateague, UNC, Army/Navy, fat chicks at Franny O's, and cultural excursions in D.C. that we never made on time. How's Val? Stupid whale noises. Da uuzi 9 mm, RPP. Along came that coveted promotion to NavTag Fleet Adm and later to 5th Batt's trusty Sub. XOs run the place you know. Did you measure that name tag? Ha! Made you look! Wonder what its like to be so smart? Thanks for all the good times, for putting up with me, for letting me sleep. You too will find a woman one day. I'll be the one that wins the 1000 bucks! Best of luck, EHV.

John Ray Pereira
Caldwell, New Jersey
Surface Warfare

Frrrankie, Dabid, Johnny P. came to USNA from Cauldwell, NJ via NAPS. His post-taps activities began up in Newport with "I think we missed the muster". Plebe year landed him in FUN ONE where he began his midget league football career. Four years later he would earn three letters and All-ELFL honors. In the off season he could be found gallavanting in the gun shop. JP's efforts would lead to the biggest biceps of the service academies. Well, at least he could claim to have the biggest eyes. Youngster year in BIG STIX, Johnny took full advantage of his weeknight Cinderella libs, where he always seemed to make it back, whacked and on time. Mama P's chicken cutlets gained him popularity by drawing large crowds to the Jersey tailgators. He was never much for relationships, but Dumpster could always be surrounded by women of all ages. The Antichrist did try to clean up his act for awhile, but his hedonistic lifestyle would not allow this. First class year began with the tri-yuke UA coming from the Vous, adding to his "history of being UA". After many sick weekends, we peaked in Lake Placid with Smokey pounding the 91st beer. Remember water shots, the Q's, Eric, and Phil. GO SWO and keep sweepin' Johnny P. KJP DFF

Ronald Paul Preiss
St. Louis, Missouri
Naval Flight Officer

Ron landed in 26 with an incredibly positive attitude, and no nickname. Aus and Sully gave him a new name but couldn't give him a new attitude. Through his four years at Navy, RONBO continued to believe that "USNA is the number one place to be." It sure was 3/C year, when the NY girlfriend was trying to call, but couldn't get through because Ron was on the phone with the MD girlfriend who was taking him to BWI so he could go home to see his St. Louis girlfriend. 3/C year also brought "Alert Five Youngsters" and "Why is the room on fire?" Ron had an amazing ability to find the hook prof every time, then studied like crazy to make sure he got the grade. Ron's boxing career showed that good grades do not necessarily result in good sense. 2/C year Ron narrowed his social focus-"I'm going home every three day weekend"-and landed a plebe detail spot. Ron finally gave up boxing, but still had to inflict pain on his body, so he ran the Marine Marathon. 1/C year Ron took over the Mids and Kids program and showed that even though he seems like a caring, concerned person, he actually is--a caring, concerned person! Ron also brought his charms to UNC (uh-oh...eject! eject! eject!) Here's to the breezes...GC Good luck at P-Cola, the pattern is never full!

Kenneth James Price
Orlando, Florida
Surface Warfare

Bub, where do we start? Certainly not with a nickname but with where it all began, NAPS. The only man to have survived all 6 high tracks and probably regret it more than any of those that didn't. If only you knew how much worse those academics would get until they got better. Flung into Form-2 on I-day he was forced to endure a real plebe year and learned how not to be a Mid. Youngster year brought Potsie to BSTS and 4-1 has never seen a cleaner room. Never did a day go by when the desk and sink weren't sterilized. Never did a morning go by when Flounder didn't toot a little song for us. His new sport was Rugby, the greatest sport ever, right? Second class year began and the Sloth mastered the Schwartz, with this newly achieved ability he nearly made the square root club. After first semester he decided to drop MECH E and just study engineering, generally speaking. Then came the Blue Whale (Ken, did you clean it lately?) The year ended on a high note with him nearly earning both possible letter sweaters for his ability to play hard on and off the field. 1/c year started where last year left off, in Smoke Hall. The Mole was born, the army brat was found, and many great times were still ahead. Never forget the Q's...Lake Placid...Tiny...and, oh yeah, how to get home. Go 'Canes, Go Seminoles, Go Magic, just Go Florida! BUB DFF

Kristen Ann Roper
Bourne, Massachusettes
Supply Corps

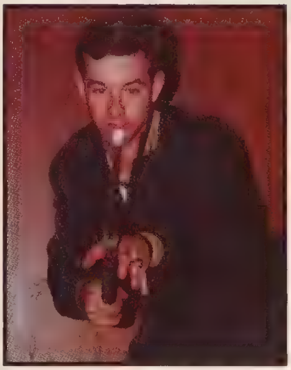
Kristen came from Cape Cod not quite sure what she was getting into. Plebe Summer was too hot and humid and the O-course ruined her nails! Plebe year sailing on Cinnabar with Steel, Tuna, and Spence. Newport and her "birthday" in Manhattan! Bermuda was different (to say the least) and Hawaii was fun. Youngster year with Darla, BK, Mike, and Dan. The station wagon, Georgetown, and St. Michaels. Bermuda (much better this time) for Spring Break, Elbow Beach and initials at Swizzle Inn. With Second class year, she began to get used to Ishenashnay and roses. THE RING, David and Leanne's Easter eggs, Manhattan's horses, ice-skating, and Govenor's Island. Broadway plays, 'two wines and a buzz', Champions and Red Roof, Hershey Park, Nantucket and the Whaler Inn. But don't forget fireplaces, Cordon Negro and empty houses! Cross-country skiing—what a spaz! Fee-bee... Finally a Firstie! San Diego, lots of fun, Universal Studios and Jaws. Nothing like a first night out at Clark's, huh Kristen?!? Christmas at St. George with the sun (what a tree!). Oysters and creatures—"I'm done!" To sum it up, "Wouldn't it be Nice?" Ishena. MWZ

Patrick Alexander Sullivan
Reston, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Graduation for Pat marks the end of a long roller-coaster ride of experiences. Famous as the legendary NAFAC plebe drinker, he helped the program set its liberty policy the next year. Pat and his plebe roommate Wags waged a year-long harrassment campaign against Garbutt, highlighted by Pat's strategic placement of dirty underwear on his stuff. "Money's only something you need if you don't die tomorrow." Tough guy attitudes were typical of Pat. He charged hard into Navy Cycling, taking pride in hard-earned road rash from exciting spills and races. And he built character: Restriction "the old way-only on weekends" over a striper's sense of reg p.e. gear duty that everyone laughed at except Pat. Misogynist attitudes fluxuated with relationships and he drank the hemlock of the melancholic woes of Roy Orbison. "She's a mystery to me." Thrown into a room with his complete opposite and a man barely alive in Big Stix, Pat learned from Aus the art of "Money Holmes" and that there are no standards, only quotas. "I think I'll take a trip." Paris, Spain, Morocco, then London. Sully and Ronbo set a room on fire, launched the ALERT-5 Youngsters, and drank ambrosia. "The room that pukes together stays together." Thanks for the memories, bud. I've learned a lot. A different god, a different mountaintop. Here's to horse—— and Fidelity is still up. R.P.P.

Eric Holt Verhage
Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

Eric came to USNA after an already vast Naval Career. Despite all those good times as a salty ET and with young AN's, he decided to seek a higher goal- and so came to NAPS and then Navy. He spent plebe year in 12, a "real company", and then fate sent him to BSTS. Ultra professional as a 3/C, you even fried yourself for the infamous SUB BRIEF. 2/C year was your year. After giving up colored towels with Neil and Fred, you took the risk of living with me- one of those Group I types no less. Every plebe in '93 knew and feared you. Medals, enlisted ranks, and the uncanny ability to sense slack plebes anywhere. "Thats's Leadership." Behind our backs, our plebes knew the real us. Being 2/C DBC let you know you could really change things, and that was all it took. 1/C year finally got here. The summer brought another Plebe Detail with a platoon, while I got "kicked upstairs." No one could tell you where to put your platoon! The Azores brought Sandy (your biggest blunder). Liberty with Ronbo (only after lifting so you would "look good naked"), and dealing with our newest company mates was only the beginning. With 4 stripes to end it (Eric, are you in my chain of command?), you learned the meaning of frustration. Still you achieved your biggest goal- USNA couldn't forget you if it tried. From this Boot to a Mustang, I hope we sail together again. Save your $1000.- CJM



Thomas Kelly Weinberg
South Bend, Indiana
Surface Warfare

Following NAPS, Tom tortured the upperclass of 31 much like he did the zoomies. After a 3/C cruise hunting bombs in 8th for EJ, Tom came to BSTS where he was known as Sunshine and stuck rooming with Greg & Emo. Tom endured 3/C year without much sleep, but 2/C year brought a little more humor with Chumley and Buckwheat. The judges didn't like it but we did. 1/C year, Tom made the most of his leisure time golfing, watching Bart, hustling pool in Smoke, or working out. Casanova impressed women with his lips and the way he wiggled on the dance floor. He was not picky about his women. Age, marital status, or kinship were the least of his worries for this 23 year old with 43 year old taste in music and women. As a 23 year old 1/C, he prayed for cures to his list of ailments: back pain, bum knee, allergies, etc. He was the most popular man in medical. With medical records thicker than the JAGMAN & CSORM combined, he thought he was locked into a billet with the corps. For 4 yrs. he put up with the Duff for the drill exemption. Can't get enough of that good ole Duff. Too bad Notre Dame didn't recruit him. Good with the face on Mars & your other no risk investments. If you ever win a sweepstakes, remember that I was your best friend who stuck around for 3 yrs. I'm sure VADM Grebniew will be the distinguished grad someday. Best of luck & take care.GRC

BEAUTY AND
HER BEASTS
CSB'92

Karl Andrew Andina
Valrico, Florida
Surface Warfare
Karl came here from Hauppauge, LongSPACEIsland. At NAPS, he kept Little Man out of trouble and acquired the skills of Northern Arctic Warfare and sunset detection(on-the-horizon targeting!) Jenn became more than just a best friend just before experiencing rough waters, the Preiss is right and a real plebe year in 25. His back said no to rowing...Living life on the Edge, Karl found a true friend. Remaining in 6th wing, he engaged in the Great Smuckers (sp?) War on Stud St. 27th wasn't all bad for the Funky Karl Andina found life with Joey Joe and Jazzy J to be crazy and fun. Friday night jam sessions, Wimoweh and Jazzy's theories of the Universe became the trademark of the wacky roomies. Dreams of flight came alive as the last group arrived in P-cola. (Hey Joe! Wake Up!) The summer developed a new attitude on Plebe life for the Tool shed was built. The Allen Early Warning System began operation to warn of impending danger of missed fromation. Wedding plans came into effect after a tough personal debate. "It was a good week Joe!" 1/c summer brought flying, flying, and more flying on the JFK, S.S. and the M battle. After a bike and 6 months of waiting, he found his dream Stang, became an Honor Nazi and finally got a phone! WHOA! Watch that Axe! Funky K, You made it Pal! Joey Joe

William Andrew Bowling
Harlingen, Texas
Surface Warfare
Bill grew up in Harlingen, Texas (I think that's as far south as you can go in that state) and quickly impressed everyone here with his football skills. Starting 3 of his seasons as inside LB, amassing loads of tackles (ND '89), ECA honors, and defensive captain to boot; "Billy-biceps" and his gunshop have become world famous (maybe we can even forgive him those puny legs) Probably the most laid-back person we've ever seen, he was always the "Gentle giant"...well, at least off the field. On the field, now that's a different story. Not as well known as his athletic capabilities were his academic skills; Wind Tunnel as a pol. sci.,"Matt,let me know if you need any help with that EE" Fall of his 1/c year, Bill chose to desert the ranks of bachelorhood for his high school sweetheart, Anne. Oh well, we all knew it was just a matter of time. You've been a great friend and roomate for the past 3 years, Bill, and best wishes to you and Anne. (Is Ronnie Milsap really blind??) MSB

Scott Alan Bunnay
Mountainview, California
Navy Pilot
Bunny, Bugs, Scottie or Silly Rabbit, whatever you call him, is straight out of NoCal (as opposed to SoCal). He's a diehard A's and Niners fan with thin blood who always had to get up at night to close the window, or rocketed out of the rack at 3 am to report for reveille: "Huh?" As a youngster he couldn't help but argue with Darby and Lid about everything, and for a long stretch couldn't speak clearly when drunk, but lots of practice with the boys from 31 at Irish Times cured him. He had a year long search for a ring dance date (yes, he found one!) and was nothing but speed and hands on the football field, but from the rack he showed his determination: "I'll go lift with you tomorrow." Somehow he managed to be sick for the entire first semester of firstie year, and even though Peko thinks he never lived in Mother-B, Bugs made one discovery at Villanova: "Oh, that's how a bong works!" His first "love", with whom he spent most of first class "cruise" in Monterey kept telling him he was dating other girls, so he obliged her: See ya! The boys from 31 got him again: "Where's my underwear?" He had a final struggle with that thin blood and aviation, but despite learning the secret SWO handshake, he intends to choose Navy Pilot.

Matthew Samuel Busch
Annapolis, Maryland
Nuclear Power-Surface

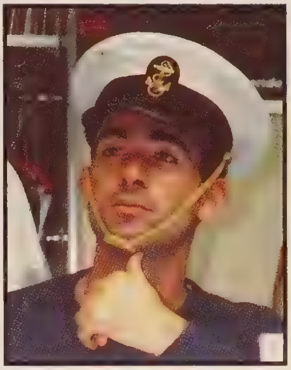
Buschmaster, or should I just say, the Master! I don't exactly know how that name came about, but you are the EE master. I do know that you spent many a sleepless night prior to EE exams reviewing the basics of your major, heck, half of 27th company would never have made it through that course if it wasn't for your expertise, thank you, from all of us. You were not only a stallion in the classroom, but on the gridiron as well, Too Tall Jones Jr. with the wingspan of a condor, what an intimidating obstacle. Well Matt, it's been a great three years, you're the best roommate and friend a guy could have. I'm going to miss the late night conversations, breakfast and what not, but I guess there might be other things on my mind. I wish you all the success in the world, you deserve it. Just remember, V=IR, and everything else will come easy. Oh, by the way, maybe someday we can go fishin' and see if that nasty hat (I'm sorry, I know it's your baby) really does bring good luck. BB

Thomas Wesley Caywood Jr.
Humble, Texas
Surface Warfare

Wally the wall-banger. Mr. congeniality the tan God. Rembrant of the literary community. E.E. Woo Li Master. Penn St. in the Igloo, "Are we there yet, I've gotta go." "Let's get some sauce, I've got a dollar." Why do you always get sick on my bed. What's with the giant meat cleaver and machete. "I really have to go now." Squaring off with Loyola Lax. "Amy, get out of the car." So when were you going to tell me I'm the best man. Behind the eight ball once again. Pummel session; get Uhde! A minor in E.E. (very minor) "Stop the car or I'm gonna burst!" Naked Butt Slider Club.

Mark James Colombo
Media, Pennsylvania
Naval Flight Officer

Cheesesteaks, Tastycakes and the power of the pasta. The Polock-Italian, the Beave, the Welter Weight Lover, Naked Butt Slider: the Kamikaze, 20-40 dupa has done it again, U.S. Air's most frequent flier, reggae man. "We gotta stop drinking. What are these little bugs? Where did you get the rowboat? Lock it up!" VCR headbanger, balcony diving without the bungi, ring dance and camping with Greenpeace, "Hey, start a fight with someone your own size." Fart man, naked man, uncle chumpy, hoist-em up, nice geekers. Road trips with the igloo, "I took on a whole frat?" the keg won't fit thru the window, "Hey candy cane!" Where would we be if you never met Lee?...In jail.



Allan Andrew Coulson
Ventura, California
Surface Warfare

Call him by his given name - Shaka Zulu, Al-co-hol, Numba Won, Master Chief, Gramps, Grub jr, etc.- the "very nice person" with big ears and a five-o'clock shadow by 9:00 A.M. - the only man to drop out of economics to enter political science due to academics - EE master, head of the USNA varsity inspection team more than once. Al flew in from Ventura, California by way of Newport to play soccer. However, Al opted to switch over to Varsity Weight Loss (150-lb. football). Known for his excessive mouth to muscle ratio, Al often created situations for his friends to sort out. Uninhibited by stripes, unaffected by authority, Al answered to no man - merely two women, Mom and Cindy. Gliding thru Tuesday of Pool Week at Stupid School, Al's true water torture came at the hands of Pic and Buck Saturday night. The confidence bestowed on Al upon earning his bubble inspired him to take the hard line with all NIS officials. This in turn earned him an afternoon of fun with J.L. and the CDR with a bonus of a month of restriction. After serving a star stint as grogmaster, Al charged into Ft. Benning with high hopes of becomming para-scuba. Six months later, it happened. Alas, now Al seeks to earn his third pin, the coveted water wings, aboard the USS Yokosuka, Japan. Best of luck Numba Won. GDG, MLP, MC, JH.

Brian Llewellyn Davies
Newark, Delaware
Nuclear Power-Submarines

"Brian, it's 2:00." "I know." "Brian, it's 2:30." "I know!" "Brian, your nose is bleeding." "I know." Brian knew a lot of things Plebe Year. Like, how to wear his shoulder boards - gold buttons outward, right? C'mon, stop! Actually, Brian spent much of his time Plebe year, and every other year, at the crew house. Brian knows crew. Or, at least he knows his cox box very intimately, as his rowers will attest. With the advent of youngster year, Brian left 35 and headed for Bacon's Boys Camp. Here he found himself dwarfed by and shacked up with the twin towers of 6-1. Next came second class year and the same roomates for the first semester. Ah, but second semester brought something out of the ordinary. Actually it was the lesser of the two evils, FUD. Finally a two man room. Social problems with members of the opposite sex, along with trying to get the Trident Scholar program added to the amount of sweat expended from Brian's body. That, combined with cutting twenty pounds for crew, made for easy counting of B's ribs and other bones. 1/c year gave B's baby pool in Rickover priority over everything, even crew. B knows waves, even human hair waves. Brian, you've been a great roommate, friend, motivator and running partner. Good luck with nukepower and that bonus. "Brian your nose is blue." "I know!" GJK & JWU

Peter Evan Davies
New Bern, North Carolina
Navy Pilot

Pete, often known as TreyPete, was a sea goer before he even learned to walk. Sailing the Bay and racing with his brother were ultimate thrills. Pete came to the Academy expecting a nonstop four year regatta. It was USNA's loss when he cut it 2 1/2 years short. Their loss was my and Heather's gain, and we enjoyed every minute of it..Skippy's all-nighters, 30 minute compiles, sleeping through class, late night phone-line taps, brown putays, 62 situps, the 10 minute workout, my pull out couch, run from the bull, detail, cars in the yard, extra leave?, flamers we were(are), "You made him cry?", visits with the batt commander, pistol summer phone taps, no accountability, movie night, NUKE REJECT, filing chapter 11, the silver bullet and the dash for the beltway, darts, "Who're we playing for today?"(you do shoot better than you throw), "You're about a ...", misfit liaison, and the ultimate goal of dynazine. We've shared some great memories with much more to come. My best friend, what more could a guy ask for in a comp-sci geckter roommate. This is only the beginning, hands down. Here's to the TAD service selection. You can be my wingman any time! Watch out Florida! —Bone

William John Devries
Hamden, Connecticut
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Wild Bill: Misfit Academic Officer, he really wanted to be a Dent-ist. Indy Jones hunting for imaginary roots, delinquent section leader reports, and buckets of Rocks (On the Road Again). Meaning of life = c/r, for positive "q" only. Nuke interviews- no sweat, O-club E.I. Simple man, Wednesday wifeline, give Robbie a hug. Christmas carol-calls, milk & cookies, star blinks, Romeo at the dip. Any questions? - It's possible... Hey Larry's got the Gouge. Doink-scratch-shuffle, audible slumber mode. New Orleans bus driver. Standard commands for conning a Y-plebe. Ken & Andie's: Who's got the keys?- use a nail instead, Hot Damn!, on the beach. Spring break, no pockets, Gold medal, Varsity M, Sunday nite practice, wake up B. Country Boys Can Survive, even in NJ. Just remember: What goes down, must come up; always practice Rule Number One of the Room; and Friends don't let friends drive Fords. - MNH

Michael Frank Eilers
Fair Oaks, California
Naval Flight Officer

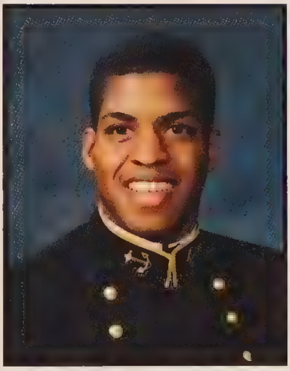
"Yankee Mike" hailed from the Northern of the two Californias to become a midshipman. Having descended from that Olympus, he had about him an air of near-greatness. In keeping with this status, his aspiration has always been to serve as an NFO, so that he might be chauffered, rather than having to fly a plane himself. As a dedicated student of Political Science ("Ya' gotta know what to blow off"), "Lid" asserted his mastery of rack-ops early in Youngster year. Despite his roommate's efforts to the contrary, Mike failed on few occasions to be "First to Rack!" Because great minds seek company, Mike devoted a great deal of time to a hobby which allowed him to travel in the circles of his intellectual peers: SCUBA diving. (Other divers, and perhaps some fish, were the peers.) A repeat offender in more than one core technical course, Mike once asserted nostalgically, "Summer school was fun!" To a roommate who majored in Physics, "Yankee Mike" sadly related the debasement of his childhood memories: "Physics ruined the Slinky! It's no fun if I know how it works!" Mike's philosophy of sleep was fittingly extensible to his life in general: "Close your eyes and wait for it to happen!" He had a wondrous fluency in a tongue he called "Spanglish." In that hybrid I bid him "Hasta la bye bye"! "Hail and Farewell" to you. You've been a good friend.Thanks. PJM

Jerry Richard Foltz III
Cairnbrook, Pennsylvania
Medical Corps

Rick came to 27 from 26 where he was known as Jerry the Cold Blooded Killer. Youngster year softened him up as he set his sights on becoming a doctor in the what?! Air Force? He soon came to his senses and realized that the Navy was for him. Rocko soon found himself shacked up with Donzo and FUD. Rick showed them both up when his GPA was greater than the sum total of theirs. Second class year brought precomms, and Rocko and Zoid found themselves with needles in arms. Don decided to inspect the floor and while Rocko was laughing hysterically, he decided to become partners in crime with him. Many choices faced Rick during 2/c year and formost was which car to buy. He finally settled on the RX-7/XTF. First class year saw the XTF making frequent transits to Columbia, getting smacked in the rear, and blowing the tread on its athletic shoes for cars. With the notices of MCATS, and weekday fieldtrips to Med schools, Rocko's acceptance into school was met with joy, congrats, and a sobbing, "Oh my baby.." from the hills of PA. Rick you've been one hell of a friend and roommate, even if your grades annoyed the @#*! out of Donzo and Uhdbo. Take care, kick butt in Doc school, and you can be our flight surgeon anytime. Semper Theta Phi Alpha. JWU DAZ

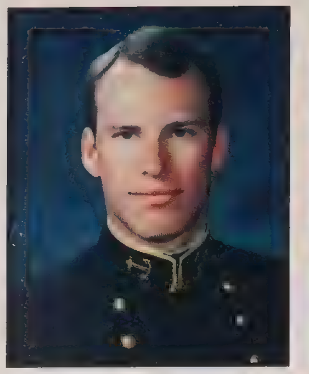
Matthew Neil Hess
York, Pennsylvania
Marine Corps

Mathew Neil Hess. "Matty" Matt left his hunting rifle behind in the woods of York, PA, forsaking the legendary Chicken Coop to spend four years by the bay. You can take the boy out of the woods, but you can never take the woods out of the boy. He came to USNA to join the Corps, and was not always at ease in the affluent establishments of Annapolis. Matty would rather work on a Bucket of Rocks in an out of the way watering hole. But his high academic goals led Matt to spend many weekends in the shelter of the room, with loud pretzels and an occasional squirrel pot pie. Described as "Easily Amused," he found happiness in the simpler things of life, even at Bulldog. Despite several attempts by the faculty, his many hours in Rickover paid off with a degree in Mechanical Engineering with a concentration in Heat Transfer. His other noteworthy adventures include the Dining In pushup contest and a date for the Ring Dance. Matty will be remembered for his enormous truck, his many contributions to the sport of High Power Rifle, an infatuation with the number "33", and the friendly personality of a good-ole-boy. The juke box is playing "On The Road Again," the Blazer roars away, and Matty is off to join the USMC. Good luck, God Bless. WJdV.



Paul Herbert Hogue Jr.
Cincinnati, Ohio
Surface Warfare

The first thing I want to do is to thank the almighty God, because without Him none of this would have been possible. The first people I would like to thank are my parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Hogue. They gave me support that I needed the past five years. Next I would like to thank the people who gave me support from the outside when it was needed. These are Mr. and Mrs. MacIntosh and Mr. and Mrs. MacPherson. The good memories that I will take from this place are the friendships that were made here. The friends that I had an opportunity to work with in mechanical engineering and the company show that all people can get together, no matter what race they are. The best memories that I have are of the members: Mac, J Double, Dean, Masto, and Mel. These brothers helped me through this place. We drank together, skeezed together, flowed together, but most important, we struggled together. That is what made us tight. I also will not forget those that did not make it: Books , Thorne, and especially Sinister. To the class of '91 Peace and Happiness. Hostile, Style (PHH)

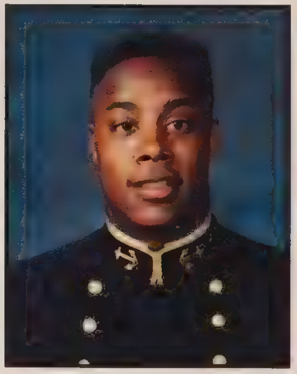


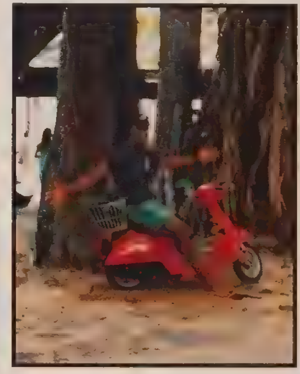
Jeffrey Michael Jackson
Rathdrum, Idaho
Naval Flight Officer
Jeff came to USNA from Spokane wih intentions of being a Naval Architect, an NFO, and the next Robert Heinlein. Well, two out of three isn't bad. Raging unsatness sidelined him from D&B (and the requisite trips and wild parties) and convinced him to be an historian. Second class year found Jeff to be quite the academic stud (funny how that worked out for a Group III major!) First class cruise... duty(?) aboard The Battleship, receptions in every port, stints with the midshipman Escort Service, free food and drinks from a matronly(!) hotel manager and serious hooking (along with Leon and Cisco) underway (while making way!) en route to the toughest mission: the Portland Rose Festival. Of the Three, only Jeff remained hooked while in Portland. (Classmates' sisters do NOT count!) First class year found Jeff sporting Jump Wings (yorch!) and out-of-company stripes for both semesters. I'll never forget the Rack Wars (he rarely lost), the staff meetings at Chi-Chi's, our big Bet, or the Bits of Wit and Quotes O' Justice (Jump and Dump) you logged. Gracias, y Buena Suerte, Jeff! FJS

Darin Michael Liston
Gainesville, Virginia
Navy Pilot
After a year as a Wolverine, Sonny never convinced himself that the Academy was really where he belonged. Getting reaccepted to Michigan first semester Plebe year made it even harder to stay. Not the engineering type, he became a Spanish speaking oceanographer but never managed to learn about patience. Whether it was the Academy or other mids, "#@%! &%@$" was a common response. Girls were always an interesting topic for Darin as he never decided what he wanted. He began with the sixteen to eighteen year old crowd but eventually advanced to ones of at least thirty years to get that experience he was craving. He began youngster year in Honduras but then migrated to the ugly side of Philly by Army-Navy time. Second class year found Darin in Peru, but his multiple loves won out. Alas, his beloved picture frame, full of his "current" so long, sat empty all first class year. This was not for lack of trying, between chasing elusive Californians in Colorado and nurses up in Philly, he became rather tattered. Darin never reached his striper potential, settling to be the drill Nazi everyone loved. His attitude about the Academy was by no means any indication of his outlook towards his career. He was born to be an aviator and not a bubblehead like Major B thought. The refractiveness of his eyes almost made him a passenger, but the stick is in Sonny's future.

Paul Jared McCambridge
Arlington Heights, Illinois
Navy Pilot
Grandpa came to USNA via the University of Illinois. Once here, his goals were clear: First, become a Navy pilot. This accounts for the late night reading sessions looking like Pirate Bob (Who's Bob ?!) with his eye patch and funky glasses. Second, become the greatest physicist in Academy history, no matter how late he had to keep his roommate up studying with the entire physics department and listening to Grizzly Lightfoot and other classic bands. His third and final goal was to eat the most Grape-Nuts and other tasteless, good-for-you foods humanly possible. Youngster year, Gramps was the mediator in the Great Music War between Joey Joe and Mike ("I can't handle any more pulsating Latin rythyms!"). By Firstie year, he had developed into the "Wardroom Enforcer" (Read and comply...'Nuff said) and distilled the tastiest "Nectar of Ehrenfest" ever witnessed by the greater physics community. Jared was made for the Navy and vice versa. Everyone pulled for him, but certain factions, namely USNA laundry and the ever friendly wardroom workers, did their best to discourage him. Jared succeeded through it all, and was a great roommate and friend. Hasta, Dude, and yes, I'll fly with you (...Are you kidding!?! My grandmother could have made that trap!!) MFE, MJC.

Gary Allen McIntosh
Silver Spring, Maryland
Supply Corps
TO GOD: THANK YOU, FOR FROM YOU COMES EVERYTHING. TO MY PARENTS: I LOVE YOU, YOU WERE ALWAYS THERE FOR ME. TO THOSE THAT WENT BEFORE ME: I REPECT YOU, YOU MADE IT EASIER FOR ME TO SUCCEED. TO THOSE THAT ARE WITH ME: THE MEMBERS, I WILL ALWAYS REMEMBER YOU, THE ANTICS, THE GIGS, THE FLOWING, THE STOCKS, THE MIXES, HOWARD, THE BASS, THE PICTURES. WE DID IT ALL, AND I COULDN'T HAVE MADE IT WITHOUT YOU. TO THE YOUNG ONES: PERSEVERE, TAKE HEED BECAUSE WE DID OUR BEST. IT IS YOUR TURN NOW. LAST AND LEAST. TO THE CARROT EATERS: KEEP ON HOPPING, RABBITS. TRICKS ARE FOR YOU! SINCERELY YOUR FRIEND, MAC, SLASH, CHIEF, JONTY PEACE -GAM





Jose Manuel Melendez Jr.
Ozone Park, New York
Surface Warfare

DJ Joey Joe, Aerostar, Cholo Bean: the lady's man/hoodlum came from Brooklyn NY and went to NAPS to learn a sense of pride and honor(or was that just to make money?) He spent a real plebe year in "FRY'EM ALL" 15, wher he lived with an Oreo cookie and the Midwest terror. After being traded to 27, he lived with Jazzy J and Easy Mike and endured the GREAT MUSIC WAR. A move downstairs and Funky K ended the war, for the Three Mids and a Korg, experienced WIMOWEH! Jazzy'e theories and subfries! 2/c summer brought new ideas for plebes and a GUNGIE feeling. The Berlin Wall came down in 1990, but not in 27th "Sir, you now have 22 minutes..." Much time was spent at mixers, WRNV, and in Das Booth mixing the best music around. He also had a run in with Double E(or was that Double D) The 1.5 became the O.C. with flame thrower close behind. It took two tours of Club MED and the LOVE BOAT for 1/c year to finally roll around(we actually here?) How time flies when you have fun-Hah! 91-the year of lasts-last swim, last run, last REAL plebe year, and one of the last 1/c to get his car(INTEGRA well worth the wait!) The foot prevented Yarch! but Service Selection brought dreams of becoming Capt. Steubing! Yo Joe! Go SWO! You made it Bro! Your weird roomie and fellow CIA agent, Funky K.

John James Patterson VI
New Bloomfield, Pennsylvania
Naval Flight Officer

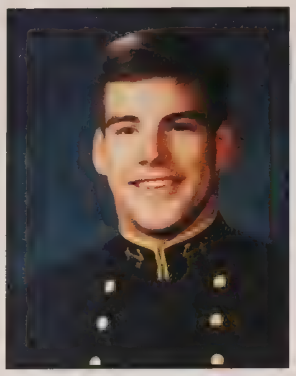
John James Patterson VI arrived at USNA in July '87 from the thriving metropolis of New Bloomfield, PA. A product of West Perry H.S. (PA's own version of NAPS, he tells us), he compiled an impressive record of achievement which he continues to build upon. Despite his academic prowess (several 4.0 SQPR's), J. constantly strives to maintain a well-rounded image. His tools for this have included his Corvette, several leather jackets, an expensive class ring, and numermous firearms. Despite his cool facade, he's the only person we know who can stress out while trying to relax. Yet, with approaching deadlines, he has never failed to come through. J's sense of self improvement has led to his involvement not only in the academic inner circle but also on the pistol range in search of the perfect 10-X. Knowing excellence, he has seen fit to associate with a number of Marine Corps aspirants despite his own goals in the Naval Aviation community. J. is the only airdale who has more camouflage gear than the average infantryman. Numerous afternoon PT sessions have led to a tougher and more huge J.J., and one of the repair tailor shop's most demanding steady customers. Pay close attention in those classes you get on Close Air Support, J., because we're counting on you to score the perfect shot in the next BIG shooting match we're in together. DDZ and BEC

Miguel Lole Peko
Carson, California
Naval Flight Officer

Pesky Love. 20-40 Dupa. Wild Samoan. Lava Lava. The man can bug but he can't sing. Straight outta Cali. Ask him for help with multiples. Eagle II, stop the car! "What's a curl? I like to bench!" Motor T and infant—not. Navy NFO. Peko gotta girlfriend. "Nah!" But where are these cookies coming from? 1/4 chumpy just thinking about the weekend. Road trips: Penn St., Vandy, Brown, Cornell, Pitt, JMU, Lehigh, Delaware—hoist him up! Shapang!! She's married, get outta the pool with your hands up. Five pounds of pasta in one pot? Isaac's carne asada and Tom's chilli cheese fries kick butt! Naked Butt Slider Club. Always looking out for his boys. Thank God for Lee and Mom.

Craig William Piechnick
Canonsburg, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

Whatever is not tied down is Pic's. Founder of the Polish mafia. Shopping was never dull. "Are those Bugle Boy jeans you're wearing." No, it's a skirt. "Before you go to bed tonight..." Naked Butt Slider: distance champ. All the way to 4-1? Nice fruit bowl. "You look like Benji, but that's a compliment." Pic, you didn't gain any weight this summer did you? Is that a spare tire for your bum wheel? "I'm paying my Visa with my Mastercard." They're putting the cuffs on him now. "I thought it was open all night, I'm not Notredames." No metal is too heavy for the guy from the Steel city. "What are you looking at, go swab a deck." Where there is a will there is a chit. "Honest Major, it's a gift for my sister." He had good wingmen. Sherry: his favorite teacher. Pic, the sauce is done.



John Bernard Quinlan
Bowie, Maryland
Surface Warfare

Bucket arrived at USNA from Bowie MD after a year at NAPS. Even before meeting him I'd heard stories of his exploits at NAPS- on display at Bryant College, URI trips, and Eric (Hawaii 1987). He continued these exploits at USNA while acquiring such nicknames as Buckethead, BuckDogWildManBOO, the Amoebic Car Sloth, and the CO of the Rappel Club. He has flipped a car, been a jailbird in Philly, and been a welcome addition to the pavement in New Orleans. Youngster year he acquired a girlfriend, on a weeknight. Since then, Marah has stolen his heart, dropkicked it, scooped it back up, and stolen it again. Rooming with Pic gave him a rude awakening to cleanliness although he emerged unfazed. He also learned that "paybacks are hell." Buck also joined the 6-1 hydrosliders. Upon moving in with Buck I quickly learned a clean room was out of the question as was a good performance grade. The smell of his lacrosse gear blew me away so Buck, nice guy that he is, joined hockey. His final season was marred early on by a knee injury but the Iceman has since returneth and is finishing up strong. Senior year, class rank and a reduction in the # of air billets were not on Buck's side so his service selection is up in the air. Although he aspires to be a pilot, Buck will do a great job wherever he goes. NMS.

Jeffrey William Uhde
Johnstown, Ohio
Naval Flight Officer

Uhdbo came to USNA with aspirations of being an astronaut. Sorry Jeff! He dazzled us with his knowledge about space but that was about all. Obvioulsy he didn't dazzle Wild Bill (47 straight unsat weeks). But Jeff did manage to double his GPA in one semester, all in enough time to enable him to service select NFO. Uhdbo spent alot of time with the 150 lb. Football team where his experience with video cams gave him the nickname of Booty Uhde. So how long has it been since you had a date, "4 months." Thank goodness for a "cute" cashier at Britches of Annapolis. Your 21st birthday saw you make many "new friends" out in town on the way back to your rack. That's the price you pay when your the youngest guy in the company. Jeff set the standard for athletic ability and co-ordination. Fudd was so popular he went through many roommates and pummel sessions while at USNA. I wonder if it had anything to do with those "socks that were able to stand on their own." Whoa Jeff! But in all honesty, you've been a great roomie and friend. Don would be proud to have you as his NFO, but Rick doesn't really wanna be giving you your physicals, but he'd still be your Flight Surgeon anyhow. And you don't want to be in the deep like Brian, hope you get your A-6. I pity the Iraqis if you do. Good luck bud! "Dudeman, you won't believe it..." JRF, DAZ, & BLD

Nathan Michael Smith
Coronado, California
Special Warfare

Cheese came to us from the far off coasts of Southern California straight out of high school, although his lifelong dream was to become another NAPS legacy. Nate remained relatively obscure during plebe year appearing only for a brief stint w/the soccer team and as a rising Rugby star. Youngster year Nate erupted like Mt. Vesuvius. After X-mas, 91 found a new home on 6-1 where his room standards and performance grades have never been the same since. Royal B decided economics wasn't Nate's game, so he became a scientist, opting for the grades package. Before the end of the year, we acquired a new roomate, and he was runner up in the world hydrorumpslide championships. 2/c year, Alpha remained in the Siberian wastelands and made frequent shopping trips to aid in his quest for a SEAL billet and maintain his already notorius reputation w/ the ladies. It didnt help much because RHP stole his heart and still has it. 1/c year he picked up new interests including biology experiments, Haitian descendants, throwing parties in the back of Uhauls, ketchup carrier quals, an obsession w/ pro wrestling, technicolor paint jobs of parking lots, and hanging out during P-rades. Good luck and take care. "And when Alexander saw the breadth of his domain, he wept, for there were no more worlds to conquer." JBQ.

Edward Charles White III
Lake City, Florida
Navy Pilot

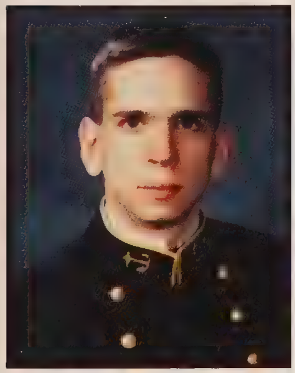
Trey aka Whitey/Whiteman/Treybone/Pete, Trey was born an Air Force brat, and has seen more countries than I've seen states. The AF's loss was the Navy's gain when Trey arrived. Plebe year's biggest accomplishment was that he was one of the last to escape from the Stalag. Youngster year brought no homework, sitting in the hall, and Friday night all-nighters . Who cuts Skippy's hair? Second semester came and we got a 2 man. How many classes did we miss that year? OK, how many did we go to? "Trey, you wanna go to class this period?" "I don't know, let me sleep on it." This led to a brief stint in Smoke Hall. 2/C summer brought pistol detail and cars in medical. Of course it was the legendary Porsche. With Ac year came flaming, Harrison's projects, EE (maybe we should have studied) and deer hunting . "But officer, my speedometer is in km/hr, I didn't know how fast I was going." "Well son, when you're blowin' by cars you might get the hint." Visits from the Batt Cdr. Ring dance was great! Another summer, long lunches with Carla, John and Lilith. Finally Firsties! The Major's gone! West St. to the beltway in 10 minutes. I still think we beat that 'stang. Amphibious YP's. The top 4 (we never found #5). The little blue Mazda that couldn't, no money, and too many more good times to mention. The best friend/roommate I ever had, hands down. Best of luck. CU in P-Cola. PD

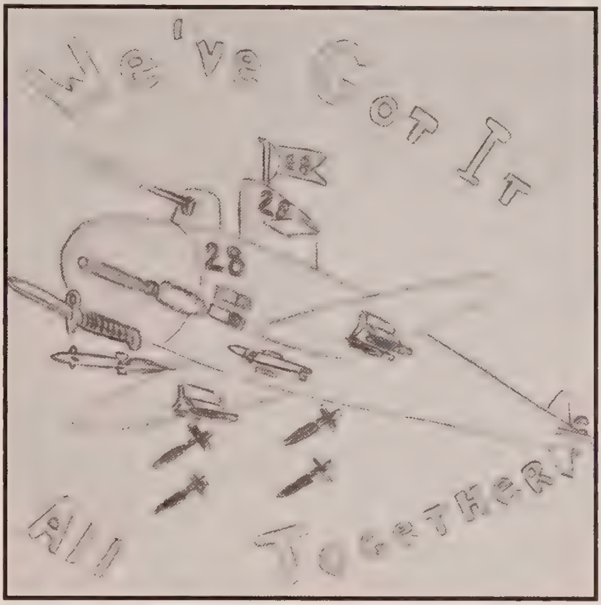
Donald Allen Zaremba
Dearborn Heights, Michigan
Navy Pilot

Labamba blessed us with his presence when he arrived here from the tough neighborhoods of Detroit. His main goal was to become a pilot. He showed his dedication to this goal by ensuring there were enough "candellas" in the room to light all of Bancroft. It wouldn't have been bad, but 'til 1:30 every night? Jeff and Rick will always remember the awe in seeing "Mad Don Beyond Chapel Dome" for reaching incredible speeds in the old Toyota on I-70 & on snow skis down the Straight Shot. No Don, you're right. If you hit me going head on at 30 mph down a slope, I could just get right up and walk away. Most memorable moments from the room include drawing on photo frames and chair throwing contests . Don taught us many new words such as pop(soda), armeggDON(armagedon), and kittycorner(cattycorner). I just want to tell you that when Don nods his head at you, it doesn't mean he likes you, it's just a habit of his. His music taste took a definite turn for the better when he stopped listening to Lionel Ritchie and Rod Stewart and started banging his head to Slaughter, Kiss, and Winger. Don became exceptionally skilled at mooching, but don't expect to get too much if ya mooch off him. Don has made it through as he dreamed. Thank-you Lord for 20/30. I think you'll adjust well to "Family" and Don Jr. P-cola's only 2 years away. It's been real! JRF JWU

Douglas Dean Zimbelman
Loveland, Colorado
Marine Corps

Doug began to distinguish himself early at USNA, and when we heard Frank Mays yell ZIMB-EL-MAN, we knew Doug was definitely marching to his own drummer. Despite the unwanted attention in H-CO., Z-monster fumbled his way into all of our hearts. Though it took a while for Doug to get our names straight (he still has trouble sometimes) and his brain exceeds the baud rate of his mouth (he are an engineer), he speaks English pretty well for a second language (Greek, the engineering language, is his first). Throughout his time at USNA, Doug has been involved in activities ranging from OCF to Semper Fi, but his heart belongs to the ltwt. crew team (which makes him a handy paceman for outers). He got a chance to show off all that small boat expertise gained on the Severn out in Hawaii with the Marines of 3rd Recon. Now our hopelessly gungy cowboy-boot-clad Coloradan is off to join the Green Team. It's a good thing he took all of that Aerospace enginneering—I'm sure it will come in handy in the desert. It's also good that Doug's patriotism is above reproach, since he sure didn't give Detroit any help with that rice-burner of his (though we know he'd rather be driving a Suburban). Semper Fi—BEC and JJP





MINNESOTA
DULUTH
TENNIS
NAV

Stephen Leslie Alm
Minneapolis, Minnesota
Civil Engineer Corps

"JETHRO" You think that's bad look at his middle name. No wonder the squadron named him that. He enlightened us all on the names of all the lakes in Minnesota. But I can only remember one, Gopher Lake. Steve battled the Rocket and the hockey coach valiantly but lost to both. Girls? I hooked him up with my fiance's friend. It was love at first sight until she wanted to get married. I don't remember seeing him with her after that. Frat- His sponsors hooked him up with a local girl. Well, it went great until he found out that she was a part of the Class of '95. He treasures his sleep most of all. In bed before 2300 and not waking up until the last chow call. He has become a permanent fixture of his rack. Can you say "DOG ZEBRA". We've had a great time by the Bay making new friends and doing crazy things together. So maybe Steve didn't get all the girls he wanted; but the memories and our special bond of friendship and loyalty will last forever! See you in the future with a wife and a bunch of kids! Good Luck in CEC! Don't forget to wear your hard hat! TCK

Eric Erskine Austin
Bellvue, Washington
Marine Corps Pilot

ERSKINE, RIG, EVIL, ERIC... HIS HOMETOWN VARIES FROM COLORADO TO PENDLETON UP TO OREGON AND WASHINGTON. WE DO KNOW WHAT HE IS...A MARINE. AT TIMES HE WAS A VISITING LUMBERJACK OR SOME JET JOCK. HIS PARENTS APPARENTLY FORGOT HIS CALVES. HIS THREE USMC MARATHONS AND FOUR YEARS OF CREW ARE EVIDENCE TO THAT. IT IS HARD TO IMAGINE THAT A RUGGED MAN SUCH AS THIS MUST GO THROUGH FIVE SETS OF CLOTHES, WHILE DOING HIS "MIRROR DANCE", BEFORE DECIDING ON THE RIGHT ONES. WE OWE SOME GREAT TIMES TO RIG, LIKE HIS BIRTHDAYS IN COLLEGE PARK. E.A. MANAGES TO LEAVE HIS MARK BEHIND. SOMETIMES HE GOT A FEW MARKS OF HIS OWN. REMEMBER: BOUNCERS ARE BIG, SIDEWALKS ARE HARD, RAIN IS SLICK. ERIC IS NOT ONLY A SOURCE OF GOOD TIMES, BUT A SOURCE OF GREAT FRIENDSHIP AS WELL. WE LOOK FORWARD TO MORE GOOD TIMES WITH ERSK, HERE AND IN THE FMF. GOOD LUCK. EKJM(LM)

Ronald Michael Bishop Jr.
Mars, Pennsylvania
Naval Flight Officer

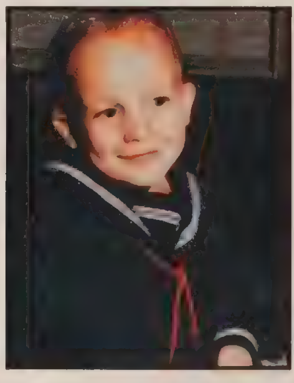
Ronald M. Bishop, a.k.a. Mr. Study started his academy career by completely memorizing Reef Points several months before I-Day. His preparedness allowed him to breeze through plebe year, but in order not to bilge his classmates he pretended to be a super sweat. He continued this ruse well into the second semester of Firstie year. Youngster year proved to be a high point in his life. Getting fried a 4000, rooming with Mr. Hyper and meeting the girl of his dreams, after dumping his old "3" rated girlfriend. Pam and classwork soon occupy the majority of Ron's time, so much that he owes Rich B. $10. Second Class year went almost uneventful except for the short time that he inspected the inside of his confidental locker and his coffin. First semester firstie year he abandoned his poor roomate for an out-of-company striper billet — Batt Supply WOW!!!!!. While Ron was counting rifles, his now ex-roomate had to endure Mr. Hyper. Well Ron, I forgive you for that harsh and unusual treatment. Good luck in the future, hopefully everything will go well for you and Pam. The pilot that gets you for his backseater will have the best damn NFO in the whole Navy. Hopefully our paths will cross many times in the future (ie your wedding). RM II

Bart Russell Bruchock
Center Valley, Pennsylvania
Civil Engineer Corps

Bart came to USNA from Pennsylvania with the aspirations to fly and quickly turned to the books. Spending many hours increasing his knowledge was how he spent his first two years. He soon discovered that the wall, the regs, and the jimmie legs were no match for him. On Thursday nights, Bart spent endless hours on the phone calling that special someone, while his friends could be found gila (a pet) slapping his belongings. Barts' real challenge was the "joke", but with "megapain" pumped and ready, the challenge was quickly over. A player of the system, Bart never experienced the Smoke Hall walk, but did live through the lum ox, the single greatest threat to mankind. To Bart, a man with great hopes and dreams, I wish him success and hope that things work out for him always remember TOGGIADGAR.

Michael Otto Brunner
Elizabeth, New Jersey
Nuclear Power-Submarines

"It was the best of times, it was the worst of times." These words hold especially true for Michael. Be it squash practice vice shoulder surgery, SUP's list weekends versus class with the Rocket, or even the New York Giants compared to the New York Knicks, Mike, a.k.a. Mihash and Crash, always made the most of both the good and the bad. He started out in 9th Company, but soon found his way to 28, where he met up with his roommate from the Northeast and the follies began: Spades 'til the wee hours, Spring Break in Florida, how many CDs will this buy?, trips to Trinity, Spring Break in Cancun, more trips to Trinity, Who's the CHAMP?, Theresa(a blessing from above), tailgaters with Mom & Dad, Mech E labs until 3 A.M., daily Mass, and the list continues... Short in stature but with a giant heart, he certainly left his mark on these hallowed halls of Bancroft. I have no doubt that success will follow you wherever you may go. Mom and Dad should be proud. You will be missed but certainly not forgotten. Who's taller anyway? God Bless! — Brian



Gregory Allen Calaman
Dushote, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot

Coming to the Academy from the sticks of Pennsylvania, Greg arrived with a smile on his face and a cover that was too tight. But that didn't stop him. He has been one of the most determined people that I have ever known and he still does a lot of smiling. Smiling because the computer is still running at 0200 and the Aero lab still isn't done. Smiling because someone broke his camera—twice. Smiling because he knows that I can always talk him into some of his Mom's cookies no matter how disciplined he is trying to be. Smiling because the Rocket gave him an express ticket to see the Supe. Smiling because the Ponce can maintain five knots with the best of them. Smiling because someone stops by at midnight with a PCwrite paper they want printed up. Smiling because driving a stick shift shouldn't be that hard—or maybe that was me smiling. And smiling because he knows that the Amy Grant disk will never wear out. The Bible says that there is a friend that sticks closer than a brother and Greg is the essence of such a friend. A friend that I wouldn't trade for anything in the world. I love you brother. Keep striving for The Mark. BKH

David Leo Christel
East Lansing, Michigan
Supply Corps

Dave—the mighty LU-MOX—a prehistoric creature they thawed from a Michigan glacier. One of the Fearsome Four some Plebe Party Throwers; always with high goals, a Black N just wasn't enough—you had to assault a plebe and try to get kicked out like our other roomates. Sorry Dave, only a star to add and 3 6000's, still quite impressive. "Gosh it's hot!" Hey Bead, wipe down. Can't blame you for converting to a Redskin fan—and who said nothing good comes of standing restricition during Christmas break. Dave, a systems major—you disproved the dumb football player theory. Now we just question your sanity. "I'm so @#&*ed up, I'm blind, I hate you guys!!" Thank God you only turn 21 once. Steph, your the best! Dave, we're not sure if Supply can handle your appetite—may your wardroom always be filled with coffee and doughnuts. Best of luck, we know you will rise to the top. Always, Pals. Stew & Rad

Errol Maidment Doebler
Brightwaters, New York
Surface Warfare

Elizabeth Redmond Franklin
Mechanicsville, Maryland
Navy Pilot

Liz, Lizard LIZ! LIZ! TAKE THOSE HEADPHONES OFF!!! "Huh?" With Air Supply blaring, we wondered how she could manage to study for so many hours. We also wondered how Hard Rock Duder put up with you . (She really missed you, Amy!) This plebe summer company commander (summer Mom) was a professional force to be reckoned with - but don't let the 3 stripes fool you. We know better!! If you need to know how to slice your ear off, or catch Mono, check with Liz. Don't forget your D&B groupies and your fans that span the globe from the mountains of Colorado to the depths of the ocean. They ALL adore you - and with good reason. Thanks for all the good advice, we took it seriously except when you were "doing a Kristin" for three days. Thank God you were out of company for the last semester and took your 1000 bottles of shampoo with you (our 2000 would't fit in the cabinet). If anyone needs any tape ever recorded, a pair of jockey underwear, or just a cookie, Liz has a lifetime supply. We'll miss you and your good sense. Navy Air is lucky to have you and I'm sure you'll look great in that leather jacket. Take care! Love, Kristin and Tara.

Michael Cruikshank Gerry
Alta Loma, California
Marine Corps

Yes, the man may be able to run all day, and bark all night, but he'll just have to leave his troops behind because he just ain't strong enough to help them up! (Unless it's Findog) Hey, bud, how bout some lifting, huh? Mike Gerry- the Commandant's man, the Marine of Marines. He's got one heck of a bark...just ask his best friend, Candidate Feight. Oh, yeah! Bulldog! Mike was the only man ever to ask if he could stay an extra week past graduation. "Plebe summer was tougher." Sure. We'll just tell Ssgt. V. that. Well, then there was life back at the Naval Academy. (Mike tried to change it to the Marine Academy, but the chit stopped at his squad leader.) Mike always studied hard...women, that is. Academics he hardly started. Graduating a Systems major proves God still works miracles. Summer time was one long social event for Mike. Hey, dude - you owe me for not kicking your butt all the way to Q-town in all the time I roomed with you. Next time, you can wear the Batt Adj. stripes. And hey...the Chief wants his Old Bay back. Don't forget to write Kim!! (Hey, "smooch and pooch!") Where would you be without me? Then again, where would I be without you? Thanx for saving my butt Mike. You're a great friend. I wish I was going Corps. Good luck and Semper Fi!

Brian Mattew Gilday
Lowell, Massachusettes
Surface Warfare

Brian came to USNA leaving behind a loving family, and a wonderful girlfriend. He spent Plebe Year in 12th Co, and 3/C year brought 28th Co, Comp Sci classes, and his roommate from JERSEY. That first year was filled with laughs, late night hoops, and lots of TINY BUBBLES. It was also the year Cheryl came to D.C., and the weekends at Trinity began . Thanks for the Blind Date! There were late night chats, all night Spades, Spring Break in Florida, and of course your Boston accent. By the way, who's taller? Our collection of CD's grew as our Comrats disappeared. Calling Cheryl? See you at 4 AM! 2/C year brought more of the same,. Your two best ideas that year were daily Mass, and my 21st B-day party at 2 AM. Spring Break was in Cancun, Pier Dancing anyone? 1/C year brought much more than expected, including your engagement and a lot of work. We matured a bit, and there were no more late night fun and games,. The end was near and it came sooner than expected thanks to Rob S. I don't think that I could ever put into words how much you mean to me, and I wish you and Cheryl only the best. I will remember you as the fiery little Irishman who always gave 100%. I'll never admit it to you in person, but you really are the CHAMP. You have changed my life forever. God Bless, and THANKS FOR THE MEMORIES! -Michael

Jerry Alan Gordon
Bayonet Point, Florida
Surface Warfare

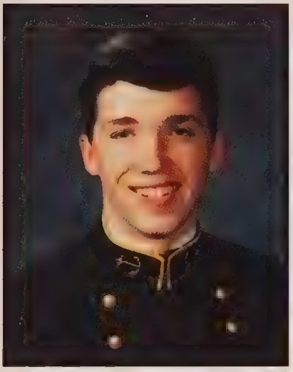
Jerry Gordon, AKA Flash, AKA Joerig, AKA Road Warrior, is not the geek as some people think, he is just different, and fiercely proud of it. His survival of the past 4 years is due in part to his sharp analytical mind, but mostly due to his unique perception of even the slightest threat to his person, real or imaginary, and strives continually to avoid compromising conspiricy. He is an avid sci-fi reader and finishes several books a month. His vivid imagination is shared with us as he runs thru the halls in a viking helm, wearing armor and swinging his battle axe wildly. This aggressive, intimidation oriented side of his personality is most evident in his jet black '72 Mach I, his extensive sword collection, and a consuming fascination with large handguns. It stands in sharp contrast to the side of him few of us see, who wears plaid skirts, listens to bagpipe music and hand stitches mid-evil attire. His successful nuke interveiw came as no surprise, and he will be a valuable asset to the surface Navy, and a terror to prospective airbus passengers. SPM

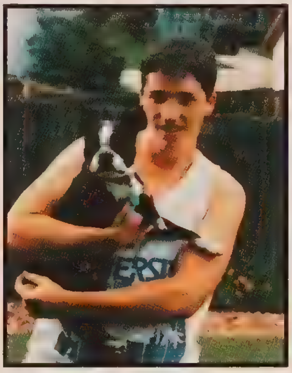
Benjamin Kenneth Hess
Morrison, Illinois
Civil Engineer Corps

Ben came to USNA from the cornfields of Morrison, Illinois. Ever the fitness conscientious plebe - he brought an exercise mat with him (and then used it to dream about doing situps!) The big city was a big change for Ben Doggy; walking in DC taught him what amazing things city folk will discard in the alleys. He learned to love oysters, but nothing so much as he loved Sally. Wanting to share his situps with her, he implemented the Ben Hess Fitness Plan, and it progressed to wedding plans. 28th company's one-handed commander spent his summer leave periods (ALL his leave periods) hauling himself home to Sally and spent all his summer cruises hauling his guts overboard. If ever a Purple Heart goes out for Motion Sickness, it will go to Oggy Ben Doggy. Furthermore, Sally must have driven the whole way to South Dakota, because Ben can only "Navigate" with Coz's help. If he ever tires of CEC world, it won't be so he can circumnavigate the globe. He's much more likely to make a career of writing (and explaining) Far Side cartoons and fathering 15 or so puppies. (Baby "Doggies") Whatever he does, and wherever his Service takes him, he will do well. He might be the matchmaker from Hell, but his heart is straight from heaven. We couldn't have asked God for a better friend. - DaveMonster and TaraWoman.

David Edward Johnson
Aurora, Colorado
Naval Flight Officer

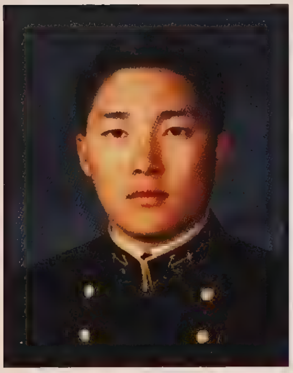
Goggles, DJ, to a guy who was always women's best friend for 3.5 years by the Bay. Then his life turned into Some Kind of Wonderful. An avid Denver/Colorado sports fan (oh, those Super Bowl losers) who could finally boast with Colorado football in 90-91 (sort of). After burning his favorite album from The Police, DJ turned to progressive music. A D&B'er who took a lot of slack (waist size 50) DJ came through to beat Air Force in '90. DJ liked to play hoops and he always talked how well his little bro could play. I never agreed but DJ had his own way of doing things. DJ has been a good friend, fellow movie critic, and a good listener of all my stories. I wish him well as he flys with the Navy. DRW





Tommy Changhun Kim
Lewisville, Texas
Supply Corps

Well, Tojo, it's been 3 long years together that have at times flown by and at others dragged on forever. The time to delve in the "real" Navy is rapidly approaching. Though we're so alike in many ways, you're one of a kind in every aspect. Texas is famous for producing big things: You won't let the tradition down. From your big ideas to your sometimes big head to the huge rock on June's hand to your big heart, you're a person that is destined to do big things in life. Always willing to be one of the guys during the week, you refused to leave the wife on the weekends. She's one heck of a lucky lady to get a guy as trustworthy and noble as you. Double dating was fun while it lasted but marriage just isn't in my future. Well you've been a great roommate. Same tastes in music, same ideas on how things should work, same Christian ideals. You'll always be a great friend. Remember, supply guys get all the pork chops. Don't eat too many. SLA



Eric Daniel Klepper
Hayes, Virginia
Marine Corps Pilot

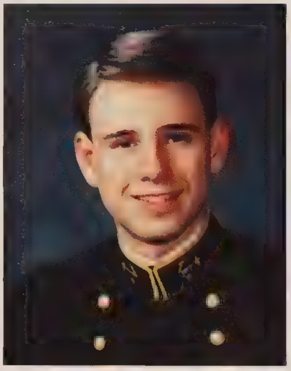
Eric began his tour at Navy living with C.K. & J.M. 4/C year brings thoughts of bathroom windows, burning magnesium and silver dollars on the Tarawa, sorry no dyslexic JB. After a particularly active 3/c cruise, E became a garbage man. (He even picked up garbage with casts) 3/c year also brought pictures of sunsets, Biker Week, and two cool roommates. During Plebe Summer Eric trained '93 and the BIG E trained him. During 1st semester he may as well have been cuffed and in prison. (and the jailer was fit to be tied). A trip to 6-4 before the ring dance w/ E.A. caused some of us to miss the boat (most were already on it). 1/c cruise brought Bulldog, bald heads and hours of forced marches. 1/c year brought bumps on his car, bites on his arms, bigger biceps, but no babes. Once you understood the language of "Klepperese" you found him to be a great friend and a great roommate. (Just don't leave him alone with your girlfriend.) Good luck Klep - go Marine Air, Semper Fi and Oorah - See you in the FMF - EA & JM.

Lawrence Michael Kocisko II
Walton, Kentucky
Surface Warfare

Larry came to USNA via Naps and right away people knew he was from Chicago. The Bulls, Bears, and WWF were always first on his list. Larry faced many challenges like class (personal counseling sessions and "burning sensations", but managed to survive due to 12 hours of rack a day. His younster year brought many days of restriction due to Frannie O's but he soon grew up. Who could forget Vonzell, Richard Tricks, 2/c summer, the monkey, the joke, and DAC, and the inner (not running either). His roommate, Bart, showed him what books were and Larry showed him how to get free drinks. The biggest challenge lies ahead for him in marriage. Anne, I tried to help him-see what you can do. Best of luck and remember "ask not what you can do for your friend but what your friend can do for you" BTGAR.

Douglas Jay Lamarca
Punxsutawney, Pennsylvania
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Doug came to USNA from the same town that gives us Punxsy Phil and from day one in fubar five he had his nose to the grindstone. Motivation and a little help from his classmates helped control the sweat factor and push Doug to the higher echelons of 91. After escaping the "love boat" of '88 he landed in the free company. Loosening his tie proved a challenge. Doug was focused on his one true corps-the reactor core. To his roommate's despair he sucked QPR's like milk through a straw. While his mind strengthened his body broke, so Navy Medical added a few screws to hold things together for Mr. Fresh. 2/c year brought the completion of Mr. Guido. Sporting "the rock" with one hand and driving the 'Vette with the other, Doug searched Annapolis looking for that special blonde. But these possessions didn't come without a price. He was never one to refuse a hand-me-down from a roommate. Could it be that Doug is cheap-Nah! just look at his desk and blotter. So where's all the nuke bonus money? Well Doug had his share of problems. Just ask the dog of I-70. 1/c year led him to realize his car couldn't go everywhere, so "the rocket" was taken on the way to graduation. Academic frustrations led him to more manly pursuits. Good Luck in the nuclear navy and don't forget to pose that eternal question "Is it free?"JJL/PGT

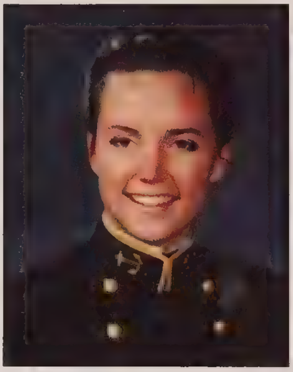


John Jacob Lapina Jr.
Jeannette, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

John was donated to us from the metropolis of Jeannette, PA with golf clubs and a picture of Christine in hand. He took a test ride with aero but found sailing with G.E. a QPR booster which resulted in a plethora of free time. Of course he used this time wisely, picking up some keen hobbies. These included becoming intimate with the finer points of Hardball, Stealth Fighter, and NBA Hoops. Along with these great feats, he became the company TV guide. "Oh, tonight's a special showing of..." But not to worry, he dedicated his remaining time to sound investments for his future. "I think I'll start a small collection." Remember those famous words J.J? Although being worn out from these laborious activities, he was never one to make a face imprint on his books. Is that drool on that page? Don't worry, he'll wake up at 11:00 just like he said he would. BEWARE any comments on his ears or family it could result in a manly challenge. "You missed! My turn!" As the koosh ball flies. He never stressed with his ultimate ambition of the PGA tour in his head. Luckily, he invested wisely in his AWD Talon so that those skiing trips could be made with the white stuff on the road. Most importantly, he is a close friend with an easy going personality which will be impossible to forget. DJL & PGT

Tara Melissa Lee
Lutz, Florida
General Unrestricted Line

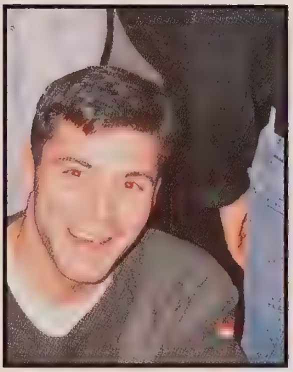
Tara, T, TLee, Tarawa from sunny shores we were lucky to get this blonde (light brown?) Floridian poet with the perfect smile. Personally, I wouldn't have turned down that 2 on 2 beach volleyball scholarship. Even now, her LONG hair's still windblown from the 17 hour drive up in her top-down dream car. You know, I never did like that FIERO, but it did take us to Century Club distinction. If you're looking for her now, check the White House. A lawyer and a politician at heart, she could always convince me (as well as herself) that there was plenty of time for homework later. The three years have been fun—we've been through a lot, and I couldn't have done it without you. If I ever need Visa EI I'll call. Don't forget the NO-sponge, Rocco's, Morrison's, 5 youngsters X 2, permanent 3 striper libs, special parking privileges, Jumper's, proofreading EVERYONE'S papers, writing John's, the good guys, and the bad. Thanks for doing the blinds you tall person! Hope you find the perfect sandproof laptop. The Pulitzer Prize awaits. Take your bags and green clothes with you. I'll see you somewhere on the West Coast. Love, Kristin.



Sean Patrick Magee
East Greenbrush, New York
Surface Warfare

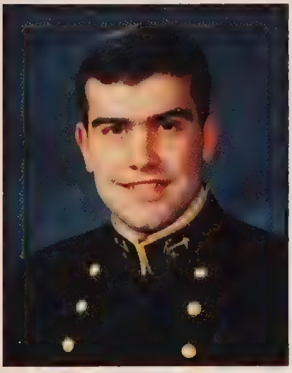
This maritime man with salt in his veins heralds from North Jersey, showing his undying love for the blue-depths with his surfboard, windsurfer and Jimmy Buffet record collection. In four years, Sean assumed the identities of a championship surfer, French pirate, PBR skipper, British agent, Ranger descended from kings, and Jedi Knight, all the while asserting that his roommate was schizophrenic. Not to be shaken by the academic grind of second class year, Sean found his niche in philosophy, asking the eternal questions about life, the universe, and the whereabouts of Elvis. Seven years of indoc in Surface Warfare and a YP command later, Sean chose his path to the stars via an airplane. Wherever the winds of fortune send him, I'm sure I speak for eveyone, Mom, Dad, Pam, Jen, Herc and all his friends in wishing him the best of luck. JAG

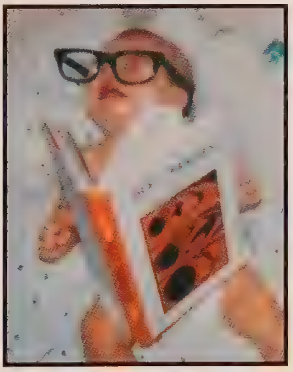
John Joseph Martin
St. Louis Park, Minnesota
Marine Corps



Robert Martinazzi II
Nanty Glo, Pennsylvania
Civil Engineer Corps

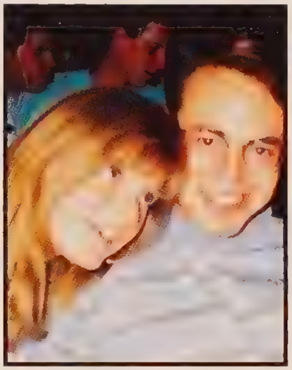
Born Robert "No Middle Name" Martinazzi and raised in a small PA town named Nanty Glo, Bob was destined to a life of military service. With the help from his Marine Colonel father he entered Penn State's NROTC program. While enjoying the college life he breezed through the curriculm and received an appointment to USNA. After being "Shuppster Trained" in Cloud Nine his plebe year, he became a member of 28th Co. He quickly earned the reputation of a "social butterfly" since he roamed the halls and never studied. Bob also became known as the "Shell answer man" since he easily retained knowledge and could rationalize almost any problem. He was the man to see for E.I. or even if you just wanted the latest gossip or rumor. As a 2/c, Bob stood ten days of restriction for reconning and being caught by a police dog and being "cuffed and stuffed." Over 1/c cruise, Bob realized his desire to be a Naval Aviator. Unfortunately the powers that be had other plans and he had to drastically reevaluate his future. Naval aviation lost a good one there bud! I'd still be your backseat anytime Gargamel! Keep your ear to the rails and don't lock your next roomate in a closet—he might not be so forgiving! Thanks for the fun, the drinks, the E.I., the cream soda, and for being a friend! Good luck as a CEC! Your roomie RMB





Kristin Marie Calub Mawanay
Dale City, Virginia
Supply Corps

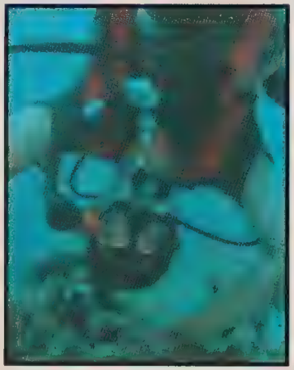
Wanee, Waneewoman, Bubba No-one with her grades could possibly claim to have had as much fun as Waneewoman. While she was pinning on her Supe's stars, her partners in crime were heading for ac and advisory boards. When she wasn't at a Lax game or lifting to emulate Cory E. - she was working to keep herself in leather (and jeans and jackets and black miniskirts) with Iris and Paula at Rocco's. Deep down inside the real woman behind the coke bottles actually LIKED to study. (She just didn't need to like the rest of us.) Thank goodness she overcame her umbilical attachment to her computer often enough to "teach" NAV 3 times and run weekly weapons sessions. Some of us might not have made it without her. (Also often enough to join the Century Club - well, almost - "Hey, Where's Wanee?") We got three new roommates senior year, Liz, then Schleeps and Bloop. (Just what the room needed - more cute things.) Thanks for waxing - you were closer to the deck anyway. Remember vogueing on Army Eve when you're dancing in Athens. You don't NEED Visa EI. I aspire to keep my next room as clean as you kept your car! I wish you "40" years of happiness. We had a good time here, Waneewoman. Morrisson's will miss us. love, t.lee.



Konrad Martin Schroder
Smith, Nevada
Surface Warfare

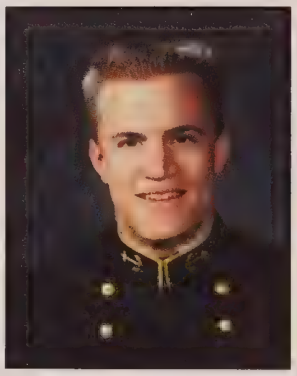
"Rad", We've finally made it! Three years of living together and three different roommates. I guess we were a little too crazy for the average man. You would do anything for money, and I think Stanley Whiffer scared most people away from our room. Youngster year started off well—then we (Dave,Bo,Stew) decided to do what we do best—to throw a party!! We paid for it by a Black N and shoveling snow over Spring Break. Dave, Pav, you and Stew were quite a team—What a mockery!! We don't know how, but you always had better grades and did half the studying we did. You lived by the gouge and earned a degree in General Science. Generally speaking, what is your major?? We got our degree in partying that's for sure, with honors. We went for our master's over 2nd class summer at Steph's house (the best sponsor in the world). Budweiser should have sponsored us that summer. You brought back some nice luggage from Daytona. I know you wanted NFO, but SWO will treat you right. And don't worry, call me anytime—I'll be your wingman. SWOS isn't going to know how to handle you. May your seas be calm, the ports be sunny, and the women be plentiful; but if you're not that lucky, I hear the water is good for only 5 years anyway. PALS—Stew & Dave

Stewart Grady Smith
Live Oak, Florida
Special Warfare
Stew left from the swamps of Suwannee while on a Huntering/Beer trip and few to many beers and wrong turnslater staggered through Gate 1. “What, I gotta takeTruckers English?!” So, where exactly are you from,anyway? In just one short year, you went from 4/c Smithto STEW - coon skinning, pole cat killen, gator wrasslen,beer drinkin', Red Neck. A Greek God whom all the womenworshipped, and you broke all their hearts- until Her.Denise, please take good care of him, cause he can't doit by himself. Stew, Sweep the floor, will you. Here's toout plebe Party's, Rugby Parties, Parties in General,Smoke Hall(which always seem to follow Parties), BlackN's(a Natural Progression), shoveling Snow, Recon's, TheAnnapolis Zoo, and Blessed by the Lord—Calvert that is.Steph, Thanks. One way or another you will be the Best &Baddest of the Navy, a Seal. Good Luck, Always Pals- Rad, Lumox grades and did half the studying we did. You lived by the gouge and earned a degree in General Science.

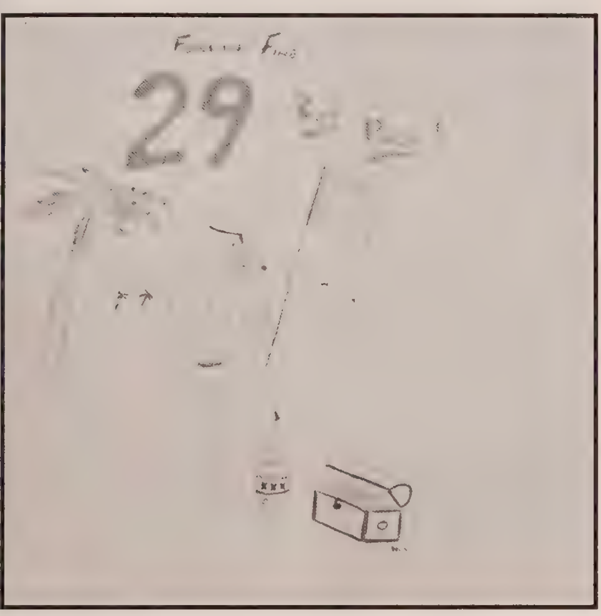


Paul Gerard Terlaje
Agana, Guam
Surface Warfare
Paul arrived to us straight from Guam, minus spear gun of course, with visions of A Sense of Honor in his head. Upon waking up in Roaring 20, he immediately hit the rack in 28. During youngster year the “Guam Bomb” arrived (and the silk flowers), signaling the departure of comp sci and the emergence of the General Scientist. Summer school was a reality, but the “axe” never came close. Hey Paul, remember “there's a convention this weekend.” Words which led him and the Bomb on the search for the ultimate investment. This was followed by “Do you know how much I've spent this month!” But Paul could always relax using that “driving, hard— beat” of a music collection. He also couldn't let the rigors of 2/c academics stop his manly game of hall lax. Thunder, Thunder, Thunder. Always looking for the spice in life, he consumed gallons of Tobasco and any other available condiment, winning the “most creative” award at every meal. Don't forget the times away from us in Va. Beach and your layover in Minneapolis. Paul also fought the one-arm bandits in Atlantic City, financing Trump's debt. Beware of his massive retaliation and remember the water angel on JJ's bed. After running the gamut of service selection (seal to 'fo to swo in 3 short years), we wish you luck in your future career. Does a one legged duck swim in a circle — sounk! DJL/JJL

Donald Raymond Wilkinson
Deerfield, Wisconsin
Surface Warfare
BQ came to us fresh from “Don Wilkinson Day” in Deerfield, a town smaller than most high schools. Wilk was known for his staunch professionalism which would have made him a great candidate for USNA of 40-50 years ago. But off duty, who would have thought Don would make Bill the Goat a fabled hero and Don Juan again? He played the character so well that it would often follow him out of disguise, making Don a target for post-grad identity crisis! Hi-lites of Bill's career include: “Bill, stop beating up on other mascots!” such as the Pitt Panther and AF Falcon, and hook-ups with opposing cheerleaders (“Bill, put her down!”) What better pick-up line was there than “I'm Navy's Bill the Goat” and how many helpless girls bit hard on that one? All of this changed 2/c year with a sweet new “ball and chain”-Sorry girls, he's off the market! In our 2.5 years as roommates, we had some great times: European Vacation II (Hangovers in Munich and Spanish Eyes in Espana), marathon spades games with MB and BG, movie reviews, music quizzes, rap sessions, Spanish lessons, Hoops games (they call him Black Hole or A&E). You've been a great roommate and true friend-take it easy on those “soft” SWO's! I wish you FWAFS, Your Friend Always-DJ

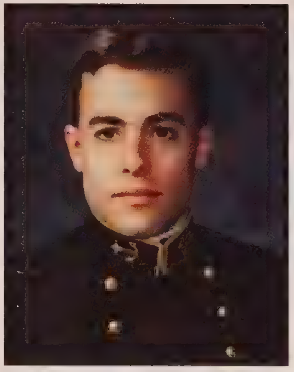


Merry Christmas
Fresh N.C. Trees From The Grower



Alan William Abbs
Vienna, Virginia
Surface Warfare

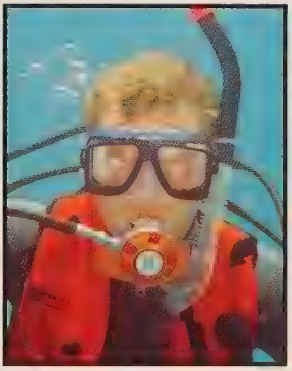
Our misguided Greenpeace volunteer musta been voyaging in a different dimension when applying to USNA. Despite a harrowing year with the likes of "Mr. Safety" St. Clair, Al found his niche on 6-3 and the fledgling Navy Cycling Team. Al was soon famous for his powerful riding style and extreme toleration of certain riders of the opposite sex. Three Tomasinnis and thousands of miles later Al's list of accomplishments are lengthy: three semester survivor of the most popular man in 29, EE wannabe but made another bad choice in M.E., pyrotechnic expert in Los Alamos, Beltway navigational wizard, Captain Buckley fan-club member, deadhead, tree-saver, squirrel assassin, papergirl admirer, "What eye chart?", renown naturalist, ant farmer, and dependable friend. Although once deemed "destined for mediocrity" by the human embodiment of leadership himself, Al has proven to be an outstanding athlete, a dedicated cyclist, and quiet yet determined individual. May you always find fresh pavement, a steep descent, a wheel to suck on, and a strong tailwind. Ride hard or Ride the bus! MLL



Coors
Mid [redacted]y
Entran e
Tour Parking
Container Con
gine ing

David John Appezzato
Alameda, California
Naval Flight Officer

The true California boy came to us with a high-and-tight and a skateboard. But living with 'Los lost the high-and-tight real fast. Maybe we gave him a complex, but his fear of girls is probably due to exploits such as his all night tour around the back streets of Baltimore that earned him his first weekend vacation in Smoke Hall; his affinity for British chicks, especially when they took charge; and becoming Stupid Rick Tricks' blood brother at Och's house. After dealing with his once-roommate during his psychadelic trip in the Bahamas, I'm sure Salsa had no trouble sleeping on a steam grate (or was it a park bench) in D.C. After numerous attempts to "beef up" in the gun shop, he still looks like the same piece of surgical tubing as when he first arrived. His limited exploits earned him the name of a true half-can man (or "Vapor Man"). Still undecided in service selection between USMC and NFO at this time, we all hope that he will make the right choice (see above) and will end up in P-Cola (C'mon Sauce, remember the exceptionally low ranking in Company drill when you were drill officer?). As a final note, "Ollie" till you drop. (NJH)



Dru Michael Blanc
Tempe, Arizona
Navy Pilot

After dreams of flying through the Arizona sky, Dru flew to the Naval Academy to become a pilot. With a Rebel Yell, Billy (a.k.a. the Torch) of 8th company made it through his plebe year ready to blaze the bars of Georgetown. Found often at Poseurs, always wearing his cowboy boots, Dru bravely harpooned Orca and won the tact award from American University (with apologies to JS and SH). As a scholar, Dru could easily have challenged the gods of engineering, but English and French became his passion. He could normally be found smoking a bowl to a good book or writing poetry in between cups of coffee. Flaming and surviving through Second Class year, Dru wasted much of his time writing letters to elusive teases. Always being picked up by psychotic girls in bars, Dru's legendary taste in women was on a Grand Scale. But eventually he was reunited with his first love, and put the romance back into the Romance language. Happy flying when you finally earn your wings (my last year in the Navy - ha, ha) and I wish you the best in your career and family. SRS

Michael Christopher Collins
Ventnor, New Jersey
Navy Pilot

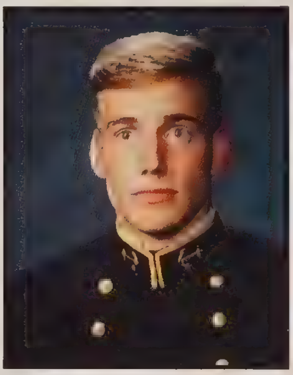
Mike Collins, you are a man that I would follow into any combat; however, I would hesitate out of fear to go ahead of you (little joke, don't take it personal). Always unpredictable, thoughtful, you made two years of my life at the Academy bearable, and yes, at times enjoyable. Whether discussing the infamous Scheirer case, practicing hand to hand tactics, or going on a motivational run, your s...eating grin, as the Weeney called it, was always there to make one wonder. And I wondered at times, as we destroyed Jake, chewed up the walls, or practiced throwing stars at small animals (like a squirrel, you live!) whether or not you were going to make it. I guess you like it on the edge. Here's to the memories, to the road trip to Florida, to sitting on the dock of the bay, to tormenting "Evil" (how's the little ankle-biter doing these days?), to bamboo sticks and chemistry goggles, to breaking into every locked space in sight, and to sleeping with a knife under the pillow. So enjoy your career, keep up the work, and hope that you will be able to pawn those infernal "rat poison" care packages off to the enlisted. And, as a last thought, stay off the sugar, Mountain Dew, cocoa, and whatever else you're doing these days. — PHT

Kelly Ray Davis
Dubuque, Iowa
Surface Warfare

All short jokes aside...Kelly arrived at the Boat School from Iowa via the North American Party School, a wrestler in every sense of the word. Expanding his grappling horizons to the Death Star, Adm. Vader, though small in stature, gained immense control of the negative side of the force. "The hairy one" was pinned in the second round after showing much flexibility and balance while the bearded lady and flaming ornamental were no real match. Under his WWF title of Adm. Vader, Kelly took a flying leap off the "top rope" in our hero's hideout and shattered the "ring" beyond recognition. To slowly give up his professional wrestling addiction, he often teamed up with his 6'5" twin and traveled close to 4.5 miles for unannounced blue monster wrestling clinics. Vader, in the off season, took up a new hobby of cooking and gained a certain fetish for Brown Sugar, but has since gone back to fluid nourishment. Although Kelly can goggle with the best (from Milwaukee), he is destined to get hitched to an Iowa farm girl. A key participant in many missions in the time machine, Vader has always had an affinity for speed. Davis also has his own "sixth sense" in backing called "drive by feel" which will hopefully improve before his backing becomes "all engines back full" when it's "Haze Grey and Underway" - HOOYAH - RGG

Paul Hager Diedrich
Seattle, Washington
Navy Pilot

The "cheesemaster" came from the twin cities with "Naval Aviator" written all over him - he was cool, quick witted, and always ready for a good time. We first saw his "aggresssive" behavior as an act, but trust us - it's for real. Marco stated, "as a plebe, his squad leader asked, 'Diedrich, what would you do if I ate all the ice cream?' The Minnesota boy then gripped his butterknife and replied, 'I'd kill you, sir.'" As a 2/C with a flat top, his plebes lived in endless fear; they even asked their 3/C, "Mr. Diedrich isn't really psychotic, is he?" He loved his 5.0, loud music, running, his 5.0, and Mark's aftershave. He made cheeses a fad, and left every b-day boy in paranoia. It was always an adventure with Paul - partying at Maggie's on stage, Posseur's, and those Cali beaches. He did seem a little jumpy in East LA (so what if you're the only blonde, blue-eyed person around). Sometimes unpredictable. He did CSTS. At judo matches, where would he land? Watch those handshakes! Rooming with John and Steve, he ended up on Dant's (how did you pull that one)? One predictable thing (besides going to Jen's for the Longest Time) is that he'll be one of the best pilots. He's a man of principle, and is always there, thus is awesome in my (and everyone else's) book. Thanks bud for making it all worth it. Take on the fleet like you did the academy. CGD MJL DRM MJ MCC



Conrado Galang Dungca Jr.
Los Angeles, California
Navy Pilot

Rad spent his Plebe year in 27 California Dreamin' and planning his next trip to the P.I. He came to 29 wishing to fly for the Air Force, but luckily overcame his desire to be a bus driver. Instead, with the same mindset that caused him to jump out of perfectly good airplanes, he set his sights on joining our brothers in green. He spent the rest of youngster year attached to his rack, tormenting Teddy Bears, and listening to the Village People. Junior year found him hitting the books and yet always willing to take part in a good cheese (Many times against his neighbors across the hall and his future roommate). By senior year, he concentrated on what he really wanted to do in the service, Air then SWO then EDO then CEC and finally realized that despite the slight delay for school dates becoming a brown shoe was the wisest thing he could do. Rad will always be remembered for his perpetual smile, good humored nature, wild care packages, Mangos for Mark, keyboard music, fondness of Oldies, Corn from the can, and 10,000 mile relationships. USNA taught him to wipe down his shelves, lock up his rifle, and not dive for second base. Thanks for the bus ride to East LA, bull sessions 'til 3, and the crab feast Ring Dance Weekend. Paula Abdul forever, and Go Navy Air-PHD

Alejandro Cruz Gervacio
Luquillo, Puerto Rico
Surface Warfare

Just when you thought it was safe to go back into the living room - Al comes driving in. Known for his overall attentiveness in the car, behind the wheel or otherwise, Al, founder of Al's school of driving, was directly responsible for the demise of many vehicles (ie. the family truckster, the $800 party wagon and others) Known by many friends as Cerveza, especially those at NADSAP, Al came from the homeland of sunny Puerto Rico..."on the road less traveled by, (college then NAPS) and that has made all the difference." Al served the role as instigator beginning plebe year with, "If you put up with that now, he'll do that to you the rest of your life." Cerveza, who seemed to control the movements of the sun over leave periods, told infamous stories..."You would not believe"...of the land where "rum flows like water" and the cats are "Himalayan". Whenever not fruitlessly struggling with and/or complaining about the Mech E department, he set down his future career path of "Haze Grey and Underway". Whatever you do in the future Al, whether it be career SWO, Al's bagel shop, or joining me in the dive shop down under, I wish you all the best (from Milwaukee). Right Full Rudder. RGG

Richard George Greiner
Lancaster, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

The story begins when our hero, with the much diluted concept of becoming a naval aviator, arrives at the gates of Naval detention center USNA. He's quickly captured by Midn Soyburger & joins the ranks of the honored POW's. After his release, he volunteers to push the envelope to where no man has gone before and ends up in suspended animation for 2 days. During periods of lucidity the "Grinch" dedicates his time to planning road trips for the leave periods and has even made 2 trips to the DEATHSTAR. At times he has been known to do a homework problem or two. Definitely not more than 2. Over the past four years this would be hero has gone from aviator to SEAL to Marines but has finally been forcibly adopted in a home thats haze grey and underway. After all these achievements, this modern day neanderthal finally caught the media's eye by sucking down 12 chili-ridden hotdogs to become the "WEINER" on MTV. May you finally find peace of mind doing something you like. If not, there's always the Australia option and the dive shop down under. ACG

Nathan James Hawkins
Cashton, Wisconsin
Navy Pilot

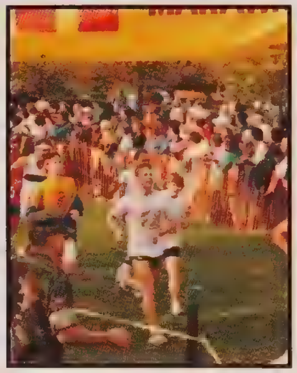
Young Hawkins was a midshipman of many faces. As Malcolm H, the backshaft terrorist, he led the crusade against the administration, the alumni association, Sweeney, surface line, nuke power, the east coast, law and order, and the world in general. Have a problem? It must be "your government at work" again. At night magical powers transformed Nate into "Flyguy", who beer goggled his way into history with the likes of Geena Davis and numerous WWF prospects. His service selection of TAD will give him plenty of time for more au naturel windsprints on the beach - all he needs is a fraulein to race against. Despite his ambition, Flyguy remains without quals here at USNA. Someday we may even tell him those chocolate chip cookies he found in his drawer were really five months old, and not from the girl down the hall. I'm sure Nate will spend the rest of his life flying, either off carriers or to Australia, where the rivers flow with Foster's and the girls are almost as great as in Wisconsin, and where the admin-conduct system will just be a bad memory. (You're fried - no feeding the kangaroos) - DJA

Steven Lee Horrell
Palm City, Florida
Intelligence

Originally from the sunny side of Florida, the Immoral One came to us very familiar with the three B's and very used to the quote, "You're smart?!" After a rigorous plebe year in 36 (Right) he came to 29 bent on a career in Intel, having found out about a little color problem. That year brought us mucho beer, mucho babes, Poseurs and Bob, the Sheraton, Roller Lax, President's Day Weekend with the Magnificent 7, Spring Break, the rifle range, and the 1245 sprint. 2/C year introduced the Timebuick, Chilly Willies, and Washington and Lee (you still have to join the club). With a new decade, the closing of Poseurs, and the youngster wardroom lockup, we began World Tour '90 which brought us to many points around the globe, or at least the continent. FSU, UF, Stuart, Daytona, DC, Baltimore, Philly, Jersey, ECU, ESU, Denver, CO Springs, and many more. First Class Year brought us cars, bar tabs, bills, and little dinero. Now a VGEP geek at the Defense Intelligence College (What were you thinkin' picking another school where you have to wear a uniform?) Esteban is planning an Intel career. Best of luck in the future, and remember "they" are evil and don't drink and photograph. Word. JCS.

Slate Lyon Johnson
Camp Hill, Pennsylvania
Naval Flight Officer

Slate, who always thought of himself as a southerner and displayed his confederate spirit proudly, came to us from Camp Hill, "Pennsyl-tucky." He brought with him a friendly, relaxed attitude and a desire to expose everyone (especially his roommates) to both kinds of music. After spending a successful plebe year in 7th company, he came to 29 and was soon considered to be a friend to all. He excelled in honors history, proving to be the Civil War authority, and he contributed his athletic prowess to company sports teams in soccer, football, and softball. Slate was extremely reliable and could always be counted on to lend a helping hand - now, if only he could wake himself up for submarine lectures or be just a little early for formations. Not satisfied with his already unique name, Slate felt the need for a different identity and earned a new name for himself after a company dining-out. However, most of us know that Slate was usually a modest (unless you lived with him), laid-back, jovial fellow who was almost impossible to make mad. He leaves us to give some pilot the best back-seater he could ask for and to search for the perfect southern belle. We will always remember "Chunky-S" with a smile. Good luck to a great roommate and the best of friends. SSP



David Andrew Lagassa
Annapolis, Maryland
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Dave hails from everywhere, USA, as the son of a sub Captain. He was then dumped into 18th company, where his leadership skills were honed by that wonderful C.O. that we all know and love. Not to be outdone, Dave played tag team and went to 29th, where he recieved yet another treatment of "leadership by example". With him came his stereo, and the well-deserved title of "everyone's favorite metalhead". Youngster year also brought out his professional side, with his participation in YP Squadron - where he learned how to interact with Philly's local yokels - and his extensive comearounds with the Zikamonster. At this time, a cyclone named Deb blew into his life, clamping on the shackles and dragging him off to Baltimore every weekend. 2/c year brought Plebes - who in turn brought out his kind, patient personality. With firsty year came his "baby" - a Ford Probe - and the job of 1/c Training officer, where he enjoyed the undying love of both the 3rd and 4th class (He was well recognized at the marchovers). It also brought a lot of sweat as his nuke interview loomed ever closer. Well - you got it - just don't spend the WHOLE bonus check on that rock! Even though you will never hear a reveille bell, you will go far in life. Thanks for being a great friend and roomie! D.R.M., C.D., M.J.L.

Matthew Lawrence Leahey
Lewiston, Maine
Naval Flight Officer

Matt, Leaholmes amongst his buddies in tights with shaved legs, felt he could go thru 4 yrs. here unblemished. Don't weigh your success here by that goal. Blame your environment for not making it. He joined us as a 3/C, and though he secretly longed to be an ME, he chose to study HH. In the classroom it went well, but his history of hookin up has been less successful. A yr. long "friend" and 378 days of celibacy (still counting) prove this fact. Matt's a nice guy, though. He took all the end-of-semester leave watches when no one else would, and voluntarily spent 12 hrs. driving USNA's finest warrior. When Matt turned 21 he had a great time skiing and at Rack's party. Too bad he can't remember. He spent much leave time skiing and road tripping. One summer he took an east coast tour and ended up in OH. Xmas of his 1/C yr. he left the comforts of home to ski out west under the fatherly protection of Greenhack. Sorry folks, it was time to let go. Leaholmes' was elected pres. of the cycling team. Leadership by example is the propaganda taught by USNA and the team elected the man who's biffed more times than anyone else. At least he has the sense to have his worst crash in front of a hospital. Well, you've been a most loyal friend and my source of support here, so I thank you by saying, "Have a nice ___ life." CRL

Mark Joseph Lenart
Laurel, Maryland
Nuclear Power-Submarines

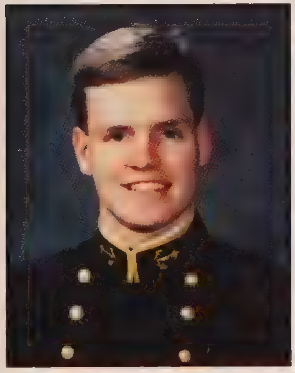
Markus came to USNA from Laurel MD bright-eyed and bushy-tailed ready to make his mark. Plebe year saw him squared away and lending his golden cleats to Navy soccer. Mark left the trials of Plebe year and Navy soccer for an underwater cruise youngster summer that took him to Hawaii and Japan and would shape his future. Youngster year brought Mark to 29 with aspirations of Navy Air and Navy EE. Mark quickly became known in 29 as someone who would drop whatever he was doing to help a friend and could often be found giving EI in Lenartian mathematics, and later EE to wayward classmates. Bonecrusher's judo wreaked havoc on various thumbs, shoulders and even carried over to his own knee in soccer. 2nd Semester youngster year saw troubled times for Mark "If I don't graduate EE, I won't graduate at all!" Became a battle cry that quickly shifted to "Systems here I come!" as Mark stepped forward to lead 91's reign of terror over 93. Mark's 1st tour as 2/c CC forshadowed things to come and helped pull together a class that really needed it. Spring saw rings and loans 91 bought cars, Mark bought a house confirming for everyone that he's destined to be 91's Perot. 1st class year and Mark was leading 29 again "I like being the quiet company" January saw Mark make his move for a future underwater. Good luck buddy.DOCDSPSJ

Curtis Randall Leyshon
Canfield, Ohio
Nuclear Power-Submarines

"Curtis who? And what was that gymnastics coach's name?" said the reception committee in Halsey. After this Curt learned the likes of we Mainiacs with Bonehead, a trip to God's country, and the agony of De Feet plebe year. Then on to the thin room, that two-dimensional back shaft closet, three days late and not even a rack to sleep on. Thinny, Minny, and Skinny were famous. Nav Chart wars and flying hawkers on blinds were continuous. Curt's even shared a female aquaintance with a roomie. Another Mainiac the next year and that fateful trip to Ohio and back for a bowl of cereal and thirty days of imprisonment. "FOUR ^&*#@! BEDCHECKS!" A gymnast who stated that "only if girls were more like M.E. problems" had his fair share of tumbles both in and out of McDonough: AIRBONE honey looks good, but nooo he gets the Heisman; and the infamous night with the Bearded One, "But Matt she looked really good that night."(pitch black-NO MOON) Firstie year and another damn cyclist, more Geingers, less mat in his diet, and captained Navy Gymnastics to a helluva season. Sweated the nuke thing, but walked away richer. Off to Orlando. Have fun, and if not there's always the engineering column of the Sunday employment section! Had a blast, Thanks for being my friend. MLL

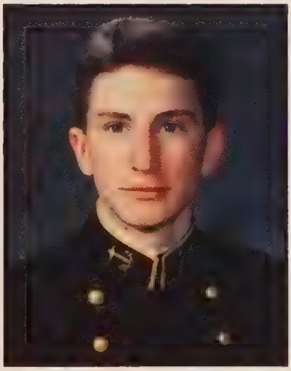
Douglas Robert Mewhirter
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

McFLY (aptly named) came to us from the seafaring Mecca of Pittsburgh. Plebe year pitted him against the best of Form-2, but they never got through to him...nor has anyone else. Ignoring the best possible advice, he chose NARC and started the grueling 3-yr process of learing to reinvent the Perry. Youngsterhood brought him to the Stand-In-Line company, where he distinguished himself by earning the brick twice...for the same creature. Fortunately, falling from Gate 1 knocked sense into his head, and by fall he had been rescued by a 17-yr old Goddess. What started as a simple flash grew into a full ball & chain. That fall he moved into the "Bridal Suite", where he would spend the next two years inciting his peaceful roomie to violence. Doug won the coveted CLUE*** award, for such acts above and beyond the call of common sense as flooding Mike's house... "Point it left, the one that makes the L." Firstie year brought an MX-6, which worked well when the keys weren't locked inside, and excursions to such garden spots as Elkridge, just down the road from the biker bar. Doug leaves us for some missile sponge and eternal SWOdom. Fair Winds and Following Seas, Roomie... You're the best! DAL



David Anthony Ochoa
Thurmont, Maryland
Surface Warfare

David Anthony Ochoa came up to 29th Company after spending his plebe year in 30. Though he was a declared polictical science major, he found time to derive the Ochoan Corollary in mathematics. A 2-year career at fencing came to a close with a debilitating injury that left him walking tenderly for several weeks with a new nickname. Eppe, as he was affectionately known, had an additional injury that year in judo that put him in a wheelchair for a while. His company mates, however, quickly nursed him back to health, as did another not-so-secret admirer, who left a flower and a get well card. After full recovery, Eppe began to work with the X-Country team as 3/c year came to a close. 2/c summer saw Eppe's interest in aviation begin to unfold. Och always knew how to have a great time. Whether on a pleasure YP cruise, a trip to the beach with the fellas, or a ski trip to Maine, he would lay on that womanizing charm, even if we sometimes labeled them as "Beast" (or "Beast II, the sequel). Always efficient with his time, his first 2 hours being 21 years old were spent celebrating, while the next 22 were spent recovering. Never again ole boy. Best of Luck at Sea. We will always remember our welcomes at the Casa de Ochoa. MJL KRD CRL PHD



Stephen Scott Philpott
Lindenwold, New Jersey
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Steve "Phlip-out" "Randall" Philpott came to the warm surroundings of 29 as an 8th company peacemaker. He continued in that role Youngster year through several bouts with DMB. This one-day-future-aviator-turned geek defied his astro major to join the $ub community. Steve eventually learned to enjoy BOTH kinds of music, though he'll never admit it. Steve's dancing style gives away his home state, as well as his musical taste. The question is, which exit? Several words define Steve's personality: procrastination, disorganized, "punctual," loyal, generous, and sickeningly nice. Is he too good to be true? Perhaps he's a bit too conservative. He was always willing to help out a fellow engineer. But Bull? Probably not. Steve brought all of 29-91 together for a super A/N party at the "Cleaver" home. Little Anne ruled Steve's life from Valentine's '88 to present. Are you going to study this weekend? Where does all your money go? Steve's snazzy Integra stole some of his attention. Sailor Steve, of the "do the right thing" mold, has been blessed. He will succeed. My best friend! SLJ

John Clifford Soma
Golden, Colorado
Naval Flight Officer

Originally from Golden, CO (Home of Coors) Soooooma's stay in fun one with Lizard and Sparta prepared him well for 3 years of bos and beers. When not putting up with Nerup's rugby clothes, Juan spent lots of youngster year in Poseurs' or our youngster wardroom 'til Army found him in classier digs at the Sheraton. Come Spring Break, we were back to our natural habitat and activities. 2/C year brought the 6th Wing barber, the Timebuick, lots of parties, and another Spring Break. Partying with 'Noles, Gators, Buddhists, Canucks, and truckers on no sleep and a lot of cheap beer was loads of fun, but only the beginning of World Tour '90: Florida and points in between, ECU, ESU, Philly, DC, Baltimore, Denver, Och's, and more. As World Tour '90 rolled into 1/C year, he traded up from a '73 to a 924 and finally hit 21. Life since then has been expensive but fun, especially those year-round Cinderella libs, Maggie's stage, and G-Man Thursdays. Selecting NFO might actually put his Aero to work before he goes 9'n'dive, and with any luck, he won't have to get a haircut before then. But through it all, I'm sure the priorities will remain the same—bos and beers. Take 'er easy, buddy, and best of luck.—Your roomie, SLH.

Stephen Robert Spencer
Dalton, Georgia
Surface Warfare

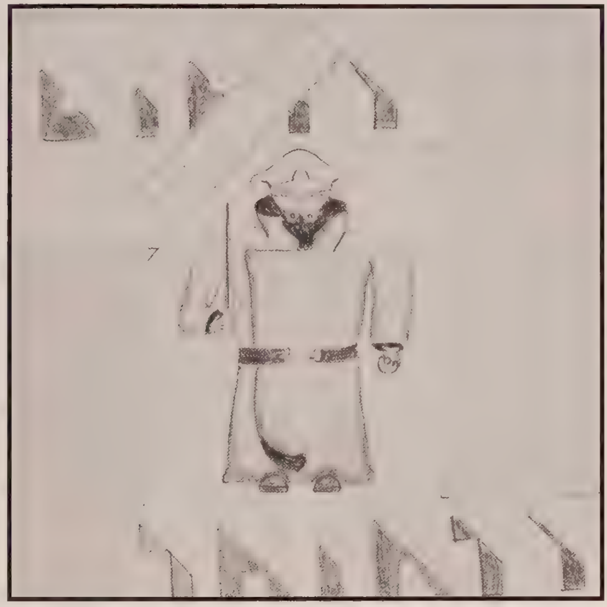
Spence came from the carpet capital of the Old South but soon lost his drawl to New England at NAPS. After sailing and partying in Newport, he headed south again and ended up at USNA. He flew past the "hardest second class in the brigade" as a plebe in "Flaming Four" and finally docked in 29. As a Youngster he became "Steve Spender" wasting much time and much cash at Goucher and then at Poseurs. Towards the end of Youngster year this "Easy-ography" major trapped crabs in a hot tub, perfected the art of destroying his roommate's blotter through regurgitation, and joined the square root club. Miraculously he made it past the Axe and spent the summer retaking physics and chasing a Fleet-footed fitzy runner before finally meeting the love of his life. As a Second Class, Spence' was found skipping over to Kristi's, guzzling gallons of coffee, and drowning at Cheese Master. First Class year brought him hours on the CO's phone when he wasn't with the "old ball-and-chain" and talking about his car, which hardly worked. He will be remembered for trimming the main, splicing the mainbrace, spending $100 at Mum's in one night, dreaming how the South will rise again, and starting early in nuptial life. Enjoy SWO, best wishes to you and the Mrs., and plan for the company reunion at your bar (Spence is buying). - DMB.

Peter Howard Tyson
Glenside, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot

Pete Tyson, one of the best buds a guy could have. Do you remember the original room with you, Paul, and me? It is a wonder that no one went to the hospital between the hand-to-hand, wrestling, judo, and kendo practice. It was a good thing that there were no large desks in the room (it's amazing what disappears in the middle of the night). Youngster year brought roller-lax, the splash/flash/ and dash, shaving cream grenades, every rubber weapon designed for the training of warriors, and every youngster prank known to midshipmen. The Flamer year had you professionally preparing for war by playing Airborne Commando 9 out of your 12 free hours a day and building an almost real F-18. Senior year, who was that Indian dancing on the football field? There was also the Pete away from school. The Pete creating the ultimate Nova with no brakes and a seat belt that would not release you, ever. The Pete with the s...eating grin. The Pete which almost threw little 'Evil' through the wall. Never forget Taco Hell, shooting many types of weapons, A-Bone/NPQ rack dive, never seeing you study (ever), disc, and Florida trip. Best of luck at P-Cola and keep the faith.-MCC

Peter Allen Wu
Arcadia, California
Surface Warfare

Well it's over...and you thought it would never get here. I assume because you're reading this that you graduated, otherwise you're probably on the beach somewhere in California with no forwarding address. It's been a long road, starting at NAPS...I still remember the evenings at brick alley, getting thrown out of Docksides, and the nice policemen you can meet in alleys. Can't forget the journey to Cali either: the backpacking was great, the ocean never knew what happened. Dave was quite a trip, especially at the beach. Oh, I forgot, you were too busy checking the shocks on the party barge. Then off to Fla. Orlando was expecting us. Club Juana drained our life savings, and you fell in love with Chastity...wonder if she's still there. What WAS Kelly's other name? Then up to Annapolis. The times we spent at Buddy's. Sure wish Bill was still pouring. It wasn't bad here though. Doris and George have been very special, it's wonderful we met them. Now who knows what! Off once again on another adventure...it would be great if we both got Diego, give us a chance to party like the past. Can't say Cali will be ready for that but...it'll get over it. You've been a great friend, you've been a brother too. Never had one, but if I did...you know the rest. Take care in all you do, I wish you the best of luck, and remember one thing...don't sweat it. MEZ



Henry Clay Adams III
Houston, Texas
Surface Warfare

From the bad lands of Texas came a lone rider. He stopped, dismounted his horse, and said "THIS IS B——T" From then on he was known as "THE HENROID"(for the flair ups) or Hank on his good days. Youngster year, in a fit of unexplained motivation, Hank changed his major from history to Narc, and in the process almost became a chapter of recent naval history. After being unanimously voted president of the SQRT club, and two semesters of his friends removing all sharp objects and long ropes from his room, Hank came to his senses, and crawled back into the warm rack of History where you can still find him today (unless he really does get up for graduation). But don't let the rack burn fool you, behind this humble guise is THE WEAPON, a master of KARATE and AIKIDO, who started the AIKIDO club so that others could learn his art. Whether it was being an elf, hooking his friends up for ARMY (have the tests come back from the lab yet?), or going to killer receptions, Hank always had a knack for doing it up right. Hank, whatever ship you get will never be the same again (just don't maim them all). Remember, we'll always be best buds and by the way ... KICK-IT!!! RECIII and BEV

Alan Roger Bradford Jr.
Camarillo, California
Navy Pilot

Big Al pearled into USNA off the crest of a Camarillo wave. Scott and Marc got him off on the right foot and squash tables only furthered his dedication to professionalism. Youngster year the MC tradition continued with the Little Green Man. He left horse's A to join Sally and me in the room by the MAJ. Weeknights were spent burning corfams, doing China Grove, or cheezing Nad. Weekends were spent mysteriously at the Thrift-Inn or sipping suds at Camp Letts. The USNA BA continued 2/C year until Jilly-Willy made her debut in Annapolis. Bad Kids watching the dane-brain or an animal tour broke up the monotony. Late nights saw football in the hall, belligerent hangers, and pesky laundry bags. M/LT(2/c) Bradford emerged during 2nd semester and took full advantage of his 3-striper libs, always at 421 Harwood. 2/c year ended on a sour note as Doltzer's Dream Machine took a fatal plunge. Ahhh, firsties at last. Al put up with our sloppy roommates: Snoozer, Boozer, and Floozer who left their trails in his walking space. He ruled the Tetris Top 10 Comrades for a brief while before beating up on Army with a thousand ping-pong balls. This June you'll make the big commitment; we all knew you would. It's been a fun 3 years Big Al. You're a great friend. Good luck, and I'll see you in P-cola. - CMH

Bobby Joe Bray Jr.
St. Petersburg, Florida
Navy Pilot

To Bobby Joe Bray, Jr.; A soliloquoy of rememberance. " Alas, fair Bobby! I knew him well, a fellow of infinite jest, and callypigian proportions. Alphabetical fate sentenced him to roguish roommates, yet naught quell'd the sprightly, rapier jesting. Fair hewas, and we shall remember him as such. Thrice years passed, and many a thing did change, yet his abiding comraderie remain'd. Oft he balanc'd the dour predelictions of his roomie, and brightened the dispositions of many. Oft we stood in defense of our heritage against the ignorant onslaughts, and always we prevailed. The humorous facade disguised a most labyrinthine persona, worthy of the highest regard among men. May his way be clear, his friends be true, and may his blue and yellow always make green." Bob, I wish you all the best, and hope you remember some things- riding with the top down, 3 a.m. talks, and private jokes just to name a few. If you ever need anything, you know where to come. I couldn't resist leaving you with a few things literary. First, refuting the ancients, "Quod per sortem sternit fortem mecum omnes plangite. - Let us mourn together, for Fate crushes the Brave" but never the esteem and care of your friends. And from Wordsworth;"O dearest dearest friend! my heart For better lore would seldom yearn Could I but teach the hundredth part Of what from thee I learn." DMD

Robert Edward Clukey III
Orono, Maine
Navy Pilot

It started when we were STANDING IN LINE, and I saw Trey, complete with his eyes in the boat machine, chopping down the hall. Now Cluke after being DIRTY for awhile and millions of calculations behind us, we're finally going to graduate. Here are a few things to remember:The Girls of Rock and Roll, AWESOME skiing, San Fran, IMBAT/EVERAGE/CLUKEY, not high-five'n(but close enough), ring dance, elves, that tennis ball, and an iguana named Hendrix. Some things to FORGET: me being BLUE, you being BLUE (I told you it hurt), us both being cold and wet, presents from Rhonda, the great decision(up or down), me parked in Coronado, and you somewhere in the greater San Fran area five hours before departure time. We broke every reg but one (and who knows maybe by now you've broken that one too). Even though you were UNSAT once, its OK, cause so was SHE. Remember the beaches of Coronado really can be fun, and I still owe you that chicken run. Although it took foooorrrrever, we got through this place together, and whether I see you at BUD/s, or over me in the clear blue, I'll always stand beside you. BEV (and Hendrix the Iguana)

St Margaret's Church

Bryan J. Didier
Wichita, Kansas
Navy Pilot

He came to us a wide eyed eager young man born of the Midwest. He astutely recognized that he was no longer in Kansas and quickly acclimated himself to this new land of "Oz." A subscription to GQ and a shopping spree at the squid store gave him that "Oh, doesn't he look like a Mid on weekend" wardrobe. Three years of strenuous lifting resulted in barely a 10 pound increase of body mass. The abdominal workouts however, produced a reasonable facsimilie of a washboard, which he was more than happy to show off. (Yea Bry, I caught you stealing glances of your pose in the mirror more than once.) Two reconstructed knees and now a Pilot billet. I guess there is a God. Three years of track and no track meets to show for himself. Hmmmm — Perhaps the ultimate Drill-exempt baggit. And yes the Jeep. The very Jeep that got us a ticket from a Conservation Policeman and a $250 fine. All for driving over a few sand dunes. So much for the environment. So kudos Bryan and kudos to Jeremy for being the only girl able to handle your somewhat overbounding personality. WAM

David Michael Dromsky
Augusta, Georgia
Medical Corps

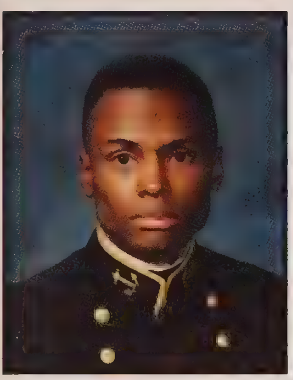
dave the southern gent of thought (tick) and talk who led me through a night with my captain oh captain (Jack) and brought me bak to life (twitch) only to hear the calling to heal oh I feel for those who get you at a weight board or precomms (tick) you have brought us rhetoric and thought (twitch) and music and muscles and a nose (tick) and hairline which kept us fully prepared to strike with wit (twitch) the stories of women and conquest filled the room along with thoughts of cartoons and plebe voices of doom (tick) we leave with thoughts and memories too innumerable to count but a friendship to valuable to ever die (twitch) thanks for the laughs ideas limericks drinks dances music company and warmth i just wish i could spell or punctuate (tick) so to the southern gent of talk comes love from the Floridian who tought you to zip-lock LUB

Jeffrey Edward Everage
Marietta, Georgia
Special Warfare

Once Upon a time, during a long, hot Plebe Summer, I met a Southern Gentleman with a never-quit attitude and a knack for meeting women who changed their minds at the last minute. Mild mannered Jeff was from Marietta, GA and was determined to live through Plebe year staying out of the limelight. However, one faithful night he hit the town, threw caution (and conduct grades) to the wind, did the low crawl through the 6th wing parking lot and emerged as "the BEVERAGE MAN." I was fortunate enough to follow this supermid to the dirty company and eventually, to room with him. During this period, he developed a perverse desire to be constantly cold and wet. Maybe it was the physical fitness, maybe all those tight UDT shorts, but St. Jeffery of the Ball set his sights on becoming a green amphibious monster. Through the years he has been a buddy, a shoulder to cry on, a partner in crime (whoaa...) and most importantly a best friend. We've had many a bizzare and fun experience: the SECOND parking lot, the best skiing of our lives, "Come on Trey, it's just to get in shape", very heavy IBSs and many others. The SEALs are about to get a legendary officer. Whether I'm there on the ground with you or flying air support over you, just always remember the square root of 9 and you've got a bud for life. -CLUK

Kenneth Finley
Rome, Georgia
Supply Corps

To the members and those who understand: "We are like water, becoming what we must, yet remaining ourselves"— Maya Angelou— STAY STRONG, PEACE!! Deano. P.S. I still want my chicken steaks back! -DJS



Christopher Mark Hale
McKees Rocks, Pennsylvania
Naval Flight Officer

Chris Haled from Pittsburgh knowing nothing about the Navy and everything about volleyball. Plebe Summer brought mono and a weight reduction better than any Dexatrim plan. After a year of Slack Six, Larson and Dillon, he broke his arm in P-cola on CDR Chris' YP cruise. This was the end of v-ball and the beginning of getting chewed by Griff-dog for sleeping thru restriction musters. After Rainwater and Salter left I moved in to continue the tradition of cheeze Nad, only in the luxury position. Youngsterdom ended after a trip to the Bahamas(hic!) with Dillon. Kristy came back and brought Breezewood days and happier times. 2/C year was a time for long study nights, ball in the hall, beating hangers and Doltzer's Westclox. The obnoxious Lemieux poster was loved only by Chris, who never shut up about P-burgh sports teams. 1/C year began after Clayton and Wayne. Rocket caused reheat in Mech-E fashion. Chris continued his baby cries and took Dant's libs to the girls' house anyway. Snoozer, Boozer, Floozer and his wonderful underwear was another treat. The PCR was much better out of uniform. Let's hope Saddam gets his daily darts. NFO will be great and many good times are ahead for us in P-cola. Hey Pal, Ol' Buddy, good luck and beware of necks and pinners. Hope your secret brings you much happiness - ARB

Marc Allen Hone
Dayton, Ohio
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Marc A. "Honedog" Hone stumbled into the Boat School from the cultural center of the universe: Dayton, Ohio. He was not new to the military as he spent his high school years in Culver Military Academy in Culver, Indiana. As a result, he came to USNA full of professional knowledge and military bearing although he wasn't exactly sure just what a girl was. Youngster year made me your roomie, and such I've been for three whole years. I remember you sliding down the hall in your funky slippers, giving your opinion to willing and unwilling audiences alike. With obnoxious Wagnarian operas blaring, you would sing in German in the shower. You are the only person I've seen dance the "Time Warp" that way—a sight that will haunt me forever. You were always free with kind, if not longwinded, advice on any problem. Firstie year Honedog made himself scarce with fencing and Marie. They said he was the strongest man in the brigade because he could tie up hundreds of miles of telephone cable using only his chin. Yes, Marc is going down under the water to play with the TMC's—I hope your kids don't glow in the dark you bubblehead. Of course, before he goes to nuke school, Marc needs to have the telephone surgically removed from his ear. Marc, you took care of my clumsy self and I love you like a brother. Take care. ZJK

Daniel David Imbat
Santa Clara, California
Navy Pilot

COMBAT!..the surface combatant..combat veteran..THE VET. A California boy who left the beaches and came to USNA as part of the TOP GUN class. A plebe in Thirty Tool he came to Dirty 30 expecting an easy youngster year-but he didn't know what the little green giant had in store for him. He had the classiest 2/c car in the company, and sometimes used it to drive around the Barkada Buddies. The "real Code of Conduct" recited on the wall. Dan became the president of the radio club, but there was more than HAM radio room in 7th wing. 1/c year and upgrading the '66 'Stang 25 years to a red '91 convertible GT in order to stay ahead of the competition. When will the "VET STEP" appear on STAR SEARCH? The youngest 21st and 9 holes! He survived 2 years of THE MAJ, 4 years of Mech E and still 20/20, about the last pilot billet, calling out Fin, the Rocket(barely)!, and not Keating?! He never had a girlfriend-"You have nothing!..she's just a friend!"(open palms) And just who are his new sponsors? The Mechs just need to wait for him to go to sleep to know the truth-"Yes, the red dress is fine..Tell them we're just friends..forever and ever." He was a great roommate, and source of dirt-the nose knows! There'll be lots of "friends" in Pensacola. The fleet had better be ready for the best F/A-18 pilot they'll ever get. EME, DJS

Giselle Jankus
N. Merrick, New York
Supply Corps

Cujo, the product of foreign parents, came to USNA with a thick LonGylund accent and a mastery of Spanish. It took her awhile to adjust from city life. "Hey, look at the horses!" "Gis, they're cows." Sweet Sixteen and the Easy Cheese plebe year was certainly a new experience. After being a bagel and a 3 dimensional zero, she turned into a crew stud. It's fitting that someone from the sport of sitting on your butt would become the company Rate-a-Bun judge. Between sail cruise to New England and a month of laying out at Daiquiri Palace on the sweet blue Med youngster summer, Gis became very blonde, tan, and very upperclass. 3 years of pulling hard for Navy was enough, but even then she couldn't stay away from the water; she tried to walk on it! Maybe if she had her Wheatstone Bridge she could have. Oh, that's the one that fell down! Gis was a supergirl of sorts. In class she posed as Heidi the Dutch Girl, but for OE parties she changed so that profs thought she was a Mid's girlfriend. Remember the crazy, ridiculous times: Palma, New Orleans, skinny dipping in VA Beach, camping, Ring Dance, Malibu, the sterno win, London, Hogs Breath is better than none, working for an engineering firm, finally finding a nice guy at home. Gis, we succeeded and proved the maxim that you can do the minimum and still get the same results. Yo, Jankus, thanks for being my best friend. JAL

Zachary Joseph Kitchen
Maineville, Ohio
Naval Flight Officer

Zack does not believe in reincarnation, but in his past life he was an enlisted marine (don't worry Zack, it hasn't left any visible scars!) While you were my roommate youngster year, I learned of your unique ability to be an "entertainment magazine" broker- a feat you accomplished without ever purchasing a magazine. I also learned of your ability to get the same grades I did with a quarter of the work! I will always enjoy recalling the times we blew off studying to do something "more worthwhile." Anything was a good excuse in the avoidance of work. Reading, playing computer games, MSA-you could be persuaded to do anything. Second class year I met "the wife" for the first time (aren't you glad I never told her about the bonfire we made in the shower with lighter fluid and all her pictures just the year before?) I must admit, you could sell the script of your relationship with Sims to "As the World Turns," but you have stuck with it, and I hope everything turns out all right. I can't wait to see you out in the fleet- one of these days I'll stop in to see you, the wife, and the kids- I'll even bring you a potato and bagels for "your kids." -MAH

William Augustine McConvey V
Blasdell, New York
Navy Pilot

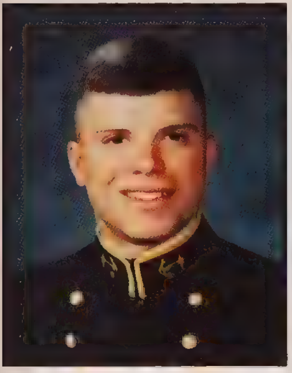
Jovial Wade departed the wind-blown frozen tundra up near the Yukon for Pensacola, Florida, and Navy Flight School as a skinny seventeen year-old youth. On the way he decided to commit himself to a four year pit stop at USNA before continuing his trek toward those golden wings. Womanizing Wild Bill immediately made an impact in Dirty Thirty with the "Gazelle Incident", not once, but TWICE! He could always be counted on to help his classmates through that difficult Mech E major (passing the Rocket and Wild Bill both on the first try), and himself to seconds down in King Hall. Bill quickly bulked out that frame and became the carrot-topped strapping young lad that we all came to love. Wade never let his late nights (spent studying?) dim that merry, boisterous, and jovial spirit that made us all happy, although no single woman could ever do the same for him. Yes, this wanna be German son has left a few dames in his jetwash. Well-Wild-Wade-Bill — in the future we'll be screaming through the clouds together, which leaves me with just one hope- That you can fly your plane better than you ski the downhill. BJD
P.S. If you promise not to turn down the pilot light, you can be my wingman.

Kevin Sean Mooney
Shipman, Virginia
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Moondog, Lunar Pooch, Kevin—came to Annapolis from Shipman, Virginia. Always a Marine at heart, yet you knew from the start that your future rested underwater. Speaking of rest, have you ever seen 0030? At least your attitude about sleep will never change. You'll always be an expert on forensics. Repeat after me—hill, heel, pill, peel, horse, force. Maybe you should simply avoid these words. Oh, deer, you do have trouble steering away from certain things, don't you? How you do everything so well mystifies everyone. It all started plebe year, where Lunar resided in 12. Certainly the most difficult thing for him during plebe year was keeping a straight face, especially during questions like, "Do you know Dave personally?" Youngster year saw a move across the Rotunda to 30. The move was ironic in a way, because Kevin is Dirty in no way whatsoever. 2/C year came, and the terror emerged. Plebes dreaded the USMC pro topic, but they probably hated chopping past your military decorations and awards poster even more. Kevin conducted his WD-40 Combustion Lab that year—a lab which the Major required 100 pushups and an essay on personal example. As a firstie, Moondog became Batt Sub, where he led by example and stayed straighter than an arrow—as he always is, and always will be! You still owe me ten. Semper Fi, SPM.

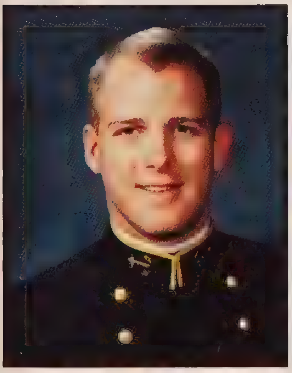
Samuel Paul Mowery
New Cumberland, Pennsylvania
Marine Corps Pilot

Sam, aka Sambo, Sammy, Spades, Baby, Gott (take your pick), came to the Academy from New Cumberland, PA to play baseball and become a hard-chargin' jarhead. He proved that he meets the required mental capacity, to be a Marine by actually volunteering for late nights of insane amounts of homework as a Mech E. In his war against academics, Sam lost many battles, but he finally won the war by graduating with a degree in his chosen field. Of course, if he wasn't up late learning the meaning of stress and strain (pardon the pun), he was up participating in the midnight chats. Amazingly, Sam still found the time to develop his HUGE guns (envied by all who have seen them), and play almost every position on the baseball field. The strength to accomplish these feats normally came from eating chicken in any size, shape or form. The utility of #2 on the field earned him his three pseudo-stripes as baseball captain. However, during the first semester of his last year his three stripes were legit. As company cdr Sam had the thrilling task of breaking in a new company officer and implementing the new plebe indoc system. He had no problem rising to meet these challenges. That just goes to show that he will make a fine Marine officer. Anything he wants is surely in his reach (even the Harrier). Well Sammy, keep in touch, take care, and most importantly, Semper Fi. KSM



Richard Francis Neitzey
Waldorf, Maryland
Marine Corps Pilot

Neetzy hails from Waldorf, MD, where he met his truest love, "the morning sun," and then transplanted to Daytona where he enjoys his other love, the afternoon sun. A Florida boy with a tan of bronze and a life of babes, boards, the beach and WORK (oh no, no one ever said anything about manual labor). His major, more of a declaration of love than labor, is math--Honors Math--a little number crunching, a lot of rack, and blanket "A's." His happiest times at Boat School are a toss-up between road trips to Bowie and the annual conclusion of the abdominal aspect of the struggle. Always a standout, well let it suffice to say that he set himself apart. He was company XO, consistently demonstrated his chokehold in fieldball, wore that fluorescent orange hat on national television, and produced a finely composed orchestration of "Greensleeves." Our leatherneck ALWAYS humped with a smile on his face. One of the flying few--MARINE AIR (as is apparent from the artistic endeavors which clutter our desk!). This "war dog" can attack and overcome any polynomial step-wise regression and survive any hostile environment...just don't take away his crossword puzzles. As one of my closest buddies, I'll miss him (and even his daily counsel regarding my sporadic financial ventures). Still Dawn and the Corps are getting a good ol' boy! SEMPER GUMBY!! ajs



Michael David Neuser
Manitowoc, Wisconsin
Navy Pilot

My good friend and future wingman. He first learned how to manipulate the system back at boarding school in Wisconsin. He came with one goal in mind - to become a pilot. He earned his pilot billet and a number of other noble accolades. His biggest award came at Army/Navy youngster year, where he was bestowed with his Black N. His reputation of unreproachable integrity continued as a firstie when he went 4-0 as a defense rep. in the honor ring. He should have been a lawyer, but maybe that's for after his aviation career. In case his future wife ever reads this, the stories about his carousing, in and out of the hall, are all unfounded. Mike was tough to keep up with and unfortunately some of his dearest friends fell off the pace. Nick was his plebe year roommate and first partner in crime. Keith was another cohort and would have stayed if the Maj. hadn't had it out for him. But both are doing fine, going their separate ways, so now it is time for Mike to move on. With flight school in the distant future, it's good that Mike has met his true love of GOLF. So, MIKE, here's to birdies and eagles on the links, and A-6 intruders in the sky, but most of all here's to the lucky lady who will one day sweep YOU off your feet. GO NAVY AIR, WAB

Daniel Joel Salmore
Colorado Springs, Colorado
Nuclear Power-Submarines

There can only be ONE! -the man with a distinctive nickname. Too bad there were one too many "DANS" in the company. So it was decided back during youngster year that this 'Dan' would have his name spelled backwards in order to avoid confusion in the company. It has and will always remain part of his personal legacy. Nad hails from Colorado Springs about 20 minutes from USAFA. The choice to come here stems form his eternal love for the CORPS- the subMARINE CORPS that is. Everyone knew that someday he would select nuke; Nad was sort of a god or MECH-E guru. He rode the Rocket and cruised by the forth horseman without a scratch. The 30th Company Mech-E chain gang has survived largely due to the Nad-Factor. His unselfish contributions to his classmates have kept many afloat in their classes. I know he'll do well in all of his endevors. Good luck Dan...Thanks for carrying us through!!!! THE VET

Michael David Schultz
Levittown, Pennsylvania
Naval Flight Officer

Schultzy, the pride of Bishop Egan Football, came to "Boat School" from Pennsylvania—specifically from Philly—more specifically from Levittown. He made this journey to the banks of the Severn via Harlingen, TX and the home of MMA. Mike possessed a Marine aspect in his mental discipline and a Navy aspect embodied in the pair of 16-inch guns that attatched to his shoulders. Although he hails from a Navy family, he will be the first "zero" of the bunch. With fire in his hair and fire in his blood he has proven to be a character since day one. A hard-charger, Mike would always be your friend (as long as you loved the Flyers and the Eagles.) As fieldball coach, Doltzer saw few victories in competition, but led us to many victories in combat (the bench clearing kind.) Mike took command of Dirty Thirty during the Dark Ages and once again proved his ability to lead the troops, sign the chits, and methodically crank out the systems problems while battling insomnia! Somehow Schultzy could always overcome the spell of the blue magnet. Brown leathers and flight decks are in his future, but they will have to be shared with his never-ending pursuit of the perfect babe, the perfect bike, and the perfect belly. We started in the Dirty Company as roommates, side by side, and we'll walk across that commissioning stage the same way, side by side. Good luck Doltz - go get 'em all! ajs

Andrew Jay Smith
Centralia, Illinois
Surface Warfare

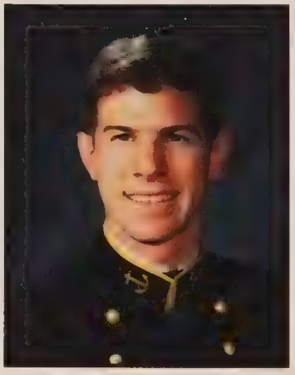
Smitty...the old man. Everyone knew you, most even respected you, but only a few knew the truth. Probably the first midshipman to come to Canoe U. from bible school by way of Centralia, Ill. We sure cheated the Baptists out of a preacher, or was it the Apostolics, the Lutherans, or the agnostics? We never knew. The plebers of '93 will always remember the long sermons, usually conducted at extend arms. Smitty never held on to anything long...the most obvious being his hair. Daily updates on service selection couldn't keep us up to date. What was the order-USMC-SWO-MED-NUKE-USMC-SWO. Even Andy's much better half kept us wondering. Engaged or not, talking or not? Money, another thing he never floundered in, but you could never tell by Bev's gifts. A lesson learned in paying one's bills-even Koon's had contacts. In search for these funds, there was the long line of employers; Bishops, Gordo, Pastor, Jason's, and as a safe delivery expert with Domino's. Finally, to be or not to be, that was the question. Oh-oh he's not drinking, he's not at Bev's, and he's going to church, we know what that means. Have fun on the high seas SWO warrior, we'll be flying high above. rfn & mds.

Christopher Paul Vansickle
Corpus Christi, Texas
Surface Warfare

Chris "Sicko,Psycho,Van" Vansickle left broken hearts clear across Texas when he came to USNA. The 2% club was a pipe dream. Plebe year in double deuce served as a minor setback to the wife-search, but he never gave up hope. LKT and JEA did the pounding when the flamers grew tired. All the while the real wife was finding the North star two decks above. "Uh, I don't really care for country music." "That's O.K., I don't like New Yorkers...much." Psycho moved in and the mice ran for cover. We became great friends after breaking the language barrier and battling over Van's unique leadership styles. Chris always set the example (how not to do it). Any excuse not to study was a good one, and she usually lasted a few good weeks. All the way to Cali for a peck on the cheek? Don't call me dude! It's one o'clock again. People still buy Marie Osmond albums? Then there was 2/c summer. Yeah, Chuck. Roger that. The wife-search continues; Will he ever get his mug back? his dolphins? his cover?; Mendelssohn; the brain housing group speech; music give-away; new truck; new Stetson; mounds of debt; EE again with stripes; and then, Grazelda; Phone for choir business only. Blame it on his roots, he showed up in boots. Motherly advice; Back in the high life. Garth, you may have friends in low places, but I will always be there. I've loved these days. RW

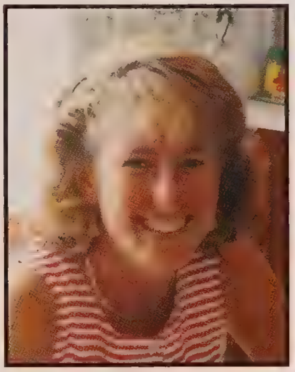
Richard Westhoff III
Lido Beach, New York
Surface Warfare

Plebe year found this Long Islander in a Real company up on 2-2 with Sub-life and a Steam Turbine. Both of these men did what they could to ensure that Rich's trip to the green carpet would be his "last military obligation" here at USNA. But, with goal sheet in hand and song in his throat, this Glee Club major took second semester by storm...at least he tried his best "storm imitation" in P.K. Poole's and "Hook Me" Holzmann's classes. To this day, he still dreams often about his favorite heroes, "Scoop Injection" and "Condensate Depression." Rich met Marine Managed Thirty and his Texan roommate-to-be who "[didn't] like New Yorkers...much." Felix and Oscar went on to ensure a Real Army Week on 4-2 (thanks, Paskl-D); Psycho; a perfect NAVSIM—GO SWO!; two decade mark in smoke hall; Grinding Gears in George's German Go-faster in Georgetown. Then, there came my big intro to The island; Johnny White's; SoCo in P-Cola; TFC (Chuck thanks you); EE; CAPT Lloyd(s); THE win over Army; Col. Bob's; Weston; Arvide (what a solo); the Mitsubishi and THE RING! This year brought Mega-stripes (whoyakiddin); Hawaii & Douggie Fresh; a phone; Abraham; the Halloween Hick goes to Rudy's; the clique?; "Silly Chit..."; the Supe's lawn; Tony and Maria. Maybe not the "perfect" roommate, but you've been the perfect friend—THANKS. CPV



Cynthia Marie Williams
Charlotte, North Carolina
General Unrestricted Line

From bay to bay, we met on the Chesapeake. When things were bad, it was a pizza and HoHo day. As the year drew to an end, flowers and strawberries brought tons of trouble. It was trouble, bad trouble. But it only made our friendship double. We sailed together through thick and thin-you were thick and I was thin. We succeeded through ability, hard work and no luck. No luck, one flip, Vern and Vern pink and purple Chucks, yes of course Fishing Bay, sailing our days away. Then watch the sun fizzle into the bay , of course as Buffet plays. This time the room with the view, the heffas will always remeber. Vern, I hate to love to know you, but with Vern bonding there is nothing I can do. JLS Thanks for the "no hat" rule at football games. As we leave each other, I just hope you all remember one thing-Be happy-not the happiness on a Saturday night, but be happy with your life because that's all there is. See ya..831DF,AH



James Henry Adams III
Murfreesboro, Tennessee
Marine Corps Pilot

Youngster year, the adventures began. Jim's a great teacher. How to spend a Friday night outrunning your soul. Calling in artillery fire on the parking lot (did we ever hit the Buckster's car?). Caring for a pregnant hamster. A great friendship blossomed. Then there was 2/C summer. The fun continued. Hors d'oevres and cocktails at five...on 7-1. Jim the romantic sleeping under the stars...in the gazebo in front of the Supts. 2/C year. 45 min in College Creek just to hang a sheet poster. Now an inhabitant of the feared 6-1, Jim burned his mark into the hearts of his plebes. Too many late nights and pots of coffee weren't enough for Jim to satisfy his loves: computers, plebe indoc, and Jen (not necessarily in that order). EE took its toll, the first time. Mud wrestling at morning PT. I know you secretly loved it! Firstie year. A summer vacation in Quantico didn't disuade Jim from going green. But, he did decide to fly. EE wasn't so lucky this time. Mastering the cheap ski trip (4AM is too early!). Still unable to sever the Z-248 umbilical, Jim survives. Army weekend, the discovery. Friendship is genetically ordained. Good luck to a roommate who is more than a friend. JLE

Jeffrey Lee Boschert
Mascoutah, Illinois
Navy Pilot

Jeff packed his bags on the last day of June 1987 and left Podunk (Mascoutah), Illinois for a metropolis of twice the population (Bancroft Hall!!). He was one of those extremely successful men that the admissions board dreamed of bringing to the Naval Academy. Excellence in the big three (Academics, Performance, and Physical Fitness) came naturally for Bosch, so much so that we often thought of renaming the Sup's List medal to 'The Star of Jeffrey.' He went from the 'Dirty Dozen' and the 150lb waterboy plebe year to chili-mac with 'The Buckster' in 31st Company. As an upperclass, Jeff loved to keep his 'options open' and himself busy by pursuing every ECA, sport, career path, and female that came his way. When second class stripes faded from reality, Bosch looked to the women aspect. Mary, Laura, Courtney, Julie, the Goucher chick, and Deborah kept Bosch and the Silver-Streak on the run. He was the perfect gentleman. His last semester brought big stripes and an even bigger phone bill (not to mention jeans that fit). As one of Annapolis' Distinguished Citizens, Jeff was always there with his lightning speed to nab the thief (and save a beautiful lady in distress). From Hawaii to Down Under Bosch did it all at USNA. At Service Selection his 50 viewings of 'Top Gun' steered him to jets. Best wishes in your career of carrier bouncing. Friends forever. GWP

William Frederick Boss Jr.
Decatur, Illinois
Marine Corps

If you ever had trouble putting your frustrations into words, Bill was your man. He may be Semper Fi but he's got the mouth of a sailor. Bill was a friend to be counted on, always willing to jump on the grenade so that others may score. Unfortunately he didn't have that opportunity very often. What he lacked in imagination he made up for in sarcastic wit. Chris, don't ever try to win a verbal argument with Bill. Just lay down the law to him, he likes that. Bill, I think you did better than Christy Lee so don't ever stop hittin' those high notes. Being the king of mass media is fine, but this is your brain on TV... (get the picture?) Get yourself a hog and let your hair blow in the wind (oops, sorry). It's not wether you win or loose but if you had fun playing. JRB ... (SJ)

Matthew Shamus Boyd
Bangor, Maine
Nuclear Power-Surface

In the summer of 1987, Maine sent one of its best to the Naval Academy, a young man known statewide as Bonehead. Barney came to the Academy accompanied by his hockey stick, a tin of dip, a four year supply of hot air (B.S. included), and yes, a sense of humor. Having the luck of being a plebe in Stalag 17, Barney survived his first year balancing between Navy Hockey, academics, and several demanding second class. For the plebe who thought the Emancipation Proclamation had freed the serfs from England, Mechanical Engineering seemed to be the obvious choice for a major. As a mechanical engineer, Barney came to know a different set of naval traditions: loss of weekends, "token D's", and Rocket Reid. Barney was not only challenged academically over the past four years but also physically, as shown by his participation in the Annapolis to Maine Walkathon, and the Baltimore to Philadelphia Taxi Race. In the end, Barney's work and challenges have led him into nuclear power, a field where many of us hope to see him again. Until then...Good Huntin and Fishin...DK

Richard Douglas Brawley
Lufkin, Texas
Surface Warfare

Rich's four years at USNA have been charted by his nicknames. He came to No-Fun as Tricky, and he certainly lived up to his name. His trips to Hood("I did not give her stitches!") and his exploits there earned him Stitch and Sticky. He became a charter member of 21-31(We did say 21 drinks, didn't we?). What happened to those pictures of you and the Buckster's cover? Second Class year brought the Gripper, along with the Great Female Drought of 89-90. Father Brawley, hmmm... Firstie Summer he dragged us to Bermuda, and we almost lost him overboard. Accident? Firstie year brought a new dawn: no Buckster, Conduct Rex, and a second date! He became Reuben Grippenstein, but only until fateful date #3.5. We've all given Rich a hard time, but he knows it's all in fun. Thinks so, anyway. Good luck Tricky, and I'll see you in the 92 Olympics (Do they have the 1.5 mile run?) You've been a good friend and I'll miss you.TAP

Joseph Donald Britton
New Carlisle, Ohio
Navy Pilot

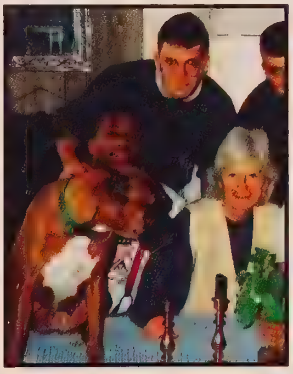
Smokin' Joe, King Rat, Rolling Thunder Britton...The King of Cool. Many the night did we "ride," accosting the girls, inquiring of their flyness. I'll never forget the late, late nights we utilized so industriously (cruise mixes, Tetris, philosiphizing, etc.). Maybe when you're here for TAD you could get a job teaching practical driving and etiquette to Annapolitans? Even the King of Cool made his mistakes, though, like chocolate doughnuts in my car, that elusive turn at Breezewood, or his uncontrolled emotion at the movies ("Don't take that, Danny!!"). Still, he kept his cool, and never managed to forget the love of his life...his 1969 black Chevelle 396 SS with silver stripes. Oh, the girls he could get if he would just get out of the rack and start that aggressive running program (the truest sport of all). Maybe another credit card would help finish it...or you. As you take to the skies, remember those of us on the ground, we'll be looking for you. Good luck Smokin', and don't ever be one of them- we're counting on you. WFB and SG

Michael Charles Conover
La Crescenta, California
Marine Corps

MC Squared came to the lovely banks of the Severn from the Valley of La Crescenta, Ca., at least in body. His mental faculties, however, as great and immense as they are/were never quite got checked all the way through to the East Coast. Never one to be accused of being too thinly spread out with in-company tasks, Mike preferred to run with a different crowd—one that listened to groups that wouldn't be played on any station other than WHFS. The gods need to be praised for not putting us in any classes together until too late because neither one of us could shut up! Still, who broke the curve in weapons—those two guys in the back who were always late! As for his social interactions, he was known to be juggling two or three young "lovlies" at any one time without knowing the exact stauts with any one of them. "Ouuch, quit it!" Hey, look at this body circle...I'll take two, one for contact! Although he never adorned the stars that went around his neck (not that they weren't within reach, across the room) the two of us did manage to create our own galaxy of sweater decorations, but then again, what does a grunt need with Sup's stars—just more excess baggage for your hump. Cowabunga, dude and go Hoyas! ECPIII

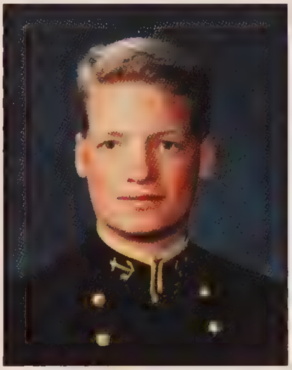
James Alan Dawson
West Plains, Missouri
Surface Warfare

James "Alfalfa" Dawson hails from Alaska and Missouri, both states in which he won the high school wrestling championship. His wrestling career was cut short because of an injury which led him to change his sport to weight-room supervisor, although the only thing he ever supervised was his rack. We introduced him to a new flavor of ice cream and in a month he'd had more SNAPPER than all of us. Frequent trips to Popeye's had a large impact on James. Soon we were hearing "I'll gladly pay you Tuesday for a meal today." The founder of the Car-of-the-Month Club, James would get a new car whenever it came time to change the oil. As an AC/DC fanatic, the song "Shot Down in Flames" typefied his life. He finished 2/c year with a less than spectacular time at the Ring Dance after promising his date/"friend" he wouldn't get mad. Such a dedicated academic was he that he decided to forego every one of his summer leave periods in pursuit of higher education. At least his USNA trials and tribulations have prepared him for the fleet and will make him an excellent officer. (NOT) WNS



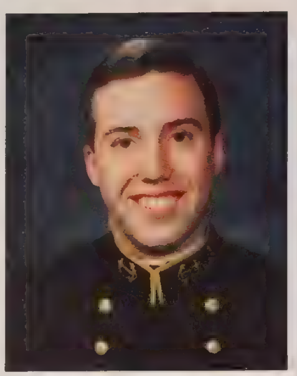
Christopher James Downey
Martinez, California
Surface Warfare

An army brat, born in Ft Campbell, Kentucky, Chris has lived all over the country, although he is a true California boy. Second in the company in vanity only to ECP III, he went to jump school and scuba school because the pins look pretty on his uniform. This is especially popular with the YOUNG girls. Chris is, however, no stranger to older women. With the morals of an alley cat, he would go out with anything in a skirt. His love of flying gave him a fascination with the study of aerodynamics. Although an econ major, he often performed tests with bottle rockets. For his galantry in one such mission, he was awarded a tour of duty in Smoke Hall. Firstie year, Chris became a quick fan of the O-Club. Frequent trips before Forrestal Lectures and Dant's calls became the routine. As a matter of fact, alcohol became the routine. The CHEM-LAWN MAN once had a brief bout with a gutter and survived a pre-empted strike from the dark side. "There can be only one." Thank God the world is safe. RMM



John Louis Enfield
Torrance, California
Navy Pilot

A product of Southern Cali, John chose USNA: a place where he could sail/break expensive boats for free. In the beginning, 6th CO was a nightmare & he tried to burn the wardroom in protest. 3/C year he moved to the slack batt where he ALMOST had a 2-man-room. This year was his academic Achilles' Heel (Physics) studying in the rack. Membership in the sub brief club got him a 2nd taste of dinner. He discovered what it was like to fight a door, wasted all of his brain & skin cells sailing, enjoyed ROBO, and hit cars with not-so-fresh fruit. 2/C year moved him to 6-1, a place the 4/C avoided. Then he perfected the technique for undressing 4/C between chow calls, learned to snow ski on his face and that 80W/channel (w/remote) hurt one's ears. After many dates, John was without a ring dance date until just a few weeks prior: just ask Bill's mom. His most prized possesions were his $3100 ring (the 2nd one) and his Mercedes which would have been just as useful without an engine. 1/C year included pre-Xmas packing, vitamin M for his bad knee and his obtaining of 2 stripes: the most he claims that he will ever wear. Well it looks like flying is going to give you more (P'Cola 93)! It's been great rooming with you and I wish you the best in all you do. I'll even let you move into my room in P'Cola when I'm done. Love ya dearly but not queerly, JHA



Jeffery Macklin Faga
Falls Church, Virginia
Surface Warfare

The Hobbit spent more time in his rack than almost anyone else in 31. He would have gone to bed even earlier every night if he hadn't been kept awake by every E.E. major that needed help. In any case, he was always well rested for the weekends, which he invariably spent with his almost wife, Kelly. Jeff was also frequently on the receiving end of some good practical jokes: the Hobbit goosing contest, the hide-the-raincoat game, and getting blitzed on his birthday just before going to dinner with his parents. Along with his good humor, the Hobbit will always have his hairy feet, diet from hell, and extensive knowledge of basically everything. Surface Warfare will never be the same again. JBS

Brandon Anthony Fausti
Marietta, Georgia
Navy Pilot

"I have something to say...It's Better To Burn-Out Than Fade Away"—Best Of The Three—Of Course Its Me!—B.A. —"B.A.'s BIG ADVENTURE," the true meaning of an all-out, no half-steppin', LGBNAF scheme and trouble goes with the territory. Never forgetting the GET FRESH CREW (BACHS,KEITH,PK), Cancun, Purple Leather, that PLATE BREAKING GASH and "Where's My Bullhorn?" Give me a wedgie again and I'll kill you. Remember, you might be the greatest actor(in your mind) but U can't fool me - Australian? Come on! Don't lose Sight of the pot of gold at the end-take whatever path you need to get there. LOVE IT OR LEAVE IT! Be Good...Suzanne "A drunk man's words are a sober man's thoughts."—Dib E. Do-You Know Its True! —The wildness, the craziness, the serenity, the peacefullness, and B.A. , all in one but only a few will ever know. Mob E. Dee. —To those I Have Engaged With As Friends-If But For A Short Time, Know That It Was Real And I Await To Rekindle The Bonds. To Those With Strength Of Reality And Know Me Not, I Await Your Friendship!—Miguel LeBello Those who have befriended me, As well as Those who have dishonored me, Should expect the return— Tony Fist —Friends, stay in touch always because the adventure is just beginning!—To Each His Own Destiny—B.A.

Raymond Gene Gonzales
San Antonio, Texas
Nuclear Power-Submarines

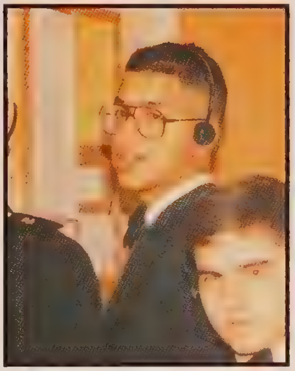
Raymond "Speedy" Gonzales is a carefree romantic if ever there was one. Though a shrewd entrepreneur, Speedy should be recognized for his financial support of Brigade Services, such as the Midstore. The avid socialite, Speedy rarely passes up the opportunity to ride with the boys. In the ring, El Barato, was nothing less than merciless, pouring on the "pepper" without hesitation, craving the first blood. In his bouts with the fairer sex, all he has to say is, "Baby, Don't Forget My Number" (quite the lady's man). How this hot-roddin', galavantin', smooth-talker ever got a nuke billet, we'll never know. Whatever he does, we know he'll do it well, because if he doesn't, they might make him give his bonus back. WFB, SJB

Jason Xavier Hackerson
Vienna, Virginia
Marine Corps

"Slack: To the Iciest man alive. You are too cool! What a road you have traveled. From Vienna to Bancroft to Effy's to Quantico, life is an adventure. A man of professionalism (watch out plebers and restrictees), a man of ingenuity (how about some glasses with windshield wipers), and a man of women (find your own Mary !). Look out Marine Corps you ain't seen nothin' yet! We've shared many adventures... No one could party better than room 8136. No half-steppers allowed. Goodbye Jen, goodbye Mary, goodbye C.S.! So long ladies ! Hack wishes you his best. In his green, Hack is off to discipline the world. In place of those four stripes, try on those bars. Hey ! I'm talking to you ! I'm the only person in the room . Best of luck to you my friend and roommate of three. I know you will do well. Just make sure that if you paint any cars , you don't face towards the wind. GO NAVY AIR ! F/F J.T.J.

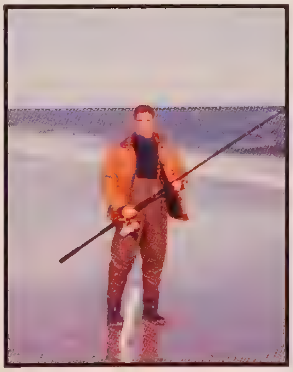
Jason Todd Jorgensen
Papillion, Nebraska
Naval Flight Officer

Jam-master Jay came to the world on October 31, 1968 destined for greatness. The Jr. Posse's resident sweat and comapny cdr within four years, pretty good for a Corn Husker. Harold wasn't so tough, especially in my laundry net. Did you call Amber over break, or were you "half-steppin'" with Lara? What's up with Mary's cab ride. Welcome to the U.S.S. Deyo. who was that bodied up honey in the black dress. The heart of a Dark Knight but never the will. Wanna go skiing, don't worry, you'll get your chance. The Keith Wilks mystique. Did you get the digits? Can we drink in your car? Chapter 3, Oaktree, and the Ritz. Who's the real club head. Remember the big night with Meredith, not really. Now you and Mr. A can sit and not talk about the agency together. The attitude has only grown worse while the Wild Child got new Duracels. Did you go to Jax for the Hornets or the Honeys? Janet was a fine piece of gear. Cisco and D, what a mix. Where's Amy? Could Roselyn be jealous of Mary, the varsity babe? What happened to DE? I wouldn't have made it without you, my brother. Good luck in P-cola, I'll always be your wingman. Peace. DE LA



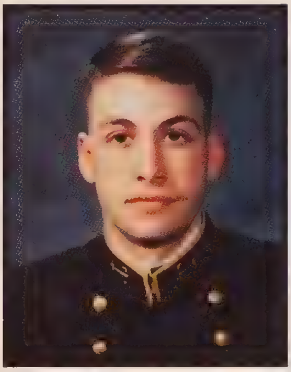
Dave Loyd Kennedy
Northwood, Ohio
Surface Warfare

It was June 1987, when Dave "Golden Boy" Kennedy put down his fishin' pole, bade a fond farewell to Oregon, OH. and headed to Annapolis. The Stalag welcomed him with open arms. With plebe summer, and 50 lbs. behind him, Dave wrote off playing football and turned his attention to academics, and "being the best he could be" at USNA. After learning about green eggs and helo flight ops on his sub during 3rd class cruise, Dave headed to eighth wing, the Buckster, and 31. It is at this point where Dave's actions speak for themselves. He earned, and coveted, his position as second class brigade Admin. This, no doubt led to his placement as Mr. PEP, champion of Navy sports and spirit! The Navy chose the right man for the job,. That isn't to say he didn't suffer a few setbacks on the way to the top. As far as the Marine Corps Marathon goes, well he learned a new way to say Ahh! Additionally, while academics went well, Dave foundered socially, until he found his role model... "I wanna' be just like you!" Women just don't seem to understand Dave; Tracy, the Bite Me chick, the Baseball Fan, Christmas cruise girls, all fell short of the triple ten. Whether he's Fishing for trout, or Coot shootin' in ME., drifting for Walleye, Surf casting for Blues, or a Nuke SWO on a cruiser I'm sure he'll do well. In the words of Babe Winkelman, Good Fishin'. -MSB



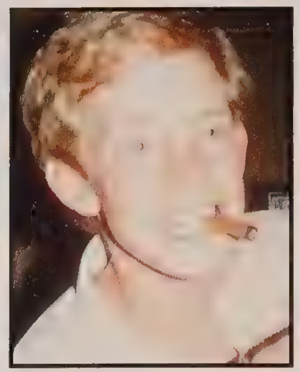
James Michael Kosowski
Oak Brook, Illinois
Surface Warfare

James M. Kosowski, simply called KOS to avoid his Polish ancestry, came to 31 a little behind his reputation. I heard about his summer of fun over 3/c cruise before I ever had the luck to be his friend. We've shared a lot, a great sponsor, a room, some drinks, but never the pleasure of meeting his girlfriend. Everyone knows studying makes the grades. Well, KOS is an avid believer more means better, as the heat of our overhead lights will attest. Further, it's been rumored he has spent an equal amount of time on the phone with a special someone. The boy doesn't sleep. A great athlete, his talents helped 31's intramurals, and his bullish style of fair play is a true indication he was raised in Chicago. Over the years, KOS has created and filled the billet of Party Officer with a bash for the boys of 31 just when we needed it, and with usually more alcohol than most needed. Always almost the life of any get-together, Jimbo has an ear for rumors, and a mega-phone style mouth to help things along. If you want some dirt, Jim will know it, find it, or have done it! I've got one question that needs to be in print: Why does your hair grow in a small thick patch on your chest, but not so thick on your head? I probably don't need to wish you luck at nuke school, but what the heck-Good Luck. Your tall pal. CMN



David Robert Leroux
Attleboro, Massachusettes
Nuclear Power-Submarines

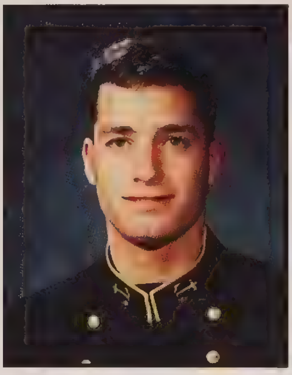
"Dave-4-9-3" left beloved Attleboro, Mass. to join the ranks at Canoe U. Academic year began with a bang: figuring that Plebe Quarters was enough for one day, #493 failed to show for Morning Quarters. #493 endured the rigors of Slack Six indoctrination and Martin Cubas and Yianis. From the bliss of 1-4 Dave was thrown into the depths of 31's Blackhole with Captain Buckley's Boys. Youngster year was an endless physics lab—trajectory, terminal velocity, and explosive tests off of 8-4 (love those bananas). But, nothing compared to the mustard jars during the "squad-recon", which earned him a 20k fry and loss of end-of-semester leave. Mom and Dad forgave him, and during PROTRAMID "Lerocks" found his dream-girl in the Bahamas... USS Pittsburgh, 2/C year the "Boy-Nazi" (as his plebes lovingly named him) became a member of the 6-1 Betas, and his disgraceful plebes hid their faces behind paper bags. #493 found a new love in the summer of '90, and she was a lovely pair of Bose 901 speakers. This was Dave's weekend entertainment first semester while the "legal" firsties went drinking. It has been an adventure: eating "pizzar", snorting lemon drops, cramming for Physics. Who'd have thought a Mid-western aviator and an North-eastern submariner would get along so well. The Silent Service is about to get louder. Tough Darts! JMS



Kale James Moberg
Cattaraugus, New York
Surface Warfare
Kale was one of the few survivors from NAPS to make it to graduation. Grandpa became his call sign early on Youngster Year. Our room shared many adventures under the Buckster's reign. Among them was the famous midnight recon planting sunflowers throughtout the yard. Kale was also infamous for his impromptu radio shows on a Friday night. Those special dedications to his roommates made him really popular. Kale is also photogenic as his portrait of JJ with his cover is truly unique (and better stay that way). Grandpa has many talents but music was not one of them. Don't quit the day job Mob. For Clovis' B-Day, Kale's true Love missed a flight and made a 21st suprise party a miracle. Bet you thought we'd have stripers. Sailing proved my revenge as the trip from hell nearly sank us. Oops. Told you it would be different. Kale you are a good friend and I know you will do us proud by marrying quickly so I can pay my bills. Best of luck and remember, "It's all fun and games until someone blows up-then its a riot." RDB —Moby D., Although you commuted to school this year, it was healthy for both of us to get another viewpoint of reality...nobody else seemed to have one. The creative genius of the "Spit Cup Jam" will never be forgotten ...B.A.

Robert Michael Morelli III
San Bruno, California
Surface Warfare
Big Bob! A San Francisco Treat. If there was a person who knows about the Admin Conduct System, it's Bob. In fact, if demos were dollars, he could pay off his Visa and fix his transmission. Having survived Tucker back in fifteen, Bob got off to a great start in the BLACK HOLE. When he got here, he wanted to be a "bubblehead," but the only thing that went down was his QPR. Three years and three majors later, the only thing Bob is truly professional at is his mastery of his rack. The only thing that would go down faster than Bob to his rack was a super Big Gulp from his favorite restaurant, 7-Eleven. In fact, Bob had Cinderella libs long before the rest of us did. I'm sure Bob won't forget his tours on the Long Dark Platoon for his depth-charging of the tennis courts. Not to mention when he submitted his chits to Matt and Jay to get out of TAD in Smoke Hall. Bob nearly gave in to the Dark Side, but was rescued by his friend, 151. One thing is sure, when Bob goes, eighth wing might recover. From butane bombs to Honor Guard, nothing was sacred. If it had destructive potential, Bob would seek it it out and test it to its limit. Just ask ECP III about the orange. A word of advice. Don't drink the Gin. Or the Schnapp's. And don't hit Shoe. Good luck. Zeus! CJD

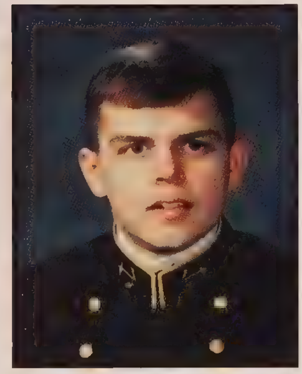
Christopher Michael Nickels
Santa Barbara, California
Navy Pilot
6 foot 7 inch high jumper can't dunk! Hard to believe, but just leave it to those credit card leapers. Nicks left a life of cars, weekends, and women, along with his buddies Pat and Rich in 24 to come to the Black Hole 3/c year. Friday night libs, civies, and a sub brief all sent Nicks to the line, and earned him membership in the notorious DB frat. Thermo, unsatness, BA, and gramps brought us together, give or take a lie or two, and led to the only 3 man firstie room, Nicks, myself, and his ego. With Reader's Digest a monster was created. It doesn't matter whether it was in a bed, a car, under a table, or in a canoe, Nicks seemed to always keep his virginity. The ultimate woman connoisseur of blimps, boufont hair, grandmas, psychos, bimbos, and other assorted flavors kept pee-wee pretty busy on weekends. Oh, Nicks always had a plan, but never won the war! His best lines are, "I'm from California," and "Do you have any spare change?" He always wanted to improve his professional image, but nothing could save him from friends who convinced girls he was gay. Sometimes we don't understand you or your ways, but Navy Air is getting one of the best. Go get 'em Tom Cruise. Don't forget the Ice Cream method and that golden phrase, "I wanna be Rich." KOS



Elton Council Parker III
Maclean, Virginia
Navy Pilot
Truly a "Son of a son of a sailor" ECP III can't help but have Navy in his blood not to mention the chlorine from McD and Lejeune. From the start he was destined for aviation, if for no other reason than to catch up with his ego. With a Masters at 21 there won't be much he can't do, as long as Cliff has Notes on the subject. How 'bout gettin' rid of those "fresh new mixes" on WAVA and listening to some U2 on WHFS. At least we can agree on 98 Rock for some helpful tips from Mr. Manly. D-dappeded!! or was that a smoothie? Whatever it was, it annoyed me again. Of course I could always snore all night to interrupt his beauty sleep. Elton managed a semester flying solo but his final semester was not to be without a Marine wingman. Never one to be called a "mid", Elton preferred Hoya, for some reason unbeknownst to me. That English stuff actually rubbed off. Third, where time spent on his hair has been justly rewarded, won't be without his patronage at least until '92. Hopefully by then he will expand his wardrobe. Sorry about your rack and desk. "I didn't do it. Nobody saw me do it. You can't prove anything!" BS Even though beating Army got to be a breeze, you can't forget the Supt's stars that added to our constellation. Amazing! Phenomenal! MC Sqrd

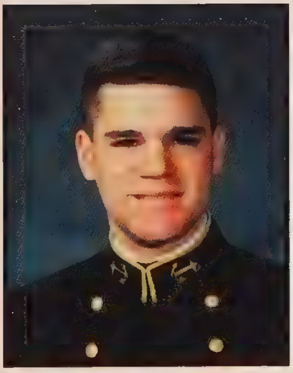
Gary Wayne Pinkerton
Murphysboro, Illinois
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Four short years ago, Gary abandoned the farm life of southern Illinois to see the world. He would spend all four years by the bay in the sixth battalion, although his first year in the 33rd company would be a breeze compared to the next two with the Buckster. Sailing kept him from drilling for a few seasons, but wanting time to share himself with women from U of D and U of M, he turned down command. Affectionately known as "Buddha", Gary chose the road less travelled...mechanical engineering. Confident that all his experience in fixing cars, namely his Jetta, would see him through, he experienced many a late night battling the M.E. profs. He did manage to overcome each new hurdle and earned a chance for another couple years of academic challenge. With promises of a big check and the new car it would bring (not to mention the fact that he is blind), Gary decided to serve below the water. From Annapolitan crime stopper to "Mr. I have an anology for that...", Gary's future is sure to be bright and eventful. Give the man a beer, just be sure to watch his hands. To warm spring breaks, basements in Philly, Volvos in New York, a GOAT that ran and a car that didn't, late night chats with Miss Delaware, "no way...not in a slaughter house", a trip down under, TRUE LOVE in Colorado and many happy Hanukkahs, I wish you all the best and God bless... Bosch



Todd Adam Porter
Peabody, Massachusettes
Surface Warfare

Todd came to the Boat School from Peabody, MA but I never held that against him. Youngster Year he distinguished himself as one of the Buckster's favorites. JJ would often write sweet notes in Todd's mailbox. After JJ left, Todd broke out. He quickly earned the name Pooky Bear when he met his Youngster squeeze. Alas it did not work out and I'm still a $100 poorer. Did you really hock the ring? Sailing to Bermuda proved to be fun except for the sea time. Do you still hear the word,"Duck" in your sleep? Always the party animal, Todd managed to celebrate one birthday in the hospital to save time. Four years by the Bay and I'm glad to know you as a friend. You'll be a great SWO and remember what I've always said,"Marry soon so I can pay my Visa bill." RDB



Justin Matthew Shineman
Galena, Ohio
Navy Pilot

In July of 1987, Justin Shineman departed from the booming metropolis of Galena, Ohio, leaving the farm life to join the "Boat School". Though intimidated early by his first class, "Shine-man" managed to lead his classmates second semester plebe year as Co. CDR. After joining the ranks of "Black Hole 31", youngster year brought forth morning P.T., Capt. Buckwheat's famous naval sayings, Beckah, seconds in the Supt's garden, and forgetting Dianne's corsages. TOUGH DARTS! Stain spent 1st semester 2/c year at American, sailing for navy, writing songs, and hardest of all, adjusting to his demented, new roommate. 2nd semester he retired his gerbils and bought his dream car, but had to wait until Easter to christen it. Sailing the seas and enjoying Newport's nightlife weren't enough for this "wannabe" aviator, so he travelled to Miramar to experience the finer aspects of NAVY AIR (ie. O-Club, San Diego, west coast Bimbos). Stain gave up sailing his final year to compete in the unofficiated sports... intramurals. He explored camping, King's Dominion, McGarvey's, and Quantum Physics II... Will we ever get our tests back? Stain didn't ask for much in a roomate, but he "GOT THE BONUS PLAN!" 2 years and 3 trash cans later, we depart best of friends. Best of luck with Dianne and Navy Air. P.S. You did a nice job washing my car!!! DRL

Jonathan Bruce Shoemaker
Annapolis, Maryland
Navy Pilot

On July 1, 1987, Shoe made the long trek from Annapolis to the banks of the Severn to follow in his father's footsteps. He discovered his true calling immediately: the blue magnet. He has spent four years conducting research on its attraction and even became a physics major in an effort to discover its secret. By the time he had reached the limit of his natural abilities in Black Magic, he had concluded that the mystery was unsolvable and became content to enjoy its effects. As company commander first semester, Shoe had to take a break from his research, but continued it with a vengeance second semester. As a charter member of the Class of 91 Lifer Club, he will have plenty of time to practice during the next year and a half. The aviation community doesn't know how lucky it is; Shoe will be sorely missed. JMF

NE CONJUGE NOBISCUM

32ND CO

Lisa Jennifer Bachman
Rowlett, Texas
Surface Warfare

If Lisa ever had any good study habits, she was cured when she moved in 3/C year. With her came Bulgarian Rhapsodies, a self-contained kitchen, bursting laundry bags and some nasty smelling incense. She has more junk than an average family of six and though she claims she bought her ISUZU for its performance, the real reason was for the extra storage space. Besides collecting international debris and artifacts from the Disney story, Lisa collects names: Bach, Bachmonster, Monster, the Hobbit—and she answers to all of them! (Though the Dep 'Dant was a bit perplexed when she asked him to call her Sebastian!) First class year found her perfecting her male behavior theories and she has determined not to take any more vacations. Grilled Cheese, from Hell, perfectly folded, Clique by exclusion and the Gang of Four, I don't really like them, Jimmy Buffet backwards, 30 to 60 days, whippets with mur, Rack sloth. Faith and Loyalty. QAF

Robert Harold Baker
North Norwich, New York
Marine Corps

Bobby B. Baker came proudly from some small town in New York that nobody ever heard of, but we didn't hold it against him. After a brief stint of track he settled down to some serious PT and girl-hunting, coming back from every leave period with a new pair of running shoes and a new "true love," not to mention enough food to last 'til graduation! By the end of his time here, he had become a complete success. He had completely shocked everybody in Quantico during Bulldog, he had finally found a half-way decent car (only his third in three years!), and he was one step from being engaged to the best "true love" he'd ever found. Wherever he goes, the people that work with Rob will definitely benefit from his boundless energy and blueberry pancakes (when you just can't stomach another night of roast turkey). It's obvious the Navy's losing a real warrior since it doesn't take anybody very long to figure out that it's true: Bake's the boy! PEH

Kelly William Biggs
Amarillo, Texas
Navy Pilot

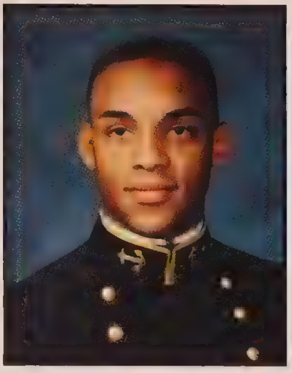
Kelly came to 32 bringing with him all his home state paraphernalia. He could ALWAYS be found racked out under the Lone Star flag. Weekends he loved to slip into his alter-ego, Cowboy Bob!! Complete with dung-kickers, wide belt, plaid shirt, pearl snaps, and yes a true hoedown Texan hat. But what's this? Cowboy Bob wearing a shower cap in town?!! A firm believer in at least a couple years of bachelorhood during flight school, Kelly was soon whipped into shape by Laura C. Wedding in the making after just eight months. All that flak back in your face. Care to make a wager who has more kids?? Kelly's folly came every week or two. A big 'ol box of Mom's gooey, drippy, conglomeration of lard, fat, grease and sugar. Just "muck" it all down, Kelly. Careful your SWO-gut doesn't hang out the flight jacket. As a true scholar, Kelly somehow enjoyed going out and still making a four point. In fact, he liked youngster A/N partying so much he didn't want to leave on the homeward bus, and didn't. Nice surprise to find you asleep "at the wheel" in the bus at the station!! Yippee, Kiyea! God Bless. TPT

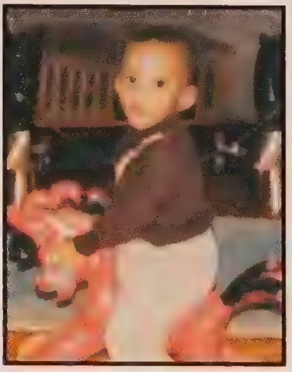
John Allyn Chilson
Millersburg, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

Chil is definitely the greatest thing ever to come from big ole' Millersburg, PA (right, Clay?). How could anybody know so many people, drive a BMW, and still manage to keep his grades up in his Group 2 (or is it 3?) major? He was really quiet as a plebe—quietly driving in the yard in civies, getting caught by the conduct officer, yet somehow avoiding restriction . . . Through a variety of sports and roommates, one of which is in the Gulf (Go Bach, beat Iraq!), John kind of came into his own more and more each year. Who else came back from Ring Dance with stitches and a black-and-blue eye! Now, a second-semester firstie. he seems to have reduced the number of love-crazed women from around six to just one. He leaves behind a city full of friends, a really special sponsor family, and 900 classmates who all seem to know him. A SWO warrior at heart (though a Supply O if he had his way . . .), Chil is bound for sunny beaches. If his career is anything like his summer cruises, he's in for a fast five years (or is that 20?) Good luck in SWOS, John, and know that Fran's will never be the same when you're gone . . . PEH

Jonathan David Cole
Long Branch, New Jersey
Marine Corps

He hailed from Long Branch, New Jersey—but nobody held that against him. Wherever there was rumor, he was there. If there was gouge, he had it. Vocal in his disdain for EE and Physics (with two summer schools to prove it), Jon Cole thrived on Political Science and wayward plebes. A Second Class since Youngster year, Jon was tough, but fair. The archnemesis of every dirtbag plebe, those who incurred the wrath deserved it. His service selection came as no surprise—Marine Corps. And though the selection came sometime after taps, the Corps was glad to get him. They're looking for a few good men, and of the good men to come from the Academy, Jon proved to be one of the finest. In fact, it can be said that Jon reached new heights (and refused to come down from the more lofty ones) at the Naval Academy. His classmates will remember his wit, humor and friendly candor. In the Corps, on ship or ashore (with time in the later, a whole lot more)— Good Luck, Jon, and Semper Fi. BEH





Jerry Dawson
Detroit, Michigan
Surface Warfare

J.D.—Mister Cool, nothing could ever get this man riled up. A street-wise kid from Detroit, J.D. came to the Academy ready to soar, but Coach U's pre-historic offense clipped his wings for three years. The '90 season finally allowed J.D. to show his stuff and he became "Awesome Dawson", the game-breaking wide-receiver. J.D. could have been an All-American had he gone to U. of Michigan, but the Navy lucked out and snagged a kid who will make a top-notch officer. J.D. gave physics his best shot while at USNA, but classes with Billy Ray took their toll. After living with J.D. for three years I conclude that nothing could ever make him rush, he's just too cool. We did work the system to be the only guys to get free class rings . . . (Spring Break '90 was a blast), give me a call in five and we'll go in business together. Good luck, Big Fella, Adios! KMS

Quincy Annora Fleming
Woodbridge, Virginia
Navy Pilot

Q, like a true Pisces, travelled with large schools of people like the Wolfpack and the WHAM Unclique. 2/C year saw a '91 sheet poster for '93 Parents WE, adventures in Ho-Chi Mihn, stringing the plebes laundry across the tennis courts and her emergency medivac off 8-0, CO and Batt-O in her wake. Known for her military briefings instead of pro-reports, teaching plebes to speak and her roommate to spell, she excelled at administering chocolate first aid, planning coffee and card parties until zero-dark-thirty, collecting shampoo & conditioner in a shower known for its hot & cold flashes. She was an aerobics goddess and the LWT F-ball secret weapon. The Andalusian Dog, NATS attacks, the black hole, bloodies at Harry's, Buffet backwards, Caesar's skirt, P-board to Color Co CDR, an ever wet shoulder, and a piece of coal for her stocking. A few choice quotes: "I know I live in VA but I'm really from CA." Trust us, we KNOW. "I'm NOT engaged!" "I will school you." "You replaced 'the' with WHAT?" "Banzai!" None of the rumors were even close to the truth, which no one who wasn't there would believe anyway. We love you, Quince. Hope you get that combat jet someday. Keep checkin' the boxes. Hobbit, Elfie, Hammer & Snerd.

Anthony Lester Gilbert
Palm Bay, Florida
Navy Pilot

Tony saw the Naval Academy as a four year stepping stone on his voyage to Mars. Little did he know that a little box and "the water" would guide him to his destiny. Tony was a crowd pleaser, whether it was in eighth wing, or during a night of debauchery in the frothing pit he was known to worship. Tony could please like no other or at least fake it with the best. Tony had an affinity for bridges whether it was the East port or the Fitch Bridge, there could be only one. His love for life was second only to his love for kitties and those alley rats who congregated there. May his love for life and burning emotion never be extinguished. MSS CAN SWM

Kathryn Michelle Graves
Reston, Virginia
Naval Flight Officer

Kathy is well-known for her sunny disposition. She always has a smile on her face and her bubbly laughter is easily distinguished, even all the way down the hall, the cry for help too (RLP+ER, we'll get you for that). Arriving at USNA from nearby Reston, VA, Kathy made a name for herself by lettering in cross country and track every year. As a Poli Sci major, Kathy showed me, through repeated example, the value of sleep. The only thing missing now are the bedtime stories--I kind of miss the bears...Although Kathy has always appeared to be a well behaved midshipman, appearances can be deceiving. Very few people have ever seen her really cut loose. Our journey to the tropics (Hey Mon!) proved to be an enlightening experience. It took only one trip to the Waterloo to impress me...Hey, Pretty Girl!...don't forget to be wary of strangers, no free cab rides back to...Hey, where are we staying?? Kathy, please take it easy on the men, sooner or later the right one will show up. Every day has been an experience, through 2/C year and our second shot at EE...Ohh, to be a firstie and taking EE. Ah well, we've suffered through worse. Just look who we live near. Jay and Enrique have endeavored to make life hell, at least once a day. Jay, we still hate you, and NO you can not borrow our paper. Kathy, thanks for all the good times. You made it all worthwhile. MMM

Michael James Hannan
Newburgh, Indiana
Intelligence

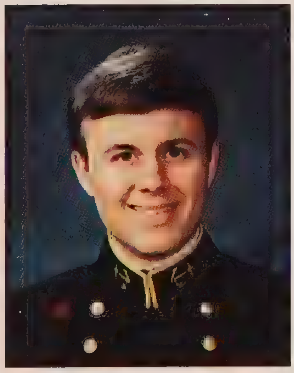
The Hammer came to us from the land of cornfields and basketball. The word "warrior" describes both his state of mind and his hulking physique, but he has a sensitive side as well. His first three years in the Marble Monastery brought a long line of flaky girlfriends, but nothing substantial until "the One" came along. 3/C: "Hello, my darling," No sleep, I'm gonna flame, nice poster! 2/C Aooga! Underway on Nuclear Power! We should be able to beat them once a week. Computer fun. 1/C: Hmmmmm, The long ride with Max, Sword Envy, How's Spain this time of year? LORILORILORI! PO or NPQ, THAT is the question . . . Exit stage left, the room that smelled, Wham and the Gang of Four. M—I have the feeling the world has not seen the last of you—what is next? Never forget the people who love you, that is what really counts. QAF

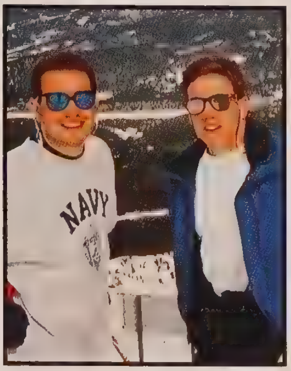
Paul Ernest Hanover Jr.
New York, New York
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Replying "none" when asked his hometown, Paul established residence in his beat up, party boat of a station wagon for nearly 2 years. He arrived having never been kissed, and left as the most experienced of us all. Nobody could battle him in wits, although we all tried (remember stupid coin tricks and "does your face hurt?") A walk-on epee novice, our hero developed into one of the Nation's best fencers in only three years (just ask him)!?! He used his sport for fame, notoriety, and drill exemption. Paul wasn't only devoted to his sport; he managed to slip through academic loopholes and amazed us all by not only graduating with an engineering major, but also (somehow) with a Chinese minor (even if he had to take class during lunch.) Underneath his false bravado, we came to appreciate the genuine interest and concern that he showed for his friends, although no one was spared his verbal abuse. Known for his thrift and tight grip on last month's pay, one of Paul's greatest moments was receiving his "nuke" bonus—he even promised to take us to Piezano's for pizza and beer to celebrate! (Don't forget that he had a coupon so beers were only 50 cents!) Good luck, Buddy, in Orlando and beyond. Watch yourself, don't wise off to the wrong brass. Remember we're always with you, and don't forget the "good guys" always win. JAC

Brett Emerson Howe
Niceville, Florida
Nuclear Power-Surface
Brett Howe is a rare breed indeed. The EE major was not only Kirchoff, but Shakespeare. The obvious question raised when asked about his hometown of Niceville, Florida was, "Is it nice?" The answer was always yes. His propensity toward the finer things in life, led Brett to the Nuclear Surface Fleet. Now with his Nuke check he can buy his own bigger birthday cake and contribute even more to the Save Donald Trump Fund in A.C. His professors enjoyed his company and he enjoyed theirs (more than many of his fellow EE majors would have liked). His article in PROCEEDINGS made him a marked man among Group III majors. The question around Bancroft Hall was, who is this Brett Howe? He is an individual who was able to get along with everyone and who could be counted on in a bind. Those on his ship will be fortunate to have Brett in their wardroom. So, for all those Monday night Baptist Student Union meetings, those endless hours sailing on the Severn, and the sodas you consumed on the weekend—good luck friend and God speed you into the sunset. JDC

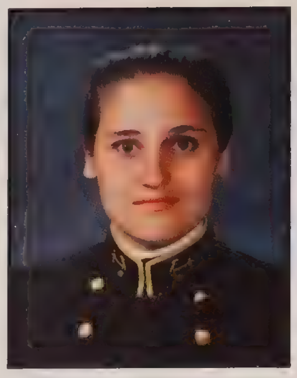
Mark Joseph Knollmueller
Miami, Florida
Naval Flight Officer
K-12, as we affectionately abridged his name, always found a way of separating himself from the company, whether it be from one extreme (P.E.) to the other (Poli Sci). With a strong sense of direction, K-12 always strove to make his own path, even if it meant marching left while the platoon marched right . K-12 truly believed in harmony with academics, the hall, and the blue magnet. With a command voice he found pleasure in sharing his vast military knowledge with his squad, not to mention the ears of other nearby squads. He drove within 2 miles of the speed limit and took interest in finding new ways to return from West Street. K-12 took his chess and racquetball victories with a smile and lost with dignity while his victors goaded him. Amiable and sincere, he always found time to help a companymate with Poli Sci questions, a ride to the mall, or a storage place in the trunk of his car. Memories: Chinese food, Christine, my girl problems, the Skyhawk, road trips, the rack, and battle music. With a heritage for aviation, he chose NFO. May the sunny beaches of Pensacola be a home to you. I'll see you in flight school. Maybe you should keep the Wall? MJL





David Patrick Little
Queensbury, New York
Navy Pilot
Little Diamond Dave began his career with the infamous NAPSTER attitude, from a teenage lightweight and through the virtues of big boat sailing, kept the skates sharp and transformed into the large mass of man we all know and love. First to come, mouthguard in hand and pearly smile, it will never look or taste the same. It's truly amazing how a season on the point can turn malleable mush into stainless steel! Cruising into youngster year with Old Man Mow and Vicious Van (the one and only) yielded burning eyes and hangovers well into the thousands—higher math from 1 to 6. Though Fred Davis forced a modified 'general' type of attitude upon him, his accounts with numerous disc clubs kept him socially aware and open. He many times contemplated the darker temptations upstairs—but to no avail. The Force passed him over (lamb's blood on the conscious?) and conquered his roomy—while EE conquered him! Gaining an honorary membership into the DWC, Dave reconfirmed his commitment to the causes many times with superior attitude, finding no grounds in cases brought forward to the Battalion HRC rep, a highly regarded equal opportunity individual. He got a great b-day gift—the 'Vette! Dave was struck with the electricity of the Podunk girl who stole his heart. Don't ever sell those guns, Dimples. We love you too! Friends forever, Fly Navy! SM & VS

Marximillian Juan Lucas
Cottage Grove, Minnesota
Naval Flight Officer
Mark came to the Academy after a year in the Fleet and with a few more years under his belt than the rest of us. Multi-talented and blessed with a thirst for fun and adventure, there were not many ECA's, sports, and hobbies Mark did not try while here at USNA. His many endeavors included choir, 150 pound football, Filipino Midshipman Club, photography, VTNA, scuba, bicycling, and of course, karate. As a midshipman Mark always took his job seriously. Many of us pitied any plebe who incurred his wrath. As a Firstie, Mark excelled as an honor representative, platoon commander, and finally as a company sub-commander. Mark has a strong sense of self-discipline that always helps him at any task. Although nobody could keep track of his elaborate finances or his many different women, Mark found a way for us to have fun (even if he could never figure out what to wear). Memories about Mark include road trips, "the Wall," a certain black Corvette, and New Canton. Good luck in Pensacola, Mark (and try not to kill too many of your sparring partners!). K-12



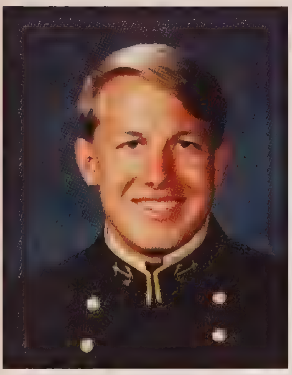
Maureen Mary Magnan
Waukesha, Wisconsin
Navy Pilot
Mo came to USNA from Waukesha, Wisconsin with the dream of becoming a pilot. She worked incredibly hard as a Mech E major ('til she realized that she had to take 4 semesters of EE!) and even harder as a varsity athlete. Mo ended up setting Navy records in the hammer, weight-throw, discus and captained the indoor team. Mo appears to be a serious, hard-working plebe-killer, but she knows how to have a good time. 2/C and 1/C year you could count on Mo to hit the town (and dance up a storm). Mo and Jill became the Bobbsie twins 2/C summer and have protected each other in time of need ever since, particularly on blind dates. The had many adventures with blind dates, boring men, YP's, and 2/C sidekicks! 1/C year, Mo became the proud mother of a Ford Probe, and learned to play the dating game at the dealership. She wasn't even an overly protective mother when it came to lending her baby to needy friends (what about 5th year?). Mo's love for the sun and beaches, led us to the Bahamas, where the natives fell in love with her, and her hair...Braid your hair, Pretty Lady? ... Yeah, Mon! She'll never forget the knots in her hair from a midnight cruise in the scarob, and the crazy men chasing her all over the island! Don't worry, Mo-someday we'll find the right one. Good Luck to you, Mo! I know that you and Pcola will make a perfect match. KMG, JAG

Shawn William McKee
Spokane, Washington
Marine Corps Pilot
Pure escapism. The road to Canada opened with Shawn's quest to be green. The blue-eyed Irish romantic struck out across the waters in pursuit of brotherhood. Whether he stroked to IRA gold or designed ships of the future, Shawn savored the weekends as pioneer of a new breed. Bobby Sue, Whoa! The shapes, the curves, the red hot cherry body of a '67 Mustang. Luck of the green, whether it be Irish or Marine, may those who serve you bow down before you. MSS, ALG, CAN

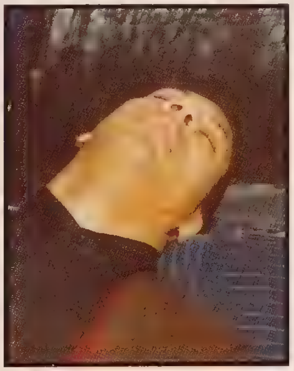
Scott Vernon Mowery
Canton, Ohio
Navy Pilot
Scotty. The time line begins back in '65. He started school about the same time as some of our classmates were still wearing plastic underwear. And so he has been the old man all along. Before the Academy he tried his luck as a Golden Goffer, but enjoyed nature too much to master his studies at first. Vern then took to the friendly skies and made his mark as a steward for two years in JAX before getting serious about his career. And serious he was as he tried to learn everything about the conduct system all in his first year at the Academy. Youngster year was the year for experiments and that he did! Mow started with Diamond and Vicious and many good times were had in audio haven, or was it circuit city? Although he wasn't into math he played with big numbers. The series was completed in everything from card games to the sea wall. For a while he even considered VGEP because he liked the parking. Everyone says there is always a light in the dark and Scotty found his shining star, Charlie, who began to consume his every thought. We can't forget Gumby though. He never did get away to ski in the bumps. Firsty year he took a liking to family life and set his goals back to the skies in hopes for Orion. I love me, too. Dave

Patrick Leonard Neel
Tarpon Springs, Florida
Navy Pilot
Pat came to the Boat School from The Sponge Capital of the World—Tarpon Springs, FL. Plebe year saw Pat in 31 with Buckley and coming to his senses and telling V. FB to take a hike. As a youngster, Pat migrated downstairs to 8-0 and roomed with The Hammer and teamed up with Suaz, who found Pat's room a sanctuary from Buddha. Mike and Pat up all night with Monty, Army Week room wars, SCROOGE, Pork Swords! Ocean Engineering . . . no, make that -ography. Movie? Movie? Pat quickly became the biggest torch of 32. Only he knows how to get to a Plebe with radiator dust. EE was one hell of a hurdle. We were all worried about Pat for awhile, but he bounced back only to find his life-long love, Nancy, heading South of the Border. With the strings cut, Pat amazed us all with a walk on the wild side. Who can forget Susan, Karen or , of course, Michelle? And what about her friend's Fatal Attraction for Suaz? Remember that night at Fran's? And, yes, there was Evie—the forbidden Plebe from the Hudson. NAPS Mega-Striper, Drill God CO CDR, Sunday night at the Tombs, all-night bull sessions. For Pat, Happy Hour starts early at Army. All those road trips to TN. Finally, he's back with his only girl. Take care, Pat! We know you'll succeed at whatever you do! You've been a great friend!We love you, Pal! Fly Navy! P.S. Never burn a bridge. MJH, JAS

Clinton Andrew Neuman
Cape Coral, Florida
Navy Pilot
From the land of sunshine came a man called Buddha. Taking the road less travelled, Buddha wound up flying high above the Severn in the Grocery Getter. On his travels to Mount Olympia he discovered the Queen of the South. Never compromising his principles, he often came up with the answers even though he didn't know what was asked. The rider of the wind had Mother, Mother Ocean call him home. Whether flying high above his beloved blue, or skimming across the crests of a raging wave, his true friendship and desire for complete humanity will never be forgotten. Truth, love of life, and hours on the road all helped this modern philosopher appreciate mankind to its fullest. MSS SWM ALG



Raymond Laurence Pearson II
Maple Grove, Minnesota
Surface Warfare
Jay—The first member of the Jr. posse to get on the cover of a Wheaties box. Stole someone else's name and B-Day (spook brothers!). The purple city, Prince's rap—but what happened with Janet? After reading many books of knowledge, you should have come correct—like Fantasy night in B'more when you couldn't find a bank. When the eight ball was rolling, strange things would happen: money disappeared, Flavor-Flav's sister, slept through HU's homecoming. Luckily you have friends who take care of you—JT. (Thanks for hookin' me with your cuz, yeah right.) Had a nice ride, just watch out for the curbs. LA—Coconut Teazer Skeezer, our jogging escapade and Arsenio Hall. Battles with the Cisco Kid and "D". Spades, I can read you like a book—I don't have the tape Cov's got it. Weekends at HU. Slam Francisco—Pops and the French Connection. Ring Dance—when are we going to meet your date? Don't you owe me some money? Aren't you ready yet? But seriously, Jay has been a great friend to all of us. Tennis recruit, finding a place on the squash team. Remember Kike, Bakes the boy, big Rob, little Dave, "annoying Paul" and all of the brothers. Good luck in the fleet and remember—they shall all be moved. MPG AT JTJ



Enrique Rairan
Bogota, Columbia
Foreign National
Enrique, Kike, Ricky, Colombian. . . the man with many names. Being from Colombia, people often thought he must have lead a completely different life than most, as evidenced by Little's comment, "That's like working in a candy factory and saying you've never eaten a candy bar!" The language barrier presented a problem on occasion (How do you spell although or Shoot! My zeeeeper is stuck.)Through determination, hard work (and a few prayers) Kike tackled the EE major, although 0200 lights out and seven straight hours of Madonna were not uncommon. Never quite got rid of the EE nerd image (just kiddin').After a few duds and a couple strikeouts, Enrique found true love: Glorrrria! Where could you find him on the weekends and liberty: New York, Boston, Baltimore, D.C., Puerto Rico, Colombia . . . always with Gloria. Too bad she can't cook! Oops . . . maybe she can! Kike had a few roommates during his stay at USNA. Favorites: K-12 (don't turn on the lights), Sehnert (don't make him mad), and of course Jay (clean, good taste and never wrong). Neighbors: Kathy, Mo (and John Martin for awhile). After four years, he knows that USA = #1, everybody wants to be an American because we're the best! Don't waste time with formalities. Peace, my Brotha. RLP

Keith Michael Salisbury
Alexandria, Virginia
Special Warfare
Keith, Virginia's favorite son, went to school a long way from home (how convenient for Miss). For 3 years he barked the rage of a Marine only to settle for the splash of the Seal. Along the way, he weighted his pocket; Airborne, Scuba, 150's, Batt. Staff, History Honor Society (how'd U do that and still go to sleep by 2230?) Noted for being a business tycoon (REMEMBER SPRING BREAK '90!) AHH what fun!! (thanx D.K.!) All the running, still the Supe's Star eluded him. Remember Quiet Waters, B & A, the E-Course and your favorite, Sandy Point in the sand. Sorry you won't taste much freedom after graduation (OH, by the way, Miss just called—call her back at 703- . . . .) Good luck at Buds! J.D. & R.B.

Robert Martin Sehnert
St. Augustine, Florida
Surface Warfare

Big Rob . . . Born a poor Nebraska boy, but has blossomed into somewhat of a large man. Came to Navy and gave football a try. He decided he'd like to continue track as well, but the head football coach and Rob didn't see eye to eye. Now the football coach is out of a job and the Nebraska boy finally has a SHOT at nationals. True dedication to track may have caused a lapse in other areas at times. . . Unfortunately, Rob found himself visiting the "Supe" under less than desirable circumstances once or twice. He never quite mastered the evasive maneuvers displayed by the Minneapolis Man. After a joyful semester with a drug king and a soulful brother, Rob moved in with Vicious Van. Seemed like the right move until they both pulled Delta-Dogs in performance. Rob should have followed his roomie's lead and raised his level of performance by receiving a good grade on the PCR. Rob and V did learn how to master topics "efficiently" even if it took two tries in EE. Always known for his patience with others and kindness toward the females (especially those on the track teams) Rob has created a place in the hearts of many. Whether he's eatin' pancakes with Bakes, Rappin' with the brothers, Cowtippin' with Clev or Honky Tonkin at the California Inn, Sehnert is at home. Go far and throw far! Peace, my brother. J RLP

Van Randall States
Herndon, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Randall? Vicious V. is more like it. Some say prep school is to prepare you for the Academy but in Van's case it was to prepare the Navy for Van. Plebe year was kind of slow but Van had no problem shifting gears into high when he gained one stripe. Van started out on the right foot, (or was it the left?) when he founded the East Coast DWC. As charter member, he had many die hard followers including Diamond, Fish, Private Fatbody, Sooch, Malone and too many more to name. Look out, Bo! Van knows ac boards, road trips, rap with Lucious, Box seats at A/N, police training at Boca Raton, the CO carpet—no he never fell off the fence—soccer, sleep, betties (many BETTIES), and every nightie establishment in the greater D.C., Annapolis, and Baltimore area. Teflon, Ferris, or Casper didn't find soccer practice hard enough so he'd run before taps and practice the high jump nearly every night. It all paid off firsty year as he took the defensive player of the game honors at Army. Sorry Woops! Can't touch this. If you knew it, you would do it, but can you blame 'em? The Phoenix man was the man and always brought the fun. Something that everyone will always remember and love him for. Thanks for all the great times. Dave, Fish & O'D

Michael Shawn Stephens
Orangevale, California
Navy Pilot

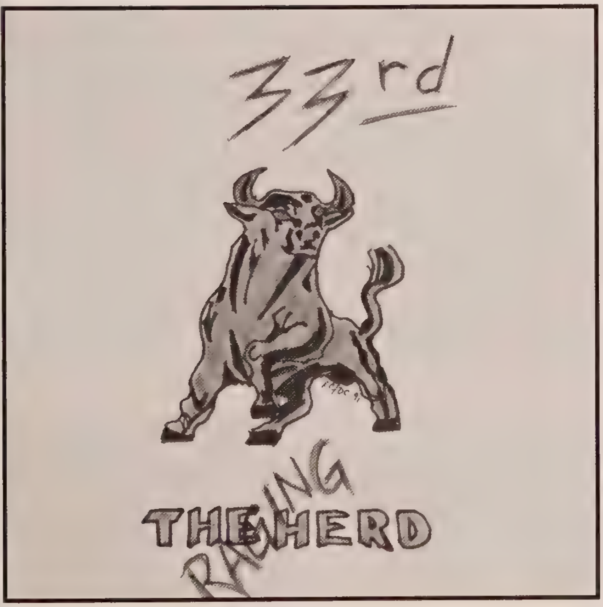
Always looking towards the future, Sluggo never let the tribulations of the past get in his way. Whether four wheeling through Gatorsville or keeping the beat through the land of Cajun, he never gave up his quest for the impossible. Actions always spoke louder than words for this rider of bucking ponies. Truth wasn't always the best policy when it came to meeting the woman of his dreams, but golden wings and combat did. He could create chaos from mediocrity and helped us all reach from the abyss and touch the wild wind. Romance and drive helped this earth surfer to ride the hard wave and appreciate every day. SWM, CAN, ALG

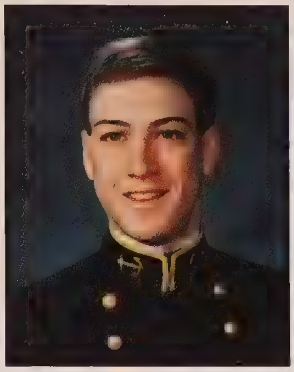
John Alan Suazo
Manitou Springs, Colorado
Naval Flight Officer

Affectionately known as "Suaz", (we had to look up his first name) John is one of those Colorado boys who came to USNA vice USAFA—why? We don't know. Plebe year, "Sweatso" made quite a circle of friends: K. Davis, Delluci, Al . . . a motley crew themselves. Even after John's Mom quit paying them, somehow, they all stayed tight. Though 190 fits him fine, John cut weight time and time again in order to play 150's. His weight loss was tougher on his roommates, for they had to live with the grouch factor that accompanied starvation. Between football, tailgaters, Fran O'Brian's, an oceanography degree, and the burdens of being Company Commander (we're still scratching our heads on that one), John managed to make time for quite a harem. A regular ladies man, he just couldn't be landed—in or outside of the Hall. Never burn a bridge, right John? Wherever John ends up in the fleet, rest assured he'll be hard-charging, no matter how much he denies it. Go get 'em, Suaz! God Bless. PN

Thomas Patrick Terneus
Ionia, Michigan
Surface Warfare

We at the academy will remember Tom Terneus as a man whose name was often mispronounced. This annoyed Tom, but since he usually managed to conceal his anger, some even eventually grew to like him.Actually, Tom is a somewhat quiet creature, but those who know him admire him for the traits that aren't always easy to see. Tom is rather cheap, but at the same time, is one of the most unselfish people I know. He accuses those who eat more quickly than him of having bad table manners, but otherwise he is almost always understanding and supportive. He is a loyal friend, and I am happy that I know him, even though he disapproves of my table manners.Tom first showed his face in the Thirty-second company a few days after the brigade returned in 1988. Donning the poopie suit and sporting the new pipe that gave Tom his new look, he entered our lives and our hearts forever. Though he soon abandoned his ambitions for the underwater Navy, Tom stood faithfully by the SWO community until the very end. That's too bad, Tom. We would have had fun together in Pensacola! K.W.B.





John Henry Bruggeman Jr.
Euless, Texas
Marine Corps

They say everything in Texas is big, except for the Little Man, Johnny B. But that didn't stop him from loving big women, tall that is. Johnny B. ran Cross Country as a plebe but they wouldn't let him run in boots and utes, so he quit and worked towards Bulldog. Taking that to the utmost, Bruggs felt being a Marine Engineer was a prerequisite for going Corps. Being the true stallion he is, John was known to fillies across the nation, including his sponsor's corral. He proved his natural talent as an artillery officer as a youngster, bombarding the class of '92 enroute to their "Mixer". The rest of us knew that JB's real calling was for Motor T,.."Park that 6-By in the Back!!" JB, being the Semper Paratus Marine, never departed on our camping expeditions without his own supply of JB. "Statement, Statement,...John, what's in this water?!" John rode the Rocket and survived, although with bloodshot eyes. John was a natural leader, der fuhrer of the 33rd Reich, after Kurt and Walt. Just Kidding, John. Hey guys- I've got a great idea. Let's go out and.... PALS

Michael James Carey
Wadsworth, Ohio
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Mike arrived in 33rd after a short but trying tenure with '90 and penal time on FF-1092. Perhaps divine providence "in accord with the great sidereal movements of the heavens, or just plain luck, saw "boats" clear to take up berthing on 8-4 and even more providential his first utterance ..."you must be Bill's brother!" Youngster Year Mike diligently established a formidable stereo system and comprehensive CD collection. But Christmas cheer that year was made bright for a thief in the night and all Mike's dreams were crushed. Mike broke clear from this horrible experience and began to show his presence at such places as Trinity, Goucher, and Hood, made much more convenient with the introduction of the "Wankel Rocket Express." Close ties with Annapolis sympathizers allowed for last minute sprints to 8-4 via State Circle, the wall and Dants Row. This fast pace never slowed even during second class year when Mike was faced with almost certain academic demise under the loving tutelage of Capt. America, USMC and "The Rocket." Mike ended 1/c Summer damaged by the radiation at Los Alamos and believing that he was "Mikey the Kid" complete with boots, beltbuckle, chew, and sixguns (locker inspection!). Did this infatuation stem from his new found love of the West or that Belle from SMU? Good Luck and Happy Trails. Pedro.

Duane Jeffrey Carr
Sanger, California
Naval Flight Officer

Duane dawned upon the raging herd company from the class of '89 after a glorious sabbatical in the fleet. The Fresno lady killer, Duane utilized his westpac experience with the women of Maryland who kept him up all night long on the LT's phone. Duane, What happened to the tri-delts?! The resurrection of the 8th wing players brought some renewed spirit to the Brigade and some interesting E-mail from some special guests including the Sup! Despite his short stay with the guardians of 8-4, Duane assumed his place among the 33rd icons of indecent exposure and Crabtown golf, much to the horror of his Visa card. Being battalion drill officer, he successfully avoided marching and parades, as well as "trivial" items like getting up in the morning and attending formations. With this relentless attention to military details, 6th batt won the fall drill competition. Duane's final weeks at Canoe-U were spent fighting for a NFO billet and consoling the broken hearts he would soon leave behind. The only motor vehicle he owned was his last name, but he always managed to get a ride or borrow Russ's. He left us in December after only a year. But what a year it was. From those of us in the herd, Good luck four-eyes. Have fun being a passenger at the FO school. RJC

Zubin Reganit Clemente
Marlton, New Jersey
Surface Warfare

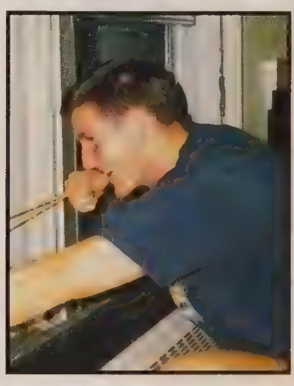
BINGO (Zubang, Zoobs, Bing) whatever, just don't call him Zubin. By any name, Bing was determined to make his academy experience as tough as possible. Bing had the potential to become a striper, but why? Bing enjoyed life while he was here. Filled with dreams of becoming a tennis champion (ranked 6th in Jersey, or 3rd?), he came to the academy but left tennis to pursue his other true love...Engineering. Remember the nilaga, electric pan, the pet locust, the trees we bought, the Barkada flags, the blue or grey Celica that never started, and hopping the wall to see Mylene. Who could forget Delaware, New York City, Notre Dame, all the Army-Navy games, Homecoming with the psycho chick. Great times: Autie Naty's, Racquel's parties, King's Dominion, 21st b-day, Spring Break in TJ, Jump School (nice zippers), retreats, and selling your car and getting married. Don't ever forget the great times with Nanette, Noemi, Racquel, Geraldine, Rod, Joy, Pete, Dennis, the guys in 33rd Company, and especially Mylene. Bingoisms: "I won't dance until I have a few beers." "I DIDN'T get engaged!" "I really hate this place." Bingo is the nicest person you'll ever meet. He never gets mad, and is always in a good mood. He'll make a lot of friends down in Norfolk. I wish you the best, you've been a great best friend. ROY

Russell John Coolman
Charlevoix, Michigan
Surface Warfare

The Cool man came from Michigan, weather charts and smoked turkeys in hand, and started off his first weekend as a youngster inspecting the inside of a D.C. Hospital's CAT scan, Hey, Drink Much? The wind surfing Guru and relentless leader of the MTS (Hey, aren't they having a crab feast?), always had the gouge on the weekend synoptic weather report and was more than willing to expound on it to anyone within earshot. Russell "the Muscle" comes from a talented family, including the next Barry Sanders. L.L. Cool-man loves his home and the exotic wildlife found darting across his lawn, "Hey, wasn't that a 5 ft. tall turkey, it'd be great Wet Smoked!" Playin' Hoops, "Look out, Russ is Drivin' for the Hoop!" speaking of driving, Russ loves his car, and spends all of his spare time in it, 50,000 miles in 6 months. A courageous man, he loaned it to his girlfriend who only upped the score. SWOceanographer or Pilot, we wish you the best High Pressure systems and Warm Fronts where ever you drive. Hey guys- I've got a great idea. Let's go out and... PALS

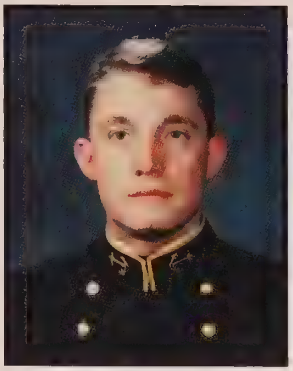
Scott Sheldon Creed
Clifton, Virginia
Marine Corps

Some people called him the space cowboy; some called him the gangster of love; some people called him Maurice, but we just called him Scotty. Life at USNA began in the square root club, but he eluded the lunchbox with innocence and a pretty smile. Of course, he's charmed others in similar fashion providing "Southern Comfort" to such notables as the Hitcher, Quil-tee, two Beths, and a Princess. His mother would shudder if we were to continue. A social starlet, this Rockefeller was never one to turn down a weekend of adventure. Rain or shine, the postman was always looking to deliver (shweet), sometimes giving his friends a grenade or the process. We didn't mind though, as we always wanted to learn new things from him, such as The Shag. Always striving to outdo himself, Scotty never failed to meet the "most gorgeous girls" and was never one to be accused of goggling. We will never forget him because of his extraordinary tales and his willingness to rescue a buddy from the doldrums of school (Maggie's anyone?). We will watch this Superman as he completes the second-to-last achievement known to man, graduation from This Place. The only thing left is marriage (but when?? and with whom??) if he can't get a hold of us for advice, The Grease is only a phone call away. We wish him all the success in the world. Get Well Soon, Scotty— GJH, MGJ, MJC, AMF.



Michael Gerard Dowling
East Northport, New York
Navy Pilot

The narrow minded Long Islander came to Navy via NAPS. Plebe year found Mike in the club which molded his professional demeanor, cleaning habits and devotion to duty. The Youngster jg never parted w/his walkman, not even during Sat morn runs. 2nd sem saw the beginning of the traditional lax WW chit. Youngster year he roomed w/a fellow NYer on weekdays and commuted to UMD on WE's (the leash was slipped on). His 21st bday ended w/him exposed in Finn's alley (Thanks for the soc Bro). 2/c summer Mike entered his element, Quantico, slept on the New Orleans' dock, flying T-34's (so much for the bottle to throttle rule). 2/c year brought him together w/Bart but still commuted on WE's (the leash tightened). Mike will never forget the WE from hell: broken hand, illegal TV, and a dead snake. 2nd sem he was a legit lax player and earned an N*. His 22nd Bday ended w/him falling on the sax player at Fran's, and power puking w/B for the next 3 hrs. Rare moments w/his girl were usually ruined (Who threw the f-n water). 1/c summer: knee rehab, summer school w/B, and Hawaii. 1/c year: end of the Mucho Tiempo, a new car, and no more UMD (the leash got longer). Mike will make a great pilot as long as he is not flying. Remember: our names, Tgiving w/ Goody, LAX (N 10-UVA 7, tailgates, parties, McG's), EE311 (both times), DC trip from hell, & Texas #1. BBL,CAP,PCN



Hugh Patrick Everly
Maclean, Virginia
Navy Pilot

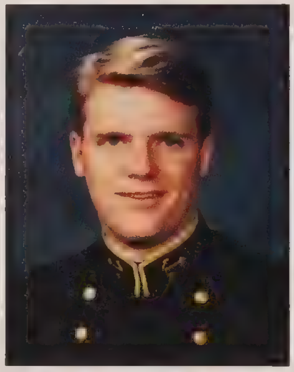
Huge arrived at USNA from Berryville, VA via Texas, to encounter the leadership of P.M. and Capt. Buckwheat. What great guys!! Pat kept his nose clean plebe year and busted his tail for Navy Crew. Wising up youngster year, Pat and Stoner became Polarizers in 33. Who can forget 30 min at attention over the candy cane? He developed an unexplainable aversion to women, or vice versa and had an uplifting experience in the head at Army/Navy. During 2/C cruise, Pat dedicated himself to Navy Air. Back to Ac Year, his female problems ended and he hung up his oar. The trip to Greensboro included singing, boozing, and a flat at excessive speeds. Ring Dance proved to be interesting when an RX-7 was seen on the Bay Bridge with a naked shotgun rider. Firstie cruise saw Pat flying A-4's and yelling at Maggots. Remember you will burn in Hell when you yell at fat plebes (NVM). As Company Commander, he threw great parties at his house..Thanks Mrs. Everly, although the downstairs bed will never be the same. During 1/c year, Pat perfected the hottest dance routine of the year..the Jig. Best of luck at P-cola (hopefully you'll be there before 2000). We'll always love ya- Hey guys, I've got a great idea. Lets go out and.....JRM, MTP, SSC, JCJ

Jeffery David Guerrero
Ocala, Florida
Surface Warfare

Jeffrey A.K.A. Pedro arrived in the summer of '87 bright-eyed and bushy-tailed. Determined to outshine his elder brother William ('84), Pedro set out to leave his own unmistakable stain - oops - mark on USNA. Youngster year brought with it Happy Hour vice Study Hour for Pedro. A weeknight outing in search of liquid refreshment earned Jeff a custom deluxe tour of Smoke Hall. His touching stories of melted shoes and amazing tales of one eyed girls only further shrouded in mystery, 33rd's own Claude Van Damme. Jeff's next adventure was in the land of Bard's Tale which took him on a magic ride to Axe Board City. Jeff hung on only to make a comeback tour the next semester courtesy of the Killer B's (Burt & Blank). Determined to be an Engineer, Pedro chained himself to his desk and pressed on one day finding his deliverance in the warm arms of a ballerina from Goucher. Except for his occassional mirror flexing episodes and Meccano binges, the Urchin was forevermore hard to find. The Jig Police were always looking but never got lucky. Devoted to God, Country, and Golf Pedro will certainly be our first Admiral Hornblower. Gobble Gobble! Fair Winds and Following Seas Sea Urchin. RS.MC.SC.MO.

John Charles Jones
Louisville, Ohio
Naval Flight Officer

Built like a gorilla with the temper of a Tasmanian Devil, John arrived at USNA from the metropolis of Louisville, Ohio. As a plebe in the 28th, Guernsey roomed with Johnny M. These aspiring young wrestlers were diminutiue in height but big in heart. Shorty began 3/C year with restriction for a "bogus" incident on youngster cruise. This was to be his first on the long road to his black "N." Due to Jonsey's kindhearted roommate, Plebes could often be found hanging out listening to Spyrogyro. John found a hawkeye sweetheart in Angie, but it was not to be. 2/c Jones discovered Rugby and renewed his membership with the Smoke Hall social club. S.B. in Munich saw John brawling in the HB House and climbing Ancient Cathedrals. He resparked an old Flame (Lisa)..Wedding Bells anyone? A global firstie cruise convinced Bearman that aviation was his calling. Returning to USNA, Jonsey lived out of company on Batt Staff. Between school (honors history) and Rugby, John still found time for boxing at Network and serving restriction (yes-again!). Jonsey's Honor's thesis concerning the evils of prohibition reinforced his hatred of temperance. Pound for pound, John is probably one of the strongest men since the Neanderthals. We know he'll do great as a Fo-Jiggin in the stratosphere should be fun. Best of luck, We'll always love Ya!-JRM,MTP,SSC,HPE

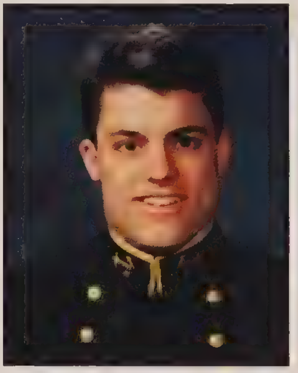


John Michael Kern
Wilsonville, Oregon
Nuclear Power-Submarines

The backwoods of Oregon have breathed a sign of relief at the end of each leave period for the past four years when Johnny K. returns to his home away from home, the heights of eighth wing. The Kerndog's exploits are legendary on both coasts. Whether skipping lemons in swimming pools, sleeping in the streets of Myrtle Beach, fleeing the basement after telling local bimbos that they can "just take the vator to 2nd deck" to meet their mids, roaring songs at DC's Irish Times, tied up & getting abused, throwing Oreo's from his 300ZX while being splattered with Jalapeno cheese sauce, experiencing the path of least resistance for 110 volts, initiating the back of Ens House's new Jeep, or telling his twin roommate to "Back Off!" this EE wizard was always great fun to be around. Watch out Orlando and lock up your miniature golf courses, for when John joins you for his six months of Nuke school, he'll be sure to create a few more catastrophes. If he ever plans to take apart a reactor on his future sub—make sure he knows how to put it back together again. A few words of advice for my best friend: better dead than wed, warn all future roommates that you snore and talk in your sleep, & if you can't find it—look for it eating a ham sandwich. See you in the fleet! Thanks for all the late night talks and support. Best friends always—DGR

Bart Blaise Larocca
San Antonio, Texas
Surface Warfare

The frustrated Bronco fan came to us via NAPS. While the rest of his classmates were enduring sweat sessions during plebe summer, Rock was enjoying the A/C of Ricketts w/the team. Plebe year: "4/c La who?" Youngster cruise:Bart walked into T.J. only to be carried out by Z-man (Tekillya-strike one). 3/c year he was a name and a # in a program to most of his company mates until 2nd sem, when he began frequenting M and L's room for late night bull sessions. Spring break found Bart and Z in S. Padre Is.(Tekillya,strike two). 2/c summer B and "el cuerpo" found themselves hitching on the backroads of Fla. 2/c year:the creation of the ideal mid room (F.B.-LAX room) BL and MD soon became known as the Mr. and Mrs. because of their bickering over hometowns, neatness, Broncos-Giants, who's going to wax and who's inspecting? Bart spent most of spring restricted for jumping a locked gate 1, while UA. (Tekillya strike 3, you're out) After a memorable ring dance B was hung out to dry by his H.S. sweetheart. 1/c summer:the free pilot wanna-be got invloved w/someone elses Hooter's girl. 1/c year: 4th varsity letter (we didn't know beer was a source for extra carbos before games). Good luck in aviation or SWO? Don't forget: EE311 (both times), LTM, your 1 Int. (2 more yds. for 6 pts.), and SBXXI&XXV (Giants). PCN MGD CAP

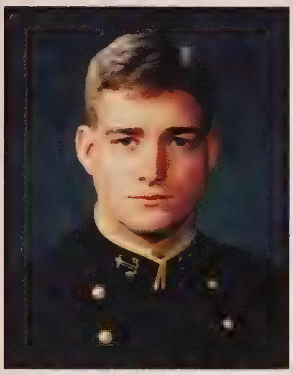


Joseph John McInerney
Setauket, New York
Surface Warfare

Joe's Machinery's decision to come to USNA was, in his words,"an afterthought." He drove down from Long Island and settled into to plebe year in 18th Co. He survived plebe year relatively unscathed until a drinking offense had him spending Commissioning Week in Smoke Hall. Youngster year, Joey found out that Catholic girls start much too late and that you can get a free lunch. By the end of the year, Joe realized that he missed Smoke Hall and another bout with the bottle (and Officer Nuckles, Annapolis P.D.) got him his first 6000 and a year as a plebe. Judging from his subdued demeanor one would never guess that Joe is #1 in the class (in demerits and days restriction that is). 2/C year was relatively smooth conduct wise as Joe spent every waking liberty moment with the fair lass, Ellen. She went to off to Ireland and Joe followed on Spring Break. 1/C summer Joe attended mini-swos and worked on his expanding wasteline. Never satisfied, he got a star for his N sweater in the process. With eight of his nine lives gone he is lucky that graduation is only 4 months away. Unfortunately, friendship doesn't factor into OOM, for Joe is one of the most loyal and steadfast friends ever known and for that he is truly #1. PJZ,GDG.

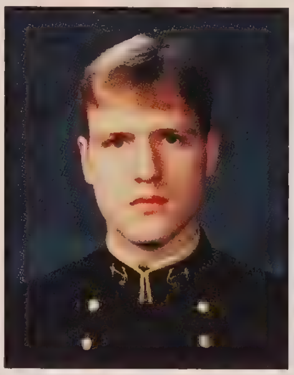
Jeffery Ray Mitchell
Wichita, Kansas
Nuclear Power-Subamrines

Big Mitch, mesomorph, journyed to the banks of the Severn from America's heartland in Wichita, Kansas, a legacy of wine, women, and song already established. He attacked plebe year with tenacity and almost managed to con '88-'89. After a wrestling stint, Mitch realized his true calling, as the local sales rep for Bud. Overindulgence bought him a few tours but he managed to hang onto Co. Cdr. Younster year, D.C. was the place to be. As the Conquests mounted, he found a new way to catch a train at Army/Navy. Phil and Judy's harbored the gang and Mitch learned about knives and why not to cross the streams. For two camels and a tent, Mitch almost got a harem. From what he remembers, spring break in Germany with Scott was pretty good, but a little expensive (champagne at $150 a pop). 2/C summer found Mitch in trouble but ADM Crowe made everything O.K. As the plebe's pal, Mitch tore up 2/C year. Germany again for S.B. and Poland learned to repect Mitch's arm-wrestling abilities (How tall is the Frauenkirche??). Mitch learned what it really means to share at Ring Dance. 1/C summer, he loved Bulldog and the Aubrie Fitch (wherever it was). Brandy didn't do much for his bladder control, but he eventually triumphed with the Amex bill to prove his fun. Have fun whaling at 20,000 leagues, best wishes and take care. JCJ MTP SSC HPE



Robert Willis Mook III
Warren, Ohio
Surface Warfare

The Champion native,came to Navy via MMA via NW Prep. The Fun One alumnus started his miracle 3-day,20 lbs. weight loss program during Plebe year while playing OT for 150# FB. He managed to stay out of trouble for the first 9 mos. at Navy, but after Herndon he began a fruitless battle w/the Admin-Conduct System. Youngster summer he went to the exotic port of Norfolk, and a "Foggy" experience was the reason why he only saw the inside of his eyelids during his cruise. Carrying bad habits over to 33, he slept most of the time and when he was awake he decided to compete w/Joe Mac for the most demerits. The was no winner in this contest since the D^4 factor caused this happy union to be split. 2/C summer he found his calling in life: sleeping all day,staying awake all night. His rep changed from restriction-hound to the stud who could get any girl to kiss him by Taps. 1/C Summer gave him little food and much less sleep at the Golf Resort at Camp Q. Cherry Point fun undid 6 wks. of weight loss,and 1/C year Rob was cutting weight again. He lettered in Navy's "real FB team," and the future aviator will succeed in the Yarch Corps as long as he stays awake long enough to land. I like your GTZ,but the BMW is still my favorite.CAP



Paul Christopher Nylund
Vancouver, Washington
Naval Flight Officer

The naive Yakima honor student from Washington, the one on the west coast. After being dubbed CHUCK by his plebe year roommates he was quickly renamed STEIN for obvious reasons. After living across the hall from the NYers he quickly realized there were other interests besides academics. Paul began to see the light after frequent sunset talks on the ledge of 8-4. When 2/c year rolled around, 2 beer Nylund learned how to tailgate w/ the lax team by drinking the D's beer and telling them things they didn't want to know about MD and his g-friend. Then came the summer of summers, where our young buck spent more time with the chaplains asst. than w/ his plebes. He decided to relocate his residence to Church Circle, where he became a permanent fixture at H. Browns Bar. After the first 3 day W.E. in the winter, "Where did you get that tan Paul?" Paul temporarily slipped off the leash but was harnessed again over X-mas. Paul will make a great NFO as long as he's not in Mike's plane. Good luck and don't forget: the D.C. drive from hell ("Where's the zoo?"), the horny zebra, to leave the change on the bar. CAP MGD BBL

Mark Harold Oesterreich
South Holland, Illinois
Nuclear Power-Submarines

What one finds in Mark is a real all-American boy who enjoys nothing less than a Bear's game on T.V., nacho chips in one hand and a beer in the other. What should one expect out of a WASP from Chicago. Life along Lake Michigan was pretty dull (expect for suicidal sled runs on the dunes) so he headed for the open ocean via Annapolis. He entered 19th company and had the last real plebe year. 3/c year he moved over to 8-4 resuming his midwestern lifestyle, as well as holding grades at 3.4 or above, despite his being a NARC (me an underachiever). He also found his first and last love interest in Annapolis (want to get something to eat at the mall?). 2/c year he pledged himself to give '93 heaven. Mark literally skated through 1/c year, or at least 2nd semester, his motto being "warum soll ich Sorgen machen." He also discovered country music ("my bucket's got a hole in it"). A well deserved member of the reactor corps, Mark will continue to be an overachiever (remember frying your roommate still didn't get you those stripes) and will have a long fruitful career as a Naval Officer. jss

Mark Thomas Palmer
Danville, California
Marine Corps Pilot

Stoner came from San Fran leaving not only his heart but his morals as well. As a plebe he weighed in at a massive 135 lbs. dripping wet. A notorious sweat, Stoner excelled at his favorite activity and learned to dance the jig. After a stint on a sub, Stone man returned with a love for water balloons (McCarthy beware) and the Marine Corps. It was during this time that Palms found two new loves, Bud and self-inflicted wounds. AFFTR! He found that spit was useful for more than shining shoes. Second class year found him eating rodents, learning new Richard tricks, and giving life a few new twists. Budweiser and Schafers don't mix, the former being both a beverage and a weapon. Ring dance added new excitement with the Dants daughter and someone bearing a striking resemblance to W. C. Fields. With Sixth Batt at his mercy, Stoner enacted such well-received policies as marching to meal and fat boards. Stoner ran into some indoc problems but retained his halo thanks to some smooth talking. Stoner finally found hope at the Army/Navy game. Desert Storm was celebrated with free beer(yeah Navy Air '93) and more war wounds. Until his death we wish him the best in everything he does. HPE JCJ JRM

Carlos Alexander Patino
Woodside, New York
Surface Warfare

Carlos came to us from Queens via NAPS. Los tried to use his street skills to launch a very short lived boxing career that ended with a broken nose. Youngster year started in 33rd w/a lax roomate from Long Island. The "hey, you guys slept through formation again" room dealt out daily abuse to those unfortunate enough not to be from God's Country. The 2/c summer road trip to New Orleans made Los feel right at home, his car was vandalized. 2/C year, Los, now rooming with Paul, began his long, fruitless quest for the Dark Side. One night while drinking "Tekillya" at the Green Turtle, he wandered off and mistook Fells Point for Brooklyn. "Dad, I'm cold, I'm hungry, and I have no money. Come pick me up." Fortunately for Los, Mr. P did not find him that morning. The Marine wannabe went down to Quantico, overheated, rode the silver bullet, and is now about to join the "Revolution at Sea", God help us. 1/C year, Los expanded his quest for companionship outside of the Academy walls all the way to Sweden, with a brief port call on Taylor Avenue. "Roomy, pull the K-bar out of my back." Good luck at SWOS, the surface Navy will never be the same. Don't ever forget: The late night talks with B, M & P, ditch-digging at the fateful Lax tailgate with past and future Marines (Mr. D. and Goody), babysitting M&B on their Bday, & jumping the wall. BBL,MGD,PCN

Daniel Gordon Robertson
Fullerton, California
Nuclear Power-Submarines

From somewhere in the land of fruits and nuts came the man they call the Gunny. Earned for his stellar performance in Quantico one infamous summer, the dubious title has stuck with Dan over the years. This wasn't the only recognition he won that summer, but I needn't elaborate. The next time Dan hits Myrtle Beach, someone needs to call 911 ahead of time to keep him from evading the ambulances again. Dan managed to get one called for his mortally injured roomate, who then figured that it wasn't such a good idea. Best driving since last year's Indy. Then there was Huntington and more driving showmanship—color me really, really impressed. Wildman that he is, Dan never slowed down for anything, not even the Rocket or a brand-new Tempo parked at a red light. A smart MechE that "rode" through thermo classes with near-indifference, Dan kept on top of it all and now heads for the Silent Service. (Hope you enjoy your first time on one, Dan.) Next time I turn 21, I'll be sure to have you along again—many thanks. And the next time you need to get from Baltimore to USNA in 13 minutes, call me. Through it all, you've been a best friend that I will miss—unless we wind up on the same sub someday. Good luck—you'll go far. And don't call me dude! JMK

Jeffrey Martin Roth
Missoula, Montana
Navy Pilot

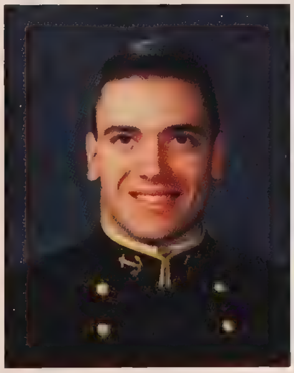
Jeffrey Roth, Froth, Sweat, Frothian Warrior, the frontiersman and master of the Big Sky. Jeff's biggest problem was adapting to running water and electricity. He was so intrigued with the latter that he chose it as his major,.. for about 3 weeks, after which he decided it was better left a mystery. He quickly moved on to Single E, living the economic models which he studied and taking it upon himself to counter balance the spending generosity of his roommate. He successfully drove off one roommate but couldn't rid himself of the next two. Jeff always had someone to be with at night; he slept with his pigskin and talked to himself. We think he even spoke to a horse one night. Froth's Ring Dance date was also a big sleeper and MC Hammer fan (U Can't Touch This!!) He also did a pretty good imitation of sleeping when sharing a hotel room, now he knows if his naval career ends early he can join the CIA. The Girly-Footed Wonder danced his way to 150's fame, making All-East and lettering his last season. Good old Lightening (Weight) was at his most eloquent when inebriated, usually 1 or 2 beers: "I don't know, Bruggs, ...where's that trash can", "I'm tanked, she's tanked,...there's gonna be trouble later." Good Luck in P-Cola. Fighter Puke. Hey guys- I've got a great idea. Let's go out and... PALS

Roger Anthony Sanchez
Bowling Green, Ohio
Special Warfare

Ton Loc, Sanchez, Snatchez, Mexican Greaser, Navajo! This Polish-Filipino aquaman from Bowling Green excelled, naturally, at H2O POLO, after almost getting cut plebe year, he rose to King of the Pool as Captain, leading the team to 7th in the nation. The team had two tables; one for them and one for him and he still ate us out of house and home. Burritos (Was that the Burrito Bunny?...Waft, Waft, CounterWaft.) and Bananas were the staple of his midnight snacks, the latter contributing to his MonChiChi looks and bulbous head. It must be a rule that all girls love MonChiChis as they all loved Ton, however it also says that they are named after guys or religious idols. Ton's second class year was ruined by the discovery of Mick Jagger's homosexuality. Taco's first class year included commanding the Lame battalion, and realizing that the Greaseman knew his latest flame, much to his dismay. Ton's thirst required only wine coolers. Why not some White Label, Sanchez? Non Rompio Mi Culiones!! Hey Bo! When should we start our systems project?! We wish you a wonderful Hell Week; hope there's lot's of bananas on your 6 month vacation at Club Buds, Coronado. Hey Ton, We've got a great idea. Let's go out and,...I can't, I've got a fluids test, but I'll shower with you later. PALS

Robert Andrew Sandri
Crystal Falls, Michigan
Marine Corps

The Sandman, oh, how might one begin to explain how that nickname was earned? Well, Rob descended upon USNA directly from that little prep school near the Rio Grande where little grunt wannabes are brainwashed. A man who received his initiation at the hands of the venerable (God Bless the U.S.A.) Tucker, Rob was well prepared for the challenge of youngster year. Where is that macaroni salad, anyway? Alas, he was shadowed by that little firebrand from Chicago who decided to take up residence in College Park. Everyone has seen the Girls of the A.C.C. So between bouts with Thermo profs and computer games, all one knew of Rob for a short while were certain command functions and long, long, long dissertations on the meaning of life. But as we came to know each other, the brigade also found a highly capable leader in their Honor Chairman. Rob never sacrificed his ideals, especially for academia, and the marks of his labor will remain with the brigade for years to come. The USMC, if not AT&T, has acquired a true friend. We'll miss you.—Boats, Pedro, Scotty, and Oester. P.S. They say submarines will be obsolete with the advent of the shoulder-launched Tomahawk.



David Robert Scheu
Honolulu, Hawaii
Navy Pilot

Dave, an econ major from sunny Cali, felt it was his duty to single-handedly support the American economy through the mail-order industry. A self-proclaimed eccentric, Dave had an unparalleled eye for a bargain. After spending a small fortune on a classic car, he decided the best way to save money was to buy a new superbike complete with helmet, leather jacket, gloves, boots, saddlebags, sidecar, ... Thereby saving money on gas. At heart he was a true professional, from hazing the billy-goat to his skillful manipulation of the 33rd Company wardroom, whose debt now approaches that of several third world nations (p.s. Wardroom dues are due tomorrow, again.) Dave had a penchant for expensive liqueurs, fine cigars, imported beers, Rams Head chili, massage videos, and showering in SDB's. 'Hey Dave, where did your Dad graduate from?' Guess what Dave, we found an ad for a barn in the paper, they're selling it really cheap. I'm sure if we ask for more money from the underclass we can swing it. Good luck in P-cola, and don't forget to have the Beermeister tapped. Hey guys, I've got a great idea. Let's go out and.... PALS

Robert Scott Steiner
Wooster, Ohio
Navy Pilot

BO KNOWS: shoes, driving in Phili (Bo, that's a Oneway street!—sol'n: accel to 95 between 2 rows of parked cars), Studying for EE (Han Solo, sink fires, book fires—Hey, Bruggs and Jeff I think your door's on fire), Banana slicin', Hoopin' and Swoopin', Girls??, I Don't care whose Frat this is!! You're still a Homo!!, Nose Nugget Flingin', Methane Producin', Couch Burnin', Sup's Star wearin', Big Tongue Lookin', Loud Talkin', EZ E-in', Hick Music Hatin' Dude...Man, He knows everything, So don't even Ask homeboy!! Wooster, where's Wooster? He don't know! Bo fought it out on the 150's field and in the sauna for 2 years, now he fights wherever he wants. The "tri-lingual" big man, Sephus, never ceased to amaze us; more shoes than Imelda, more beer than Budweiser, Mr. Hyde with us and Dr. Jekyll with the women, a profound affinity for destruction both home and abroad, youngster knife throwing, and his proudest achievement was winning the Dirty Steve Award at our spring expedition. Bo did have a way with women, they even swooned when he didn't want them to, like in front of Super Ed Dant. "Really sir, she hasn't been drinking!!" Good luck in P-Cola. Hey guys, I got a great idea. Let's go out and... PALS

Jeffery Scott Sychterz
Silverdale, Washington
Naval Flight Officer

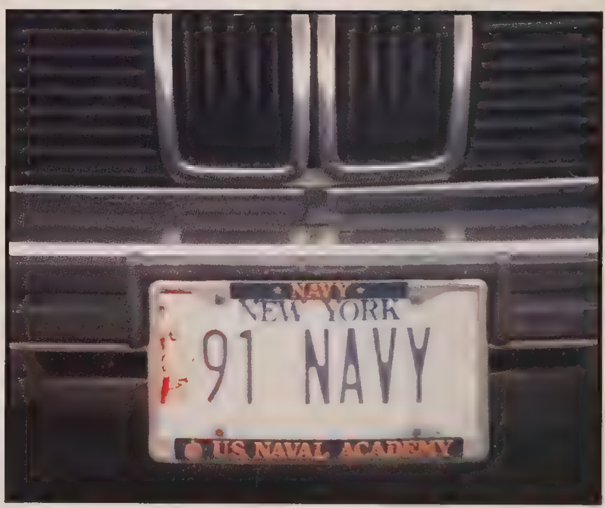
Jeff claims to be from Washington (land of tree-huggers), but in reality hails from all over the country - Idaho, Pennsylvania, Virginia, ad nauseum - courtesy of the Navy. Jeff's own Navy career began in the 22nd Company and he quickly became familiar with the ways and means of Bob Hagan. After a very shaky start in grades and performance, he pulled himself together and hit 33rd running. Of course its easier for an English Major to do that than an Engineer. Jeff Knows and introduced many of us to the Paul Morisette of pie fame (Vietnam War Hero of the class of '84). Once loan time came, he purchased a new Honda Freedom-mobile which soon found him driving all over the country visiting friends of his pre-Navy days. Sometimes he would even drive into states for no reason - or at least until he figured out exactly where he was. First Semester, 1/C year Jeff rediscovered a friend of the female persuasion from high school and quickly became a secret agent on the weekends. Jeff aspires to NFO on P-3's. Alles Gute fur die Zukunft! MHO,RAS,JDG,MJC

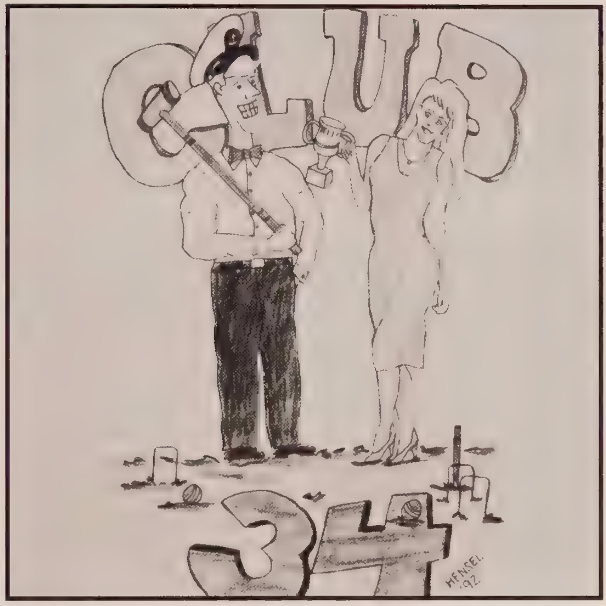
Bonifacio Vinfrido
El Centro, California
Marine Corps

Bonifacio (Boni,Bones,Vini) came from the desert of El Centro, CA, to the lush eastern shores of Annapolis, Md. He moved to 8-4 youngster year from the stand-in-line company on 6-3. Third class year began with the infamous John K. tie-down incident and went down hill from there. Bones lived youngster year with Cullen M. and they both tried to prove the theory of 2.0 and go, and they almost went if it were not for the generousness of the axe board and time spent during the summer at summer school vice home. Bones ended his 13 month dry spell at Pensacola during 2/c summer with Dan R. but did not get to enjoy Dan's drinking battle at Autec. Second class year proved a turn-around for Bones as he raised his rank into three digits. Archimedes Principle was put to the test, as long hours were spent learning the concepts of floating and the art of not drowning in the pools of MacDonough. 1/c Summer saw Boni spending his 21st at Bulldog and after that 10 MRE filled days in the desert of California, he still sees grunt life in his future, some people never learn. 1/c year was spent paying for the 240sx, while occasionally driving it. Bones spent his life spending long hours up at night both before class and at the car dealership (yeah 240) and breaking all the rules (NOT!). Boni will no doubt make a fine Marine Corp officer. Keep on Grunting. D.D.Y.

Dennis Don Ylagan
Alexandria, Virginia
Naval Flight Officer

Dennis (D., Den, or Don) has attended this institution for 4 years not as full-time student, but as part-time commuter. It hardly seems like he is around. You can always find D. at home in Alexandria or in Baltimore. During his stay here, this Napster has spent and strengthened his relationship with his longtime sweetheart - Heidi. He came as a plebe from the 14th Co. along with Paul and John. We struggled through Chi's computer class and restriction for the sub brief. D. is a hardcore airborne ranger, bulldogger, weightlifter, and breakdancer (even though he is too modest to show everyone). D. is not only famous for his never-ending eating habits and his supply of food, but also the huge boom box, portable phone, and his Simpson dolls with their wandering hands. Always remember the great times we had on your 21st b-day, driving fast, the youngster Army-Navy game, Atlantic City, and tying John K. up. You will do well in life because you strive hard D. D. Ylagan (I don't think anyone pronounces it right the first time). Good luck in the future. BC





Garry James Baker
Huntsville, Texas
Navy Pilot

The ultimate Texan, Bakes came to USNA complete with cowboy hat and spurs. The culture shock of plebe year knocked the hat off, but his accent and country music remained legendary. Bakes has the distinction of being the only person we know to marry a girl he picked up in Burger King. Connie was as much a part of his life (or more) at USNA as academics were (and it showed). However, he still managed to get a scarce and coveted pilot billet, and he and his number one stewardess plan to live the good life in P-cola for a while before getting as much per diem as possible while occassionally looking for subs. Even though he managed to be the only unsat firstie in the Club, liberty has never been a problem for James. There always seemed to be a beautiful girl with the right sized trunk waiting for him. Nor can we forget youngster year's illicit poker games or extended rack periods. (Lecture, what lecture?) Regardless, when it came to doing his job, there was no one more professional or reliable than James. A good friend who will certainly be a great pilot, Bakes has only a successful career and a wonderful wife (and kids?) to look forward to. DAB & RFS

Christopher Charles Barnett
Rochester, Michigan
Navy Pilot

Chris came to Navy from the decadent streets of Detroit, where the weak are killed and eaten. A closet genius, Chris disguises his intellect behind his barely understood gutter English. For some reason, none of us were surprised when we found out he had a steel plate in his head. His teflon coating somehow managed to deflect almost everything that came his way: Hotel lightsabers with B.C. & M.C., dropping racks on the DEP, The Seven(hope that doesn't Leake out), the boat show, Motley Crue, Yard Parking, Keatings pub-8th wing deli, Sub brief, bajaing to the bank, "She walked into it", Shot at the title, howling at the moon, "Why don't you make my life easier and jump" "Its a Robin Hood thing" Barnes lost his senses to Dream On. Heres to the parties in VA, the Dome "Don't let Javi drive!" Bert's pounding. Have fun flying high dork.—Chris you and I have been through alot since that fateful day when we knocked on Sensei's door. Searching for the way has made us brothers as the dragons can attest. I wish you control of the skies and luck. Remember the wisdom of the "Spirit of Aikido." I hope someday you find balance and can live life as a Samurai.JEK-EVP,LL,DG,OD,RG,KH

Daniel Alan Berenbaum
New York, New York
Nuclear Power-Surface

A New Yorker with an attitude, Dan made a name for himself by making plebes cry even when he wasn't trying. A charter member of the Over 21 Club, Dan was kicked out second class year for over-achievement. Although Dan got along with most everyone youngster year, even those with normal noses, he and Gretta had a short, rough relationship ending in an explosive argument on route 50. He finally found true happiness during second class year. Dan turned four years by the Severn into two by spending twelve hours a day in the rack. Dan had a rough academic career as a History Honors major. Sometimes he would even stay up studying until nine o'clock at night. Second class year he discovered Tetris and was only able to get to bed by ten. Time ran slow for Dan. So slow in fact that he knew more greatest hits from the sixties than the eighties, and barely got up in time for fourth period firstie year. We thought we were getting one roommate when Dan moved in with us, but also got his Dark Side accomplice in the deal. Always a bastion of professionalism, he moved in just in time to prepare us for the transition to the fleet. Dan has been a good friend and a ready source of advice. (Even if you really didn't want it!) Don't spend all of your Nuke bonus on half a sofa. Hey Yankee, have fun in Mayport on America's Battle Cruiser. GO SWO! GJB & RFS

Notre Dame
51
NAVY

Michael Bartow Boyd
New York, New York
Surface Warfare

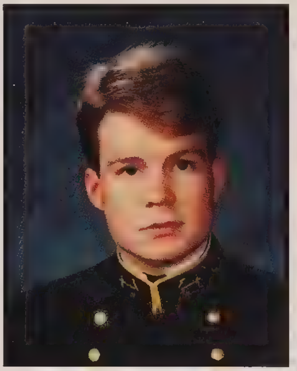
Mike Boyd came to USNA via New York City, Rumson, New Jersey and NAPS. Mike, a Bart Simpson wanna be, definitely has a Big Apple streak in him that can clearly be observed when he drives. At Navy Mike could usually be found camped out in the wardroom snacking on Nutter-butters and talking about how great his last weekend had been or telling a rude and not-so-funny joke that he had borrowed from an old movie. And, of course, when he was out in downtown Annapolis, you could always see Mike trying to pick-up some local female; usually with mixed results. On the track, Mike was a great competitor and it was one of the few things that he took seriously. He blazed his way to glory in the hurdles and had a knack for doing well in the clutch. What was Mike's greatest experience with track and field ? It was undoubtedly his role-model/hero Coach Cantello. Good luck Mike. Big Al, Bro. Bruce and $$$.

Eric Crawford Cash
Stonybrook, New York
Surface warfare

Eric Crawford Cash, flattop and all, rolled into USNA after questioning his way through a year of NAPS. Eric always had a better way to do things; but, he soon learned that nobody (especially upperclassmen) cared. $$$ had a rough start, but his ablitity to quickly adjust helped him to survive plebe year (even without his flattop!). $$$ had better summers than most of us could dream about. Whether it was rolling to go clubing with his fresh suit/bolo tie or going out with the boys, Money was the man for all occasions. $$$ really lived the Navy Adventure. He was a man of many names- Cosby Kid, Money Man, Cashflow, Dollars, and the Flash are his favorites. Speaking of the Flash, Eric graced Navy track with his speed for four years. Too bad that he had groin/hamstring pulls and TOTAL INFLEXIBILITY. It seems funny that $$$ is going SWO. Even on selection night, people thought he was going Corps. $$$ will be the man in S.D. Watch out Cali, here comes the Flow. Bro Bruce & Big Al.

Brennan Charles Copp
Syracuse, New York
Special Warfare

BC arrived in the Club as an already much distinguished midshipman. After only 1 year at USNA, BC posted Sup' stars numbers in academics and PE, but was still unable to take weekends until second semester of his youngster year due to his appreciation of the admin conduct system. Nevertheless, BC weathered the countless restriction musters, being careful to only take liberty on weekdays so as not to miss a surprise muster. During Spring Break youngster year he redefined the word drunken stupor. Now you spend your days as a striper (how did that happen?). A few of BC's other stops included: A light saber battle in an elevator (we know which side won!), alcohol team tables, the Seven (hope that doesn't Leake out!), mopeding through a hurricane in Nassau, Jimmy's 8-3 Xmas parties, public irrigation, police brutality and dirtied underwear—followed by waking up early to put on your makeup, JD, serving the Sup at Maggies, and a trip to Army in a Winnebago—"Give me Working Winter Blues or Give me Death!!!" You've worked hard and earned your shot at the teams. Later Dude, CB, RG, JK, and of course Matt



Suzanne Carmen Defeo
Mt. Vernon, New York
Supply Corps

What's past is past. Never go backwards. Never say never. Here's the deal, you get half. It all started March 5, 1990 (that fateful night- almost a century ago!). Little did we know the ties which would form. Suzanne, you are one of a kind. The originator of such statements as "you could die from that" and "did you eat my calzone?" She was branded FUNK. Her expertise ranged from relationships with cars (is that the radiator?) to dogs (she is the only girl that can eat a whole meal in one mouthful.) The World's Greatest cynical romantic (just the way we like her). Just another Italian with which to argue (we just press the OK button). Crew? Her poor voice—all that yelling. There were many good times to follow: Va Beach, NY (I hate that place!), RI, TB, Champs, Green Turtle (you can thank my finger later). Was that the OOW? Suzanne is a person that is always willing to help (can I borrow $50, can I have that?) Gee, she's great! (with chalk?) PEACE. We love you, CJ&TH.

Robert Maurice Gaucher
Pittsfield, Massachusetts
Nuclear Power-Submarines

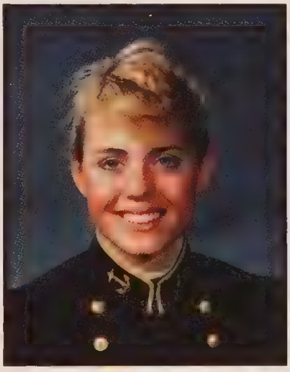
Gooch, Pooch, Goocher. Rob, from Pittsfield, Mass., the land of the famous power lines, parties in SDBs, and everything cool in the world, came to USNA hoping to play football and to become an engineer. At least he roomed with football players (among numerous others)! He was an engineer though, finishing his major early and tackling the best hook classes he could find his firstie year. Rob decided to satisfy his gridiron urge by playing rugby and fieldball (back to back brigades), and was a legend in his own mind. He was always the one to point out the proper observance of colors ("Heeeeeeey, colors!") and a master at the acquisition of musical equipment ("Anybody got a box?"). Remember the Rose Bowl, drinking in the woods (and lettering for it), Siena (unlucky), Towson St., "What's your sign?", "Attitude check!", "nice onion", "schlaaaaaaybay!", winnebago madness, Gilligan's Island in O.C., singing in Philly, Particle Man and Istanbul (you dancer you!), the Seven (hope that doesn't Leake out!), 3 A's and 2 M's, "when in Rome do as the Romans do", and TANGO (you finally got command). aroooga, arooga, dive,dive. KPH,DRT,JBN,SMJ and the CLUB

Margaret Ann Gibson
Rock Hill, South Carolina
General Unrestricted Line

From the red neck land of Rock Hill, South Carolina Margaret was separated from her Siamese twin sister who evidently got the brains because she has been partying for the last 4 years. Margaret however, answering her professional calling, did have Dennis and the library to occupy her time. SD was quite the tutor, "Don't forget everything I taught you!" Starting out in Unlucky 13 with Captain Red and a roomful of happiness, Margaret soon moved on to duty in the Club, eventually taking over as company commander (and making the tough call on the Sub Brief) In her spare time, Margaret led the fledgling Navy Women's Soccer team to new heights including a 10-2 senior season. During the winter months she ruled the Women's Track team with an iron fist, doing such a fine job that she earned a personalized letter sweater. When the big question was finally popped in Newport, Margaret excitedly sped back to USNA, screeching to a halt in the Bronx with a "flat tire."—Dennis had to come pick her up, too bad. Good luck pushing 2/c into the Philly Smoke Chamber, and don't singe your eyebrows off. Best of luck to you and Dennis, you've always been a great GURL. May co-location treat you well. SD, KH, RG, SJ, DG, DT, AH

David Kevork Guluzian
San Marino, California
Nuclear Power-Surface

Dave came to the Naval Academy via the Armenian terrorist training camps in the inner city of LA. After a brief stop at NMMI, Dave was on his way to Canoe U. After a happy plebe year in Fourth Company with Larry K, Bryant C, BC, and most of the Psych 7, he came to the Club scaring away most potential roommates with the threats of late night headbanging. His colorful verbage, razor wit, and unique way of expressing his opinions definitely proved the mind altering capabilities of heavy metal. Although Dave appeared to be your typical mild mannered Armenian young man, we all know that it is actions and not appearances that make the man: the only one of the Seven to giggle (hope that doesn't Leake out!), racing stripes on the barge, boat show warrior ("Chris, if you leave me I might swim out to sea and not know it!"), "I only drink SoCo," airjam with three instruments at once, "Oh, You're sooo pretty!", "I'll Nikyo you!", "Oh Dave, Use your nose!", "Why don't you just shut up?", "Just drop!", "A, B, C-ya!", and a member of the Collegiate National Runner-up Croquet Team. Always the eternal pessimist, Dave was always there with a word of encouragement—"Yeah, you're right, it's probably terminal." Peace Sells, but Who's Buying? LL, KH, RG, CB, JK, JN and the CLUB



Angela Kay Hart
Davis Island, Florida
Navy Pilot

Angela came to us from Davis Island. A Florida girl born and bred, her blue eyes and blonde hair could knock you dead. She came to a school she knew nothing about except the name. She came to dive but the indoor pool and lacking Florida sun just weren't the same, so she joined the Gymnastics team. So much for being recruited. We lived together in Hotel 14.. Each time we went out, well, let's say we had fun. Army '87, and we left something in the bushes. How did we get a weekend that year? I bet she doesn't remember the drive in the snow, all the good songs, and the rest stop. Whenever it gets cold she looks for someSoCo and thinks sunny thoughts of Hawaii, Maui, and Freeport to warm her up. She deserves the respect of any old Midn. She hates rooms with long tables and tape recorders, even if they are off. But once she leaves that room it's all dancing and daiquiris for her. However, she's more finicky than Morris is about cat food. She can't decide who it will be or when it will be, but she does know metal bleachers are real comfortable for napping. She's had an encounter or two with a Cop. She's the only girl who can spend four weeks on a sailboat and only know where the best spot to layout on the boat is. She's walked through Honolulu at night and lived to tell about it, let alone the bus ride back and the Domino's man. Her Mom and Dad are proud. LYLAS, CYN

Kelly Perrill Houlgate
Fort Walton Beach, Florida
Marine Corps

Kelly found Navy at the end of the same road many other members of his family traveled. However, a year-long welcoming party in Form-2 soon taught him that life was not always fair or easy. By the time he joined the rest of us in the club, he was more uptight than Cameron Frye. Fortunately, we saved him and brought him back to the real world. By the end of Youngster year, Kelly was beginning to realize that there was more to life than Navy and Georgetown basketball. Second class year found Kelly relocating to sunny Florida and crashing his car not once, but twice(next time take it out of gear before you start it!). The spring was a busy time preparing for Bulldog and the transition to the "totally and inescapably responsible" world of a firstie. Kelly pleasantly shocked us all by not only "gaffing off taps, but he even spoke to a woman. To follow his command of the smoke hall company first semester, Kelly realized his ultimate goal and became company commander second semester. In our time together, Kelly has become a second brother to me. You stuck with me when times were tough and gave me the will to fight more when I wanted to quit. You are very much like your CD collection-huge(not!), weird, complete, and unselfish when it comes to being shared. You're the best friend I have, I'll never forget what you've done. I Wish the best for you. SMJ

Stephen Mark Jennings
Meymouth, Massachusettes
Surface Warfare

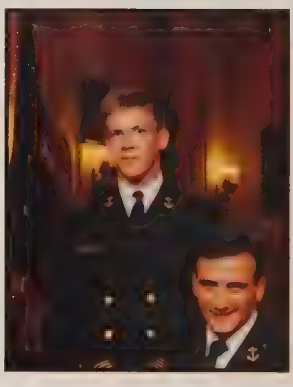
#19 in your programs and #1 in your hearts, Steve Jennings was a man not of brains and thought, but of heart. Tons of it. Anyone who suffered with him through his academic troubles and many injuries knew that. Steve-O, the tanker/pilot/supply corps(?)/SWOdad was set on one thing, though— Lord Admiral Nelson. From the first encounter (with a high and tight!) they were made for each other, and though proud Steve wouldn't say the L word at first, it was soon a common part of his vocabulary. Weekends (when he had them) were his only escapes from the terrors of physics and EE (the trifecta for each of those) and his knee/shoulder/torsion problems. Achieving high "honor" at USNA, Steve came a long way from stealth plebe with the Shupster. Don't forget sax solos, NYC with the Nazis, Canada(twice), little red riding HOOD, cribbage, the keyboard, color commentary (on the radio and in the bathroom), Bruins-Caps, Lakers-Celts, ND-USC, DDS, PDB, LL Bean wardrobe, the poodle suit, whiteworks, Nationals, and "hey guys, have you seen this lately", and the honor dining-in. You are a GREAT friend and I wish the very best for the two of you. KPH

Jason Emmannuel Kutsurelis
Nampa, Idaho
Surface Warfare

From the land of Famous Potatoes, Kooter came to us after a year at NAPS where he was prepared for his distinguished academic career as an engineer. He spent his plebe year enjoying the scenery of Goat court with baby dant. In the club, he found himself leading us to the cry of "youngsters in the wardroom" and trying to explain his roomates artistic talents. Academics were not fun (.37), but just about everything else was — the mom in Panama City, Brown Sugar in Baltimore — FMP, DC to Annapolis in 20 min., the Seven (hope that does not Leake out!), hitting the rim in Pitt, Keating's Pub, the waterfall, four semesters in a row unsat, "Chris, I need a favor", three strikes (Black Velvet, Garretts, and a hung over race to the ac bd.) and you're out of there, three letters, a sob story, and gallons of alcohol later we got you back in, 600 dollars at Pete's and a trashcan for a pillow, "I want to hear you scream like your father's..."— Despite his reputation, Jason was the pillar of morality in the Frat House. An ardent follower of the Way until Firstie year when age finally took its toll, my parents favorite son, basically my conscience, keeping me out of trouble while I kept you in it, teaching me how not to be a dirtbag to women. Aikido sure beats studying. You'll never be alone while the dragon is there.—Barnes-EP,LL,DG,KH,RG

Lawrence Frederick Legree
Big Rapids, Michigan
Nuclear Power-Surface

Lawrence Frederick LeGree came to USNA as an innocent young country boy from the deep backwoods of Michigan. "Where in Michigan?" "Big Rapids," he would reply, holding up his hand to represent the "glove" and pointing to the knuckle of his middle finger. Nothing like its name might suggest, Larry's hometown did nothing to prepare him for east coast cities. He spent Plebe Year in a state of shock over paved roads, electricity, and running water (no more outhouse trips). Although he soon grew accustomed to this new way of life, he could never free himself of the burning desire to wear dirty ripped jeans and flannel shirts. Under the direction of F.F., Larry became the model Mid. and was placed on display next to Main Office destined to become B.C. Once he joined the Club, his roommate, leading by example, rapidly destroyed all his potential (esp. by killing brain cells with loud unintelligible music). Consistent with his personality, Larry limited himself to three foods - pizza, hamburgers, and Corn Flakes (choosing death before eating anything else - save rabbit eyes). A boatshow warrior, member of the seven (hope that doesn't Leake out), pool god, King of the Love Boat, "nice refrig", Motley recon, blitz at Metallica, gun breaker, Master Whip - "Shut up bout my girlfriend or die", and Honor N. (we like you regardless). - D.G.,C.B.,J.K.



Walker Alexander Matthews III
Chandler, Arizona
Nuclear Power-Submarines

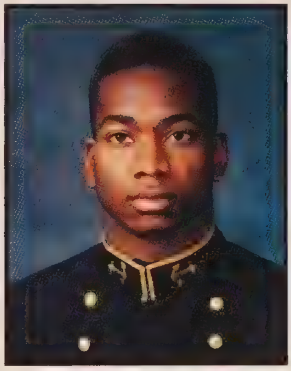
In the summer of 87 Alexander stepped on a plane from Arizona to meet his destiny. When I first saw him, I knew he was special, and when I heard him speak of getting a set of golf clubs sometime in the middle of Plebe Summer, I knew why..This kid didn't have a Clue. Big Al sailed into Club USNA carrying a tennis racket and smile, and soon traded them in for a piece and a hard plebe year. Maybe that's why he was on 6-0 most of the year instead of in his room on 5-1. UNLUCKY! At the end of that bad year, destiny returned as Big Al crossed my path again when he became the roommate of my man $$$. Money talks..Little did I know plebe year that the man who looked through me like was invisible when I greeted him, would be my roommate the next year. 2+2=4 Right.— Al always did have a way with blowing people off. Nonetheless, it didn't hamper him from becoming a brand name like Big Al, Al B., Cool Al, Walker, SkyWalker, and Toast to name a few..And speaking of the few lets not forget about the women in his life. But thinking back to his Ring Dance date, maybe we should. Hey, youngest child..don't forget the J factor and summers at Jason's when you write your book. Peace! Bro Bruce & $$$

Jonathan Bennett Nolan
Liverpool, New York
Navy Pilot

Jon Nolan arrived at USNA from Syracuse well fed and bursting with knowledge (unfortunately, none of it professional). He spent his plebe year on the crew team, basketball team, and around the hall dressed like an upperclass greeting his classmates from the other regiment. He got his orders for the Club and arrived three months later in a (HUGE) U-Haul. As I helped him unload his argyle socks, ointments, creams, powders, and his CD collection (all circa 1975), I knew I was in for a real treat. I spent the next three years showing Jon how unimportant academics really are: racing to finish the NS final; who could study the least and still pass EE. Jon spent many nights awake though, finishing aero labs, and writing his girlfriends from around the world via NATS. Our afternoon workout sessions soon became rack sessions ("You turn off the lights"), and our pull-up bar inevitably became a clothes rack. I'll never forget our Spring Breaks (bug juice and gelato), and numerous trips to steerage. May your eyebrow (singular) and lovely skirt continue to attract the ladies, and as you leave the Victor airways to fly jets, please remember to keep your missiles away from my ship. Thor

James Douglas O' Donnell
Vienna, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Being the dedicated midshipman, OD always tried to excel; his goal was anchor man, in fact there are some people ranked ahead of him who aren't graduating. To accomplish these goals, he spent a majority of his time at Mr. Days, Sign of the Whale, Gingerbreadman, parties in Va., and in the ac-board line. His quotes include:get it boy, you sure got a pretty mouth, I ain't never seen anyone so butt stupid, you are gay. Also known as Private (fatbody) O'Donnell, he is a legendary ladies' man, especially if they're with someone else; the original snake. He had the ability to cause trouble and remain relatively unaffected by it. OD was always quick to make friends, especially with the C.O. of his 1/c cruise. He always insured that a good time was had by all. Thanks for the fun. VR, MB,CJ, DC, CB.



Jason Renard Pace
Stone Mountain, Georgia
Supply Corps

Jason Renard Pace(J-Double,Bubble,Humblo) Thanx 2 the ALMIGHTY, 'cause without him none of this would be possible! Thanx 2 my FAMILY 4 helping me through this place! 2 the BUZZARDS at table 53 be-4-me, thanx 4 teachin' me FLOW101 & HU112 - PEACE! 2 the Young 1s (NON-FLOWers, 1/2 STEPpers), members have schooled U well in the FINE arts(SkEze210,GiG300,EP402)we pass the crown 2 U, sport the JONT well, Don't let the _ _ _ Y! man get ya - PEACE! Gotta send a shot out 2 the fallen members (SINISTO, BOOKS, THORNE, GUNNY, DRE, BUMPER, FATPETE, CLEVE, COHOP, and more) keep livin' LARGE, find STRENGTH in the DIS and w/o U we woodnot have made it, THIS is 4 U - PEACE! 2 the members (Slash {chief, bash, toastO}, Style {Bile NEGativo, GrUmpO}, DEan {Bean, ti, sKezO}, mAStO {LATEo, Shifty, OwnWorldO} LATER 4 _ _ _Y! We do what we do to survive!(X) Yo let the ANTICS CON-10-U in A-town & CALI! BE EASY! IRIE! PEACE! 2 the rest of the members (bearleezydissiles {the 3 b-morescuteers} dj {locknessmonster} jdbigedmelly melE {mysterious4} eightballATfaultysugarholysheliacarmen and anybody i missed good luck - PEACE!) PEACE 2 the MOtherLAND iM outta this JONT!!!!!!!!!

Eric Vernett Peterson
Eau Claire, Wisconsin
Surface Warfare

Eric Vernett Peterson, does anyone remember him? ? ? Oh yeah, hailing from the cheese state, Boner disappeared from our lives January second class year. Some of the famous lines that come to mind when we think of him are: This is BS!, F.O.D.H., You are butt stupid, I'm just goin' home to shoot my guns, Dumb as a country stump, and of course, "May he ever be cute." Hard core Spec War until he ran head first into the Seal Anti Radiation/Intelligence, Naval Apparatus, Boner lost the Way and headed for the land of SWO. But before this, he was a relatively normal member of the Club: Boat show warrior, the trash can Exorcist , tables at Davis', "Boy, are you urinating?-drop down and get in it," Equal Opportunity phone calls. . .and cringing in his room afterwards, and BBB (3 hour phone calls). Eric was well liked by all—he was the All American Boy. We wish him the best of luck. LL,DG,RG,CB,JK, and KH.

Paul Bower Quimby
Leland, Mississippi
Marine Corps Pilot

Despite his Southern upbringing, Paul's a great guy, just ask him! He hails from the mud flats of Leland, MS, where a night out consisted of a warm breeze and a good book on the front porch. Paul, alias Napoleon Junior, Pavel, Quimbini, or the more endearing Homer, excelled in the realms of Poli Sci, eating and racking. He is also a good athlete with a few exceptions, golf and bowling (golf score-300, bowling score-80), keep trying Paul. We knew Paul would excel here when he went on 2 yawl cruises over Plebe Summer. However it went down hill from there, Company Commander 3 out of 4 years at USNA and head of NAFAC '91. After graduation he'll go from flying a '69 GMC pickup to an F-18 Hornet (or perhaps a C-130) for the Corps. Paul loves his hair (you have our deepest sympathies), X-mas, his family, elevator music and his sponsor's couch. Paul dislikes reveille, engineers, good music, and anything remotely resembling work. All in all he's a pretty groovy guy, roommate and friend. All for one and one for all! WES, PJR

Peter Joseph Ryan Jr.
Summerfield, Florida
Surface Warfare

As Irish as the grass is green, Pete accepted his lot at the Academy with typical Gaelic elan -much griping and complaining tempered with many smiles. His personal motto was Semper Bohicas, but he was a superstar in all aspects of Academy life. He came to us from Exit 7A, New Jersey, oops, we mean Point Pleasant Beach. Pete led a charmed life. One morning at the end of second class year, he kissed the Blarney stone, smiled, and said "I think I'll be second reg'l sub-commander next year." 'Lo, the leprechauns smiled, and he was! After many a battle with medical, Pete found that the only ideological road matching his motto led to the "Revolution at Sea." Petey will forever be remembered as the man who recovered (successfully we might add) from a natural disaster in which he received third degree rack burns over 99% of his body. Pete loves all sports (Let's go, Devils, Giants, etc.), his car Chet, Fuddrucker's bacon cheeseburgers (2), and hunting for cheese. He, however, couldn't stand Paul's music. Stay groovy and you'll always be Chairman of the Universe. All for one and one for all! PBQ, WES

Robby Franklin Schimelpfening
Point Mugu, California
Surface Warfare

Schim, Simplepenny, Simplefinger, and finally the one that stuck, Schmoo. Rob came to Navy with a definite Bermuda attitude, attired in jams and wayfarers and asking his plebe summer squad leader "Hey dude, when do we get time to tan?" Winding up in the Club was perfect for this Navy brat. Finally a company that actually condoned being chill! Schmoo carried his penchant for relaxation from his rack to the ac buildings, and barely managed to avoid the axe boards by getting a gravy 1.50 youngster year. A man who always had a joke at the ready (even if it was the worst one you'd heard in three years), Robby was especially known as a dangerous person to get in a car with. (Dangerous to the car, that is.) Most of Rob's adventures seemed to occur as a passenger, whether it be in the front seat or in the trunk. Christmas seemed to be a dangerous time for Schmoo. I guess he's finally learned never to leave his girlfriends behind when going on leave. Trudy, Jen, Sharon, and Tracy don't know what they're missing. For all his bad jokes and endless hours of computer games, Schmoo was always there when you needed him, even if you had to get him out of the rack first. GO SWO!! Watch out San Diego. GJB & DAB

Wallace Evan Schlauder
Richland, Washington
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Ahh ooga! Ahh ooga! Dive! Dive! Dive!" were the first words out of Wes' mouth. Born of a submariner, his greatest ambition was to become a dolphin. Wes came to the Academy from Richland, WA, a little known retirement village for ex-submariners and nuclear waste. It was here that Wes received the extra dosages of gamma and beta radiation that promoted his already over-developed sense of professionalism. The only cracks in his professional armor occurred on the golf links and the O-course where he was frequently known to take Trident's name in vain. Known affectionately as Wally, he could fall asleep at the drop of a ZZZ (and frequently did). Wes rode the Rocket to a "D" and plans to dedicate his first 20 years of service and his first born to the man. Wes' true loves include his rack, his dog, Mr. Coffee, his Probe, and his mother's cooking. Wally talked often in his sleep but never said anything incriminating. Oh, well. Wes' cool head and affability will serve him well in the (sub)marine force - Semper Bubblus. Long live the Three Amigos! All for one and one for all! PJR, PBQ

Charles Montan Stuart
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Navy Pilot

A master of Debate, president of the Aviation Club, and fairly decent chess player, Chuck managed to go to every formal dance at USNA with a different girl. He never was able to talk that sixteen year old girl into a dance, though. Never again will he take "messages" from plebes for his roommate. As a survivor of multiple automobile mishaps, his youngster junker managed to survive until he could buy a decent car, even if it is a Plymouth. Being a professional stud, he ruled his squad with an iron fist (Yea, right!) first semester and managed to get all of his Batt. Admin work done in between his VGEP classes at U. Maryland second semester. Destined to never gather moss, he had an appreciable effect on all of his many roommates. As a future Naval Aviator, Chuck will be responsible for a thirty million dollar aircraft. (Scary thought, huh?) As a frequent passenger in his harrowing road trips down to Va Beach I found it much more relaxing to sleep on the trips, so I wouldn't have to look out the windows. Chuck thought he had finally found his one and only, when he realized she WANTED to be his one and only. He pulled the handle on his ejection seat soon after. Chuck is going to make a definite impact on the aviation community, and one day he'll achieve his dream of making it into space. Watch out P-Cola! I know that he will be my friend to the end. Hi-De-Ho! RFS

MONONGAHELA
National
Forest
RECREATION AREA

Jennifer Carole Taitt
Severna Park, Maryland
Navy Pilot

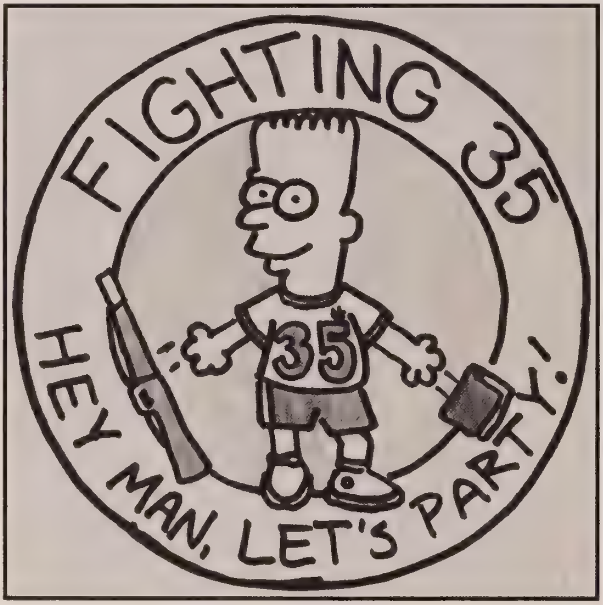
Daniel Robert Thorsfeldt
Poway, California
Surface Warfare

Daniel Robert Thorsfeldt came to USNA knowing only that a typical Thursday night here included sitting on top of Lejeune Hall with your water polo buddies and a couple of road sodas. But Thor quickly abandoned his days of double dating with Stephanie Seymour (and his position on the varsity polo team here) and endured his first year here living with Stoner, Tom, and John under the command of Capt Buckley. After a plebe year in the West Coast batt - ideal for a man who believes North Shore is a classic, idolizes Turtle (yeah....No), and can quote Fletch verbatim - DJ Feldt signed on for another three years in the Club. Here, MC 900 Foot Thorsfeldt helped lead fieldball to its second straight brigade championship while learning that being an economics major has no power over the evils of credit (debt, HUGE debt). I will never forget our spring breaks (bad habits in Nassau and gellato in Florence) or your goggle-toting run-ins with Navy Party Ducks. Unfortunately, your gaffing around in Baltimore and endless games of cribbage have put you 206 of 195 in your true calling in life. But SWO in SD will allow you all your true pleasures: living with your hero, listening to 91X (kill yourself music), and becoming the next Ironman (don't forget your bike pump and a quarter). Whatever happens Howley, Best of Luck Always. Jon and Barney

Gregory Lewis Williams
Queens, New York
Surface Warfare

There he is(Missiles a.k.a Dissiles) the true infiltrator of Kopy Kat Gear Inc., smooth operator on the court and in the club, the Rico Suavo of Rhode Island(Naps-Betty Boo), E-club killer and the second third of the Baltimore connection, could always be counted on to flow...to the teller and the free house gigs, coined the phrase Yoooooo! I wish you luck in that out there state and hope you remember all the tactics I taught you as a young buck. Cali is getting a hype one. Peace-out! LEE

Dissiles, the king of Queens(New York not beauty). Rollin in the BMW and peepin the girlies every weekend the past years have been fun but now its time to gig on the West coast. Though, he sported the rayon gear and busted a primative step, Greg was always a good man to gig with. We rolled randomly during our unsat period last year. The potential was there to be a great ball player if he ever passed the ball. To the West...Blackwards and don't think I forgot that you still owe me for Rutgers. BEAR



William Stanley Abrams II
Milton, West Virginia
Navy Pilot

The Wild One. Billy is the most free-spirited, fun-loving person I've ever come to know and love. Bill descended straight from the hollers of West by God with an undomitable will. He entered Plebe Summer while still recovering from an orthoscopic knee surgery. Quietly he endured and overcame. We quickly became the best of friends... brothers, that memorable youngster year...Flight Karen White, Goody diagrams, 150# football, mischief: sling shot, bombs, and canning Jimmy. We found that R-Baby spins, Vence housecleans, Elvis lives, door plates camoflauge, Philly had magazines, and Tahoe slopes. J'thro's heir loved pool at Larry's. Another stripe brought formal attire P-cola style, the Bat dance, Felch affair, training flicks, and Dole fun. A Page of DC, Lt dental care, 19-17, mice sitting, Ft Lauderdale: Summer's, Fresh's ultimate sacrifice, Wayne, in BK?, Muscles, THE WORLD'S GREATEST TAILGATER, Beverly's Hills in TN, and Joan Jett. First class year emerged with Bulldog: Rich attention, pummel sticks, JDJ breadaway, Oceana ops, oyster shooters, WWF, Stewardesses, WV BEST buddies, 5 for 5, 23rd B-day, and my Cubs hat. Brother, you've taught me that there still are those who are larger than life. Thanks, I owe you. Cry Havoc and fly straight. BWG

Matthew William Amstutz
Hickory, North Carolina
Navy Pilot

Matt came to USNA from the Furniture Capital of the World, Hickory, NC, and landed in the Heaven (LUCKY for him). He came here to run, but Big Al drove him our way, right to Thirty-Five. As the year progressed, he turned back to track — we thought he had lost his mind, but only his memory was gone. First Class year brought us closer together, but there were still some things we couldn't stand. His choice of music was worst of all; with rap, Top 40, and too much Prince. His love and boasting for the ACC was so intense that it drove us to hate the same schools that we once had favored. Matt's biggest story was his girlfriend Michelle; in fact, she was his ONLY story. His weekly trips back and forth to NC left him smiling — but also UNSAT! The forced separation took its toll on the Aero Major, and his only hope was to turn to the General. His trips resumed as his QPR rose, but now they were much faster in his new Eclipse. His outings with us were few, but eventful... with some Secrets that we'd like to forget and a shower he would never remember. Throughout the years, his overbearing professionalism made it surprising that he would go the Navy way, and after his victory on the GROUND, he's headed for the AIR. Good Luck! MDB & HVH

Mark David Brazelton
Nashville, Tennessee
Navy Pilot

Mark came to us from Florida, but his parents later moved to Tennessee. He never mentioned much about his year in Ten, only that his roommates were varsity athletes and that academics were easy for him. Things didn't change much for him when he joined us in Tree-Fife. Only Mark could have skipped 95 classes in one semester and still pull out a 3.85. He developed his "reputation" right away...thanks to a trip to Goucher College, and an uncontrollable Blazingtongue. As a self-proclaimed Cassanova, he managed to dazzle the girls and keep them waiting for his next call until Dawn. Though he claimed his girlfriend would never tie him down, his trips to Connecticut racked up 25,000 miles on his little red ticket-magnet. Being the speedster that he was, Mark's run-ins with the law showed that he could use his tongue to get OUT of trouble as well. Of course, we will never forget your 21st when we all Rammed Heads with the St. Pauli Girl and committed a Capitol offense. For two years, his only dream was to fly, but unexpected eye trouble forced him to consider subs as well. In the end he chose the fast life; this came as no suprise. Good luck, we'll see you in the air. HVH & MWA

Mark Eric Burcher
Alexandria, Virginia
Surface Warfare

Mark, Burch, Burch Baby came to USNA by way of a PA prep school with dreams of being a lacrosse jock which quickly faded with the Ocean Eng. option. Burch, the man to whom the meaning of WEEKEND means more to than anyone else. Was it 7 or 8? His good looks and cunning ability with words allowed for easy access for him and his friends into many an establishment, among other THINGS, some well known, others not. Burch's unique driving style and international? license earned him the title of DD. For his four years, Burch lived in the offcampus housing first in 32 then 35. His influence has stretched from the four corners of the country, but mostly in the D.C.and Crabtown area. On his few weekends, one usually found Burch at UVA, the hindsight school, or adopting an Australian identity. "Hey, you guys are just like my friends. You know Mike Jablonski? Dole! Yes, I'm unsat again!" As soon as Burch gained his freedom, he found himself on restriction, the missing member of the EMBC. Memories of 2/c summer, the booze cruise, first class libs and finals, and that elusive cat will never be forgotten. Burch is one who made light of every situation and found humor in even the darkest days. Your friendship and the memories will be with us long after leaving the Boat school and the Bay. BWB DBW

Carmen Yvonne Campbell
Millsboro, Delaware
Supply Corps

Carmen Yvonne came to us from Millsboro, Delaware via NAPS. When I met her youngster year Carmen seemed quiet, calm, and collected. She found ways to express herself and her talents through Glee Club, plays, Gospel Choir, and occasionally a sketchbook. Being a great writer Carmen made a fantastic English major but some of the other courses gave her trouble (remember EE624). Carmen, in her naturally efficient manner, never wasted a minute of liberty time. How many times did she come waltzing in at the 5-min chow call on Sunday night? She could always find time for some of her closest friends SD, KM, and HB. Carmen also had some men in and out of her life but she finally found one worth keeping during 2/c year. She spent many hours on the phone talking to her D.C. man. She left him long enough over 1/c summer for a trip to the British Isle. We rode through England and Scotland on a bus listening to corny tapes, breezing through all the really neat places, and getting to the stores just as they closed. Carmen has added a style and grace all her own to our time here together and we know she'll do great out in the fleet. See ya there. AIV and SM

Edward Thomas Casulli
Hoboken, New Jersey
Nuclear Power-Submarines

The Italian Stallion from Hoboken came to Canoe U. with the style and charisma of Rocky. After having a great plebe year, he continued to move foward younster year when he came to three-fife, as CC. For the next three years we roomed together and maintained the room to our standards (broken door, dust rug, ripped sheets). Eddie's pranks and mischiefs soon became known to me, (cereal, fire showers, signs, jimmies). His break ups and make ups with Nik were consistent and their pictures togther were huge. Our constant workouts helped in running the 1.5 miles. During second class year the fun continued (Lt.M, Tiber Creek and wooly pully, Ft. Lauderdale, and EE). His intelligence was sought by all EE negats, including myself. First Class year came with more surprises... unsatness and on restriction, but that was over quickly. He showed his ability to lead as XO, maintaining the company in order. I couldn't have made it through here without your help. I know you'll be a great submariner. Good Luck in the future. CMD

Cristobal Manuel de Mier
Arcadia, Florida
Surface Warfare

The infamous LATKA. This is Toby. He came to us from Florida and cruised through plebe year like a mountain climber falling down a ragged 1000 foot cliff. He survived the fall and trudged on toward graduation. The summer brought adventure for Toby. He met exotic women on the islands and burly cops in Rhode Island. Youngster year brought new beginnings for LATKA. His new company officer believed in class option and unlimited weekends, and needless to say Toby took every advantage. All this liberty made his plebe year 2nd class mad and after Toby he came. Toby learned the hard way that civvies were a priviledge. Second class year began with a shock, all Toby saw was EE in his way. He beat the tests and partied hard, well actually soft and couldn't wait for spring break. As spring approached nature took over and Toby thought with his head. He headed to Maryland U for a good time and "chucked" the night away until another day. And then came the ring dance and he had a sure bet and thank god for all of us it was met. As graduation approaches I look back and think of what a pain in the #$@ you were to live with, but I enjoyed every minute of it. GOD BLESS! ETC

Brett Eric Fillmore
Warren, Ohio
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Brett is truly an original, as I know after rooming with him for three years and knowing him for four. He has kept me laughing the whole time, from 'pork chops and applesauce' to 'New Canton, may I help you, to Don Cornelius and the Soul Train. The athletic debates will continue, and I am confident that I know more about the Cavs, Brownies and Tribe than the average Cleveland fan. His Maroon Bomber has provided many good times in the search for the perfect woman. He can only thank Wayne for helping him make it back after Spring Break. This year saw the emergence of the more professional Brett, but we all know better - he will always be a little kid at heart. The Brett that I knew was quite different. We formally met while worshipping the porcelain god. That set the precedent. Then came Gail(not), 8th Street Pub, the elk, Georgetown, spring break, fast pitch, the New York armchair, and the American Blues. The good times will continue in Orlando. Thanks for all the good times and laughs, and for help with the golf swing and rides to D.C. Enjoy your time in nuke world, and have fun!!! EAK ETC

Todd Robert Finley
Indianapolis, Indiana
Marine Corps

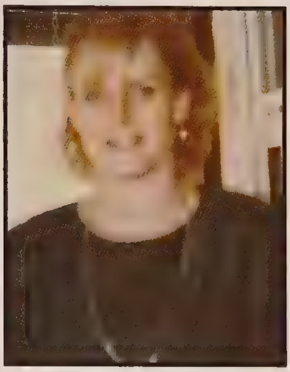
35th Company's answer to Jimmy Stewart came to USNA from just south of the Indy beltway. Must have broke his heart to have to leave his tools at home. He brought his legs, though, and like so many, sought to be one of Al's boys. Although cross country did not work out, Odd managed to find other things to do with his free time. When he wasn't fine-tuning his Olds or talking to his girl, he might be found sitting near a downed airplane in an area cornfield. Whenever any of us needed help fixing our phones or ordering from M.M., Todd was the man. How'd she like that stuff? What are Quantico's regs on speaker size? Sometimes, Finster's judgement came under fire from his friends. Todd's stories include tales of D.C. exploits and sleeping with little G; however, his biggest story was his red-head sweetheart, Lisa (Give her a ring yet?). A very odoriferous roommate, Todd always seemed to be hard at work when in actuality he was hardly working. Nobody doubts Todd's good character and loyalty toward his friends, and we are all certain that you'll make a great Marine. BMEPBCT

Carl David Flores
Fort Washington, Maryland
Surface Warfare

"C.D." came to Annapolis from the deepest, darkest regions of southern Maryland. Carl didn't have to travel far to get to USNA, but he did take the long way through it. Originally a would-be engineering major, he was persuaded by plebe Chemistry and Calculus to go Group III. As an English major, Carl often put his specialty to use in endless conversation. Eventually conversation turned into song, and C.D. took a detour to the Glee Club which ended up being a four-year sideroad, including a stint as VP, working with Mike, Janet, and Dr. T. Another offramp led him to the Masqueraders, and to Mahan Hall, which soon became his second home. From the D&S Team to the backstage staff, Carl became involved with every stage production in the Yard. He also liked to hang out with the Fil-Am Barkada and sought out fellowship with the Navigators. Despite all the sideroads and his various physical struggles, Carl eventually found his way back to the narrow path to graduation and Higher things. His final path led Carl to the nearest port, and he leaves Annapolis for the sea with a song in his heart, and a chit in his pocket. We wish him well. CIAO! JFV PKM CAM

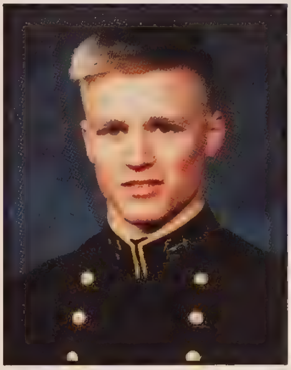
Brent William Goodrum
Wilton, Iowa
Marine Corps

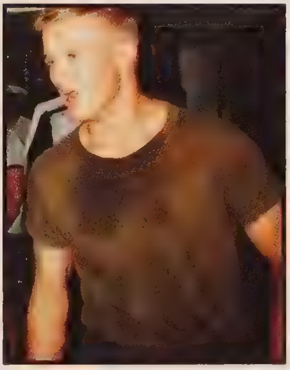
Who would have thought that this mild mannered momma's boy from Wilton, Iowa, who before coming to USNA never drank, dated or kissed a girl (except his mother, goodnight) would have turned into the mid we all know and love. After being cut from the 150 pound football team plebe year, he came back to letter the next 3 years and was voted captain his senior year as well as All League honors his junior and senior years. The once naive and innocent Iowa native found that there was more to life than cows and cornfields as he started down the path of corruption plebe year.....Thanksgiving plebe year (gurgle gurgle), Teen Age Mutant Ninja _____ from hell (my first Goody?), LT. B, Sleepin' next to Sandy, R-Baby, Skippin' with popcorn, 3/c cruise in Cally (was she married?), Smith's couch (I didn't get any tonight!!), The Felch, Spring Break '89 (Tahoe), Chet (the chase begins), M.E.!!!!! (was it love?), Spring Break '90 (FT. Lauderdale), C.C. (you heart breaker), Ring Dance (went with one left with another), Bulldog (hoo yah), the stewardesses (out all night), The Ken trip, Road Trips, and Jude. But still, as much as I have tried to corrupt him, he remains one of the greatest and most humble people I have ever known. I wish you only the best Goody, you've been like a brother to me....Thanks. WSA



Tracy Lynn Hansen
Dumfries, Virginia
General Unrestricted Line

Tracy came to USNA (all 6'2" of her) via NAPS a bit indecisive about herself and her future- she's had 3 different majors, first oceanography 4/C year, english and general science 3/c year, then finally oceanography again 2/C year after 2 summer schools and much matrix readjusting. Bull to technical, what a flip. Then the sports changes- she started about 1/4 of the games on the Women's Varsity B-ball team as a plebe, then decided to evade an ac-board and stick with a major, so hoops wasn't the way to go. Then volleyball was her sport for the next two years. She lettered in both but put them aside for grades, weekends, and some guy 1/2 a foot shorter than her. Ah yes and roommates: all 8 of them along the way- one with an alternate lifestyle, one a thief, and one quit for Australia. But never forget the fun- late night poker games with Sully's brain, Johnny's flying squirel, and the sheer randomness of it all. All those road trips- Iowa, New York, and PA every weekend we could, hold great memories. Now you stand tall, poised for the big day. You came in indecisive and leave us with 4 stripes, very prepared to face your future. Your cover will be one of the highest up there. Congratulations! DML

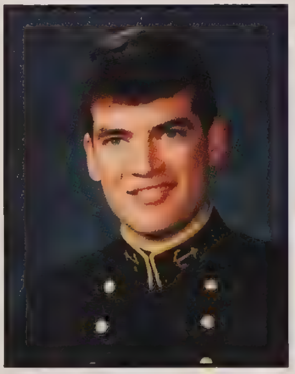




Henry Ventress Harbuck
Forsyth, Georgia
Navy Pilot

Vence ('Dog') came to us from Forsyth, Georgia — a Rebel town for a Yankee at heart; and by listening to him talk, it was obvious he didn't know which he wanted to be. In the room Vence sat tapping his feet to the sounds of Hank Williams, Jr. blaring from his big boom box (Truly a mid of great taste). He started his career at USNA as a Comp Sci major, but found being UNSAT just didn't suit his ego. He switched to General Science and stayed on Supt's List for the duration. Our outings began youngster year with a trip to Goucher College...I wonder if the lady got any pictures? The parties began, and Vence quickly became the center of attention...getting aHEAD with an Utz tator chip box. The good times continued with his birthday surprise, but who was invited?...not I...though he did get some company that stayed for awhile! Through all his years, however, there was only one girl for him; it was Christy, Christie, or Christi (sp?). After finding his new workload unfulfilling, he reached out for more, and his dream came true — he became a Battalion Striper. We haven't seen him since; we heard he left to ski and gave EVERYTHING up for that. His dream came true when the Dog chose Navy Air. Good luck in the sky. You can be my wingman anytime. Have a Merry Christmas. MDB & MWA

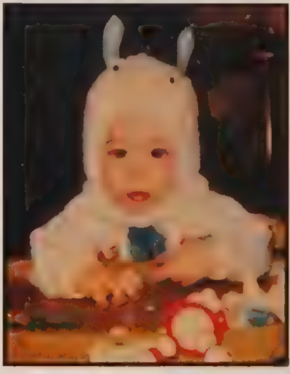
Steven Eric Howell
APO Miami, Florida
Naval Flight Officer
Steve Howell —Very faintly across the water he could hear them singing, and for all I know they could be singing still.



John Lawrence Kelsey
Perkiomen, Pennsylvania
Navy Pilot
John "Chipper" Kelsey arrived at USNA via Singapore American School and the Perkiomen, PA. Already a world traeller, he knew he could live no other way. He was destined for the US Navy. Chip happily began his mission of justice on the banks of the Severn. Unbeknownst to most, Chip made Darth Vader look like a good guy. When he wasn't working in or on his '77 Suburban, he could be found in any one of the academic buildings delving intensely into his studies or giving some serious E.I. A truly talented individual, Chip was able to distinguish himself in every aspect of Academy life. Morally-no comment; Mentally-Poly Sci with a double language minor; Physically-Stud Muffin; Professionally-possessed an unequalled military bearing, Black N star, and Smoke Hall god (111 days); Politically-loves Bush and shares all of his views. Chip was a great friend, and was always full of encouraging words "Trust me, I know, I've been there--Bull-ass!" Inter-exam leave and the trip of injustice--Newport, NAPS, Boston, Hong Kong (Scorpion Bowls), The Gardens...the next morning!...a three day Christmas. Wanna buy a t-shirt? All in all, Chip is one heck of a guy and because of him, this military institution will never be the same again. Perhaps in the beginning, Chip underestimated the power of the Dark Side. Since then, however, he has come to rule the universe. Z

Erik Allen Koonce
Hingham, Massachusettes
Navy Pilot
Not surprisingly, we even put our biography-writing off until the last day. A mid's mid, Erik Koonce came here via Hingham, MA and NAPS. We endured Indoc with the nasal-sounding "People!", "Look what one of your classmates has in his wallet!", and "Raisin"—your favorite. You must still regret doing Beat JMU chow calls. We left 17th (with many "Stalag" T-shirts...not) for the serenity of Sixth Batt. "Got class?—Yeah—Squash?—Sure, Why not." Elvis as academic officer. Midnight Lax on the turf field. "A" in performance? Study hour squash. Us vs. Turners under the light in mudlax. "confusion boats", 19,32,56 = C. AU-the K's. My beloved Delta 88. Irish Times times.Tighten it up. Smartfood. "G'eenin—noo kintaan, mai hepyew?" Safe at Brad's! Your uncanny abilit to rationalize ANYTHING, such as the Lucky Charms Diet (that's right, everybody). The difficult February. Wasn't my mono fun? Those walks! and THE DROP. Intro to golf. What Ring Dance? Your own wheels. AWOL from Cecil, but justifiably so. More Golf. 0004! Feat. Bagels. Tiber. Marshmallows. Economy of National Law; Global Criminal Defense; International Justice Science. Hirshon for mayor. Hibernation. Lehigh. Someday we'll work out an Island Christmas. kkhuh? BEF

Christian John Lenz
Akron, Ohio
Naval Flight Officer
Chris came to us from the Rubber Capital of the World, Akron (who would've guessed it, since he never supported their economy). Emerging from underneath his Hard Rock, Chris arrived in Tree-Fife, destined for greatness (well, at least stripes). His academic prowess and his "German spirit" soon established him a place in Aero, a power dive that he couldn't pull out of ("pumps DO work, right?"), even after he voluntarily gave up weekends and "the wench." But, of course, as soon as he got THE PORSCHE, he'd have all the girls he wanted (even if he did spend Ring Dance with just THE PORSCHE). Even a trip to Delaware failed to turn his head (honest, it was gin), although it sagged under the weight. Sure, a Nissan may not be able to pass a PORSCHE on the Autobahn, but surely it can do more than 70 on 95? First class year provided all the rewards for all his hard work — reporting to the General for Dant's list, his first (?) weekend, Company Commander, and, of course, Hez (the first oasis in a long, long desert). Even if the bubbleheads wouldn't take you, "suffer" through Navy Air — fly well and far. Good luck, JPD.



Samanthia Maez
Westminster, Colorado
Surface Warfare

Sam blew into USNA out of Westminster, Colorado. Plebe year was difficult in "eightball" but Sam was a model sailor. Could there have been anyone more gungy & professional? After plebe year, Sam found herself in 35th company. My first recollection is of a hard-core, youngster, disciplinarian. She wanted to turn up the heat, but certain firsties objected. Then suddenly, our fearless youngster found herself- engaged?! A fate which she narrowly escaped during 1/c year. Whew! These were the best of times, for she also met me. Bit-by-bit, I began chiseling away at the many months of hardened shell that encrested my otherwise gentle roommate. She began to relax, smile, even laugh. Before I knew it, a beautiful flower had blossomed, then bloomed. We talked, sang, acted, and trained for our future- we became friends. There are only a few highlights of Sam's career that I feel it a sin NOT to mention. Like how much she looked forward to M.B.'s visits (yeah, right) & let's not forget our daily wake-up calls. ("Sam- Sam- turn off your alarm- Sam, time to get up) Then there are the Group 6 escapades to consider. Be sure to check your back seat at night. There still may be a pilot or two following you around-& lastly Sam, friend to friend - promise you won't wear that neon orange spandex dress to my wedding! CYC P.S. - If ye like ye may spin, mother, in the ship.

Peter Kenneth Malecha
Addison, Illinois
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Pete came to us from the landlocked ("Hey, we've got Lake Michigan! And it has beaches, too!") state of Illinois, to which he still shows an undue amount of loyalty. This easygoing guy, who was everyone's friend, spent his time reading, studying, saying "pop", sleeping, watching movies, socializing, and, in what became his favorite pastime, playing games. He participated in a wide range of different activities such as NAFAC, protecting pumpkins on Halloween, being the '&#@$' adjutant, and even spending some time in Smoke Hall. The Academy broadened his conservative views, but there are those amongst us who believe he is really a closet Democrat. Academically, Pete was a latent genius, who actively developed his own philosophy of excelling without studying. The question is, will he be able to keep this up in nuke school? Probably so. At least at nuke school the BOM won't come around at 2300 looking for the eight o'clock report. Best of luck to our truest friend. - CAM, CDF, and JFV

Craig Anthony Moringiello
Nashville, Tennessee
Naval Flight Officer

Before Craig came to USNA, he lived in New Jersey. He also played tennis. He got his priorities straight, though, and left New Jersey but kept up his tennis. The jellyfish of elevenworth came to 35 and immediately made his mark. His professionalism enabled him to become youngster adjutant, where he quickly proved his adeptness at resolving watch conflicts. His love for tennis remained constant throughout the years by the bay, becoming the first Navy player to be nationally ranked. Love for tennis, though, was overshadowed for a time by an ill-founded fondness for volleyball. This little escapade earned him the second of his two letter sweaters. First class summer, though, he sunburned his head one time too many, and allowed himself to be smitten once more, this time with lasting results. After a process of elimination of other, less desirable communities, Craig finally decided on NFO for his service selection. Best of luck to a fantastic guy and a great friend. CDF PKM JFV

Margret Ann Nauck
Old Greenwich, Connecticut
General Unrestricted Line

Margret has a knack for finding adventures where ever she goes. She came to USNA from Greenwich, CT and has been having one adventure after another ever since. Maggie's performance at the Parents Formal P-rade was show-stopping. Plebe year, she could always be found shootin' the breeze with classmates Mills, Bownds, and Goodrum. 2nd sem. Mags & Brian spent much time involved in prof. & musical pursuits. Margret survived plebe year and headed off to Europe on an amphib with an all male crew. She always kept her classmates and the crew entertained, and was an excellent tour guide. Needless to say, she had a great time on cruise, especially hanging out w/ the Marines! Youngster year Brent's parents asked Margret how her grades were going, and incidentally found out the size of '91. Later that year Margret drove the porcelain bus home from the youngster party. Her favorite study at USNA was probably Deutsch, and she spent time travelling in Germany. Margret is one of the most classic, intelligent-looking mids around, maybe it's the glasses? She will be missed by all. Maggie, you've come a long way, baby. It's been great knowing you. Hoo yah! -Goody You've been a great friend and lots of laughs to be around. Good luck in the Fleet! -KMG Much love and gratitude to Fritz, M, & P for all your loving support.-M

Craig Anthony Robinson
Lowell, Indiana
Nuclear Power-Submarines

Craig made his journey to the Boat school from a Hoosier corn-town and immediately considered applications elsewhere. As a member of the Stalag and the sailing team, Craig sailed his way through plebe year and a fry for Frat. Plebe year he developed his extremely positive attitude towards USNA that has followed him for the past 4 years. Through plebe year and youngster cruise, Craig travelled the world and managed to leave a broken heart in every port. A self-proclaimed ladies man, his wooing days came to a halt when a horse lover swept him off his feet at the beginning of 3/c year. That was the last 35 saw of him. As my roommate, Craig left me to my own devices on many a Saturday night. Craig would never settle for second best (except for maybe his taste in music) as his grades will attest. As an aero major, I have never seen someone work as little and achieve so much. Second class year saw an end to sailing and a beginning of quick Friday get-aways. His expensive tastes and standards led him away from being a naval aviator to the high paying low diving nuke bonus(at least now he won't have to rely on his guitar playing to earn his pay.) Craig has been a good Friend and a great roommate. Although we have had our differences, I will miss our late night in depth discussions on women and the meaning of life. Good luck and Thanks for the great memories. MEB

Ana Ivonne Vaughan
Houston, Texas
General Unrestricted Line

Ana Banananananananananananananananananana!!!! Just a little gal w/ all the pride and charm of her home state of Texas with her. Plebe year brought moboards, & D&B flagline (two long years)! Youngster year, the rack was our best friend, & ski trips were thrilling. Second class year heralded in crew- hills, ergs, weights, hills -you did good. We witnessed the rise & demise of HIM, but survived. A few elective engineering courses for an English major isn't bad. Weekends away with the girls when you weren't unsat were fulfilling, but didn't help the homework. Remember crises weeks (we can take turns, you me & CC), aerobics, 2/c cruise, late night studying, bitch sessions about everything from AC to PE to HIM to THEM, & of course a contribution from our pop-in roommate (PKM). Polular firstie items: study club, Violator, squad events, cross-stitch (esp. sailors with the right cover on), "the jump" (both of them), the Mosses, Rota Spain— I'm sure you'll get there again somehow, (its still a mystery how you found Fabes in the middle of France— Celestial helps out now & then) the Folger, soda queen, PCR goddess, roommate switcheroo, a little rebelliousness here and there— wearing pants to Forrestal Lectures (OH NO!) Thanks for being a bright and cheerful roommate even when things were mighty confusing. We'll miss you. SM, CYC, KBF and SCM.

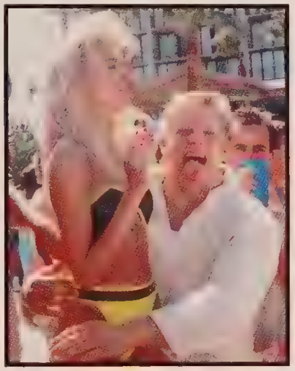
James Frederick Verrees
Scottsdale, Arizona
Medical Corps

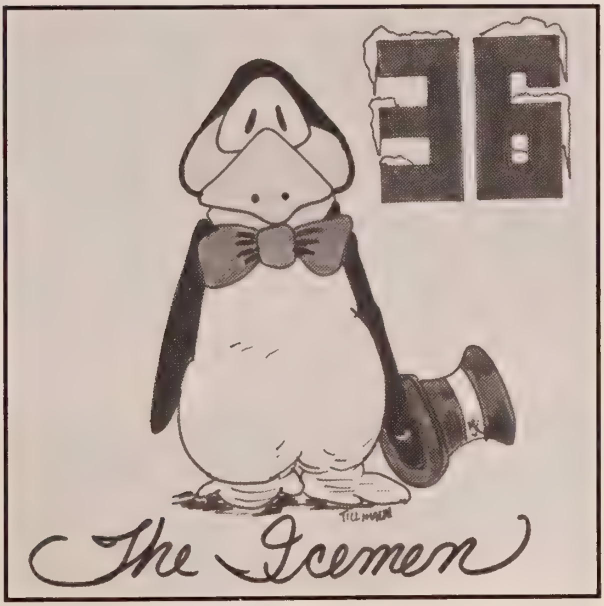
Verrees, James F. "I do the very best I know how, the very best I can, and I mean to keep doing so until the end. If the end brings me out all right, what is said about me won't amount to anything. If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference." - Morgenthau

Patrick Joseph Zaleski
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Marine Corps

A graduate of an all male institution in Philly, Pat came to USNA to show the Navy the meaning of the word excellence. He wasted no time in establishing his service reputation on his academic prowess; the fruit of his ingenious weekend study system. Unfortunately a beer hurling incident claimed Pat the honor of standing restriction on EOS leave until he could stand no more. After leaving his mark on Smoke Hall's drapes and breaking the heart of a Philadelphia Philly, he blazed a trail into youngster year by smoking in the boys room with his CO and late nights on the phone with an Irish belle who willingly shared his financial burden. His penchant for exam week celebrations and excellence in his technical classes provided for another summer in Smoke and Bancroft Halls. All was not lost though, for his persistent badgering of one Amy Shaffer finally paid off. 2/c year Pat took up weekend residence at Lehigh U and was the star ringdance DJ. After summer camp in Quantico, he returned for a final round of USNA academics. Armed with the Felch's new study system, he triumphed and was back at Lehigh on weekends where a bright light and an open door provided new insight on the meaning of excellence. Excellence in friendship has been Pat's trademark and it should serve him well in years to come. JJM GDG

Scott Allen Zellem
Indiana, Pennsylvania
Naval Flight Officer
Scottie Z, Zee-ball, Zee, it doesn't matter. Regardless of what you called him, Scott was one of the most likeable guys ever to come to USNA. He came Storm-troopin' from Indiana, PA with his girlfriend and thus began plebe year as the Warlord of Darkness. He lettered in football as an ILB, and recieved the prestigious Black "N" for exemplary conduct. His squeezable teddy bear image attracted many girls who just wouldn't let go. His talents were numerous and varied, including: eating in his sleep, Scuba and other variations of diving, jumping on grenades, and teaching the world to sing. His patriotism was unmatched, as was his devotion and love for Bush. He was a true Bar-Room buddy. Whenever asked which girl he prefers, his response was always a friendly,"I'll take any of them." Zee-man excelled as a professional example to all who knew him. His room was always Class-A, he was the eternal Color Man, and he effortlessly achieved academic excellence. His ominous 6', 220 lb. frame kept the plebes in a constant state of terror.But even with his exemplary record, Scott never lost his roots. His Storm-troopin' achievements lasted up through 1/c year, thus making restriction a pretty good deal. His favorite T.V. show is "Tales from the Dark Side". He's probably watching that right now. Maybe I'll go join him. Thanks for a great two years. JLK





Gibson Carl Armstrong
Refton, Pennsylvania
Marine Corps
"We've spotted him! He's at least 6 feet long and is he very angry!" Gib left his pacifist, Amish heritage in Lancaster, PA to come to the USNA and eventually the join the USMC. He'll make a great Marine since he doesn't know the meaning of proportional response. His name is short for Gibbon, which is considered a joke until you hear his Howler Monkey laugh from afar. During his Airborne cruise he became a proficient barber and founded the Midn Chiseler Command. He has since devoted himself to getting "a whole lot of food for a real cheap price." Food that doesn't come cheap comes free, especially when scraps are left on Pizza Hut dishes. Any food not worth eating was at least worth putting on his 2 front teeth to display with his chisely grin. Speaking of CHEESE!...long ride the Lords of the Rings! As VP of Officer's Christian Fellowsip, Gib made up his own Bible verses like: Jesus slept , go therefore and do likewise. And he did, sleeping anytime and anyplace, including the crew boat and Army/Navy games. Gib, just for the record: I didn't shoot Taz, but Winter is always coming, so watch your six! And women? You can't live with e'em...can't shoot 'em, except for that one from the plains of Kenya. It's always "time to pray," eh? Keep serving our true Commander in Chief! Your best friend, RJT.

Dwayne Michael Davis
Landover, Maryland
Surface Warfare
Looking back on three years, it seems like just yesterday that we were stranded on Rt. 3. Can't forget logging the miles in the Spencemobile. It seems that our quest for fun oftentimes superseded our quest for development morally, mentally and physically. Gullible, never. The girls really did hang your underwear on the bulletin-board. Don't forget your weekends at the Mental Ward. Now you're marrying one of the patients. Good luck at that??? Remember the Ring Dance, we didn't think so. Now your famous quote goes both ways, "Yeah, I remember your car. It sure was nice. It was red wasn't it!" Recall Bulldog, "Excuse me, can I take your temperature?" Just a little case of nerves getting that ring? It's O.K., its just your life. It was always easy to find you, just follow the phone cord. It would have been one hell of a bill without that #6. SWOs the word, so we wish you fair winds and following seas. KPR-SRJ

Edward Dwight Fay III
Huntsville, Alabama
Surface Warfare

Ed has always been the quiet type. As a youngster, he wandered aimlessly into "the end of the line" and got stuck with three complete strangers in his room. This soon changed, not necessarily for the better. Some of his more famous exploits involve a few lovely(?) young ladies from the local (and not so local) area. After his high school sweetheart (hah) decided to move on to other things, Ed soon fell into the arms of one of those infamous denizens of Disco Dahlgren. Messiah College is a real rockin' place, ain't it? Soon after, it was off to Hood, then to Goucher, but he never lost sight of the true love of his life. Debbie never did write you back, did she? Oh well, only four cases down, and it was a good thought. Her nose is too big anyway. Speaking of which, I hope the government is proud of investing thousands of dollars on your nose job. A week of looking like pigman and you still snore! Good luck Ed, I hope SWOdom treats you well. MBT

Charla Jannell Gallaher
Fredericksburg, Virginia
Navy Pilot

Can you believe it! Four years just like that! So many memories, and they were all good once you escaped eleven. Jan, Kimbo, and Suz-36th company bound. Three peas in a small pod youngster year—swimming, parties, long talks, and meeting S-squared. And great things happened: There was Hawaii (you always had the best tan), good grades, long hair, scuba school, 3-striper libs, and S-squared. And what would you do without JR, DK, KP, and Bear, the brothers you always wanted in addition to sweet Jason. Anyways, we three stuck together all the way! Through the good times and bad, we made it. And what's ahead gets even better...I hear bells ringing and S-squared smiles! A successful aviator you shall be CJ. We will love you always! Best wishes to your future. LSK and KAL

Mark Nathan Hurvitz
Los Angeles, California
Supply Corps

The east coast never knew what was coming when Hurv decided to come here from sunny L.A.. Mark, also known as Vitz, the Wandering Jew, the Human Map, Mr Death, and Hurv, knew everyone and everyone knew him. Hurv spent his plebe year in seventh heaven. After saving all of his energies during plebe year, he found himself ready to wreak havoc in our new home at the end of the line. Youngster year consisted of Pills and Bear as roommates along with the bucket, Goucher, beer golf, nights spent at the academy with "soft" drinks in hand, and an honor dining-in - it always does taste better the second time around, Hurv. Second class year found Hurv in 6th wing and life under Joe. Hurv's wanderings led him and others to the evil Fortress of Doom. Several were trapped in its claws; many were lucky and could escape, others were not so lucky. First class year brought an end to our 6th wing and a great day for Hurv - his 21st birthday. Hurv can be remembered for a snide remark, a gloomy outlook, "Oh, my back!", "What time is it?", white works, medical, dirty sheets, knowing about everything (even things he's not supposed to know), and more than his share of weekly liberty. But he will always be known as a Generous person, a natural comedian, a caring individual, and above all a true friend. Good luck in the Corps (Supply Corps that is) and stay out of trouble. JAW

Steven Robert Jacobs
Williamsport, Pennsylvania
Surface Warfare

Jake, you joined our little reg-breaking clan at the end of youngster year when Hoskings, Spence and Roland all took 50 West permanently. You fit in perfectly. Weekends for you were always a mystery. Where did you go? The local High School? 6249 provided its share of grins with you and your cooler. You sure came out ahead. You always were a gentleman, except before dawn. "Hello, Visa. Can I get an increase, my car just got towed." Well, the third time was the charm when it came to EE, "but you still have an attitude." "She's not that young!" was often heard coming from your mouth. That's OK, just don't settle for "inadequate substitutes," follow your own advice Dr. Jake. KPR-DMD

Neil Patrick Kearney
Lancaster; Pennsylvania
Naval Flight Officer

The man known as Squeal but who looks a lot like Bart Simpson. Famous for "I am not going to Trinity!" but always ending up there anyway. "But officer, we were just about to move," Captain and Cherry Coke, 151 and anything. Just who was that unnamed comrade? (too bad Geek!), drag racing on North Capitol at 3:00 AM. Okay Squeal, if you take me to Petersburg, I'll buy you a pizza, 12-pack, lunch, and pay for the gas. Squeal is that closet a bathroom? I'm sure Squib didn't think so. What do you mean you don't know how to change a tire? Friday night beer golf, "Don't go back to Rockville (even for your wallet)." Squeal will make a good B/N as he has already perfected his bombing techniques by dropping fans on Hurv's sleeping head. Squeal also showed us his compassion for the environment by nursing a sickly plant called POJ back to health. Squeal, the time we spent as roommates has provided some of the best memories of USNA. Remember, if times seem tough, there will always be kegs and lacrosse games to vent your frustrations. Good luck as an NFO. PDB,TDB

Robert Woodhams Keefe
Lake Geneva, Wisconsin
Special Operations

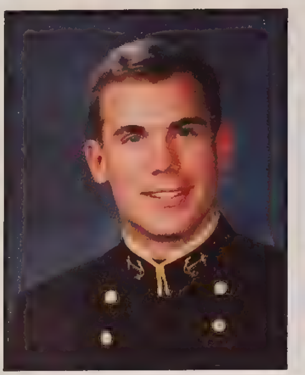
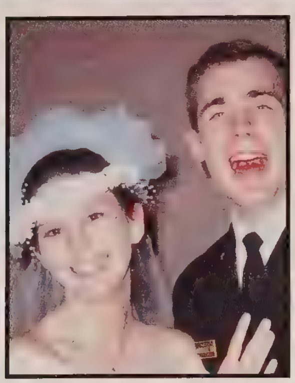
Hailing from the kinder, gentler world of Lake Geneva Wisconsin, Rob probably thought he was prepared for life as he (incorrectly) perceived it at USNA. KEEFE! soon became his new call sign, and he really did become particularly close to his favorite 2/c JP Biousset and "Ungie." Pressure never really got to you. When it was realy hot, you merely sang like a bird! (Even though you were directly disobeying an order.) Landing in a new company was a relief. You got to meet all kinds of new people- "KEEFE, THAT'S UNSAT!", "I'M MINTY." Never has a more odd triplet existed than you, Rob Geata and Gib Armstrong. I must admit jealousy at your word processing abilities. I would say you have perfected your "smack" format- Remember our fluids project? Where did you find that Air Force design anyway? I have one question Rob, would 15,000 miles be an accurate guess at the miles that you have travelled to maintain and further develop your relationship with Sheila? Best of luck to you both, and may your future be bright. CAS.

Leigh Suzanne Kline
Glendale, Arizona
Navy Pilot

Suzie Q, Double O, White Rabbit-White Rabbit, Diceman, way to go Suz. Flip around, gotta get that trick, gotta make that score, the bars are yours babe, Navy Gymnastics, and Greek salads, what else can we say about that smile. Long hair, short hair, make up your mind girl. All the puppy loves and finally the Dice were rolled. Arizona, Florida or bust. All the friends, all the big brothers, all the tears, all the laughs and all the talks-boy those long talks-you can't let us go to sleep, but sleep in class or those off periods. We thought we lived with a lumberjack at night when we heard all the logs being cut. The trials and tribulations-gotta get that tan, gotta buy a new outfit. That pumpkin blanket-to snuggle with the Dice. The 3 best looking girls at the Ring Dance-Suzie, Jan and Kimbo-always a threesome, always making it through together. You are 1/3 of our elite crew-although you wear the stripes in this room. We love you girl. Good Luck. KAL and CJG.

Michael Richard Lagow
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Navy Pilot

Mikey racked up more than a few nicknames during his sojourn on the Severn. In the early days, the soccer team team dubbed him Odie, for his striking similarity to the spastic, goofy comic strip character. Those who were less creative just called him Spaz, which was fitting also. The guys in '92 were fond of calling him Training Man, because they observed him running, lifting, and swimming more frequently and harder than most varsity athletes, although they couldn't figure out why. His own classmates had a few favorites themselves. After EE (in which Mike chose to show his academic prowess), he acquired the nickname digital, for as we learned, digital operations are based on systems of zeros and ones, one corresponding to "on" and zero to "off." Mike had only two modes as well, either "on" and spastic, or "off" and sawing wood in the rack. Along the same lines, we also found Fly-By-Wire to be an accurate, descriptive and even professional appellation, because like the concept, Mike was always just barely under control. Nicknames aside though, Mike was arguably one of the most talented, spirited, and loyal mids around, and will undoubtedly trap success in his sight's cross-hairs in any endeavor he chooses.—AJM

Christopher Lee Languell
Key West, Florida
Navy Pilot

Chris was born in San Diego, California, but thanks to Naval parentage, grew up in nearly every part of the United States. Interestingly enough, Chris calls each and every one "home", and he knows the history of each - just ask him. I think he tosses a coin every time he fills out one of those thousand surveys. Upon arrival, Chris was full of high hopes and expectations; but after a few 3's and 5's he finally saw the true colors of Navy blue and gold. Chris has the brains of Einstein, the finesse of a hydrogen bomb, and the luck of Bill Bainbridge. He has somehow managed to lose nearly every phone number conquered, passed out while being seduced, fried for writing on a poster, and kicked out of a bar for doing absolutely nothing. Through it all, Chris has kept his head up and aimed for the sky. We'll never forget Youngster cruise, long cold drives to Hood, Chuck's camera, Catholic, Spring break 90' (we almost had her) and the infamous night at Goucher. Slow down around the curves. You've been a great friend and thanks for everything. We'll continue the quest in P'cola. - DMS

Kimberly Anne Livingston
Swansea, South Carolina
Marine Corps

KAL—Your four years at USNA were definitely filled with trials and tribulations, not to mention many disappointments, but your peppy personality has managed to filter through. It must be that cheerleader in you! You were definitely the most ambitious of the three of us and we trust your dedication will land you that medical career you so desire. We've all shared joy and tears, but the good times will be remembered forever. Snickers bars, pepsi, pizza, candy corn, (how did you stay so thin?), llamas, pompoms, military brats, gold airborne wings, Bear (or was it Rhino? There were so many nicknames between the two of you.), wrestling matches, ring dance cruise, road kills, the Philly O'Club, late night talks, company adjutant two times over, GO NAVY—FIGHT. It's been a great four years Kim, and we will miss you dearly. Best of luck in the Corps (Marine or Medical). Best wishes always, we love you. CJG and LSK

Ronald Joseph Mobayed
Springfield, Virginia
Navy Pilot

A truly gifted and hairy man. As one of the greatest catchers to don a mitt at USNA, Ron came in the door like so many other greats-via NAPS. Destined to be a varsity star, this man would not give up when a pitch hit him in the eye (magnet) his youngster year. Although he could no longer play baseball, Ron recovered and focused on the gridiron. After shrinking down to size and lettering his first season out, the AYATOLLAH met another injury, this time to his knee (and so close to service selection too). After the surgery, the Supply Corps was looking like Ron's corps-but wait "you can still be a pilot!" MILT will live again in P-Cola. The best roomie a guy could have; he'd give you the shirt off his back, but his delts get in the way. After three years without a serious girl, he continues to "work it" whenever he gets a chance. A unique individual who can party with the best of 'em and appreciate the finer things in life, like Shakespeare, good wine, and good cookin'. Who Could Forget: Midn 1/C Whiteworks...Gus...Semester from hell...Scavenger Hunt...LEATHERFACE...Neat..."Rig the room for CONDITION ALFA"...The Dalai Lama... Fatty... "It must be nice to be perfect and odor free." ..."I think I'll take this period off"...See ya in P-Cola, buddy. OAK

Anthony James Monaco
Brunswick, Maine
Marine Corps

The body of Schwarznegger. The mind of Socrates. The "smoothness" of Costner. How else can I describe my favorite (not to mention only) roommate? I have had to work twice as hard as I ever have just to try to keep up with the exhausting schedule he puts himself through day in and day out. I don't have enough space to give him the praise he is worthy of in my eyes. If ever I respected someone above all others, that someone would be Anthony James Monaco, or more simply, AJ. I don't have crazy crew stories to remember, but there are many things about our time here that I will never forget. Just to name a few: Old Mother Hubbard (not Hubbard Hall); the Cindy Lou saga; the URI connection; the Goucher girl; late night chats, "rack time", room commander, and men with sensitivity... I know that soon you will be leading young marines in the desert, and in that arena I know that you will once again excel. I guess the only thing you don't excel in is long relationships, but who can really consider that a major fault? Not me. I know that we will be brothers-in-law in the future, but until that day comes, I will remember the little peculiarities which will always make our friendship unique. Push-ups in the buff, cheesing and re-cheesing, the sex dance (I hope the readers don't get the wrong idea about this), Company Commandership, and "Mama." Until later..... SEE YA!!

Kevin Matthew O'Connor
Worchester, Massachusettes
Navy Pilot

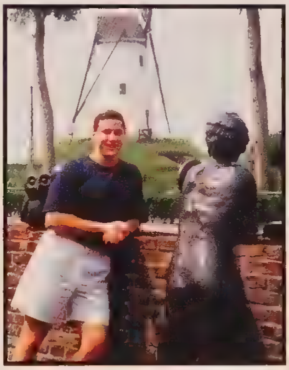
"OAKMAN, SMOKEMAN..." Yeah, yeah, we've all heard it a thousand times. Kevin came to us from "Woosta" Mass. via Newport, joining the Navy to become an oarsman. "Athletes Row, Others Play Games," (Navy Crew just practices). After putting up with 5 am wakeups for three years, I'll be glad there's no morning workouts down in P-Cola. OAK came to 36 youngster year, and a lifelong friendship began. The 6th wing scum lords were born. AJ put up with us for a year then left. "Don't sit down to put your socks on!" Second to Coach Clothier, Jenn was the driving force in Kev's life at USNA. A nice girl that deserves a ring. "Hey MOE, how can two guys make it through this place with such little effort?" Who could forget: Know when to hit the switch...Bull is Better... Kevvuhn...The Towel Rack...The Cave...The best "D" ever..B&B stories..."Oh Rah Gyrine Corps!"..."Rig the room for CONDITION ALFA"...The Sex Dance...Bancroft Bowling..."I think that's pretty Rood"...Gus...Fatty What a great ring dance..."Don't mind Kev, he gets a little weird when he's in season"...The Wall of Shame..."You do what you gotta do"...Drink 1 Wear 1 Scavenger Hunt..."Ron, She was a PIG!"...See ya in P-Cola, buddy. MOE

Keith Perry Reams
Asheville, North Carolina
Naval Flight Officer

Hi, I'm Keith Reams, perhaps you've heard of me. Yeah, you were pretty popular before you met her. Remember the many nights out to Rumors, Secrets, Chicago's, the Dome etc...Hey show us your dance. "Not only did you not call me, but you *&%#@? me and didn't call me." And how about Delaware, Goucher, Hood and finally the long trips to UNCA. "I hope he doesn't want to come down every weekend now." NOT!!! Vesta-who? One windy night doesn't mean I'll marry you. "Sorry E, I already have a date to the Ring Dance." Suck and blow, who kissed who? "Hmm, where should I sleep tonight?" Remember the Army-Navy games. Road cokes, third quarter Blue and Gold and "thanks for the lift, we have to study now." Looks like you've finally settled down and picked yourself one hell of a woman. Good Luck, hope you get that flight billet. DMD-SRJ

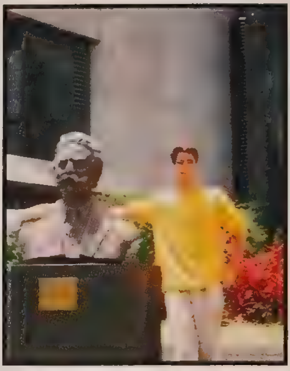
Michael Williams Rentz Jr.
Charlotte, North Carolina
Marine Corps

"He's YOUR roommate," GOO, or Pills... this connoisseur of fine famunga cheeses, cheap beer and Mexican food from Beaufort, SC took plebe year by storm—a broken nose from Sully, eggrolling, the evil red eye, synchronized boxing, CT and Jen on Sunday morning.... 3/C year took Pills and his bearish roomy to a PEAR named HURV—getting the Led out, Goucher College, "How did you lose your tapes anyway?", Friday night beer golf, an orange lemon named Bessy, Allegheny College and ditzy Diane, the bucket award, Elvis X-mas tapes and all your favorite CD's (ad nauseum).... 2/C year moved us to our beloved 6254—couldn't talk to plebes, restriction after JMU, "I can see you smirking over there Rentz," out Bear, in Squeal, an hour to Trinity from the Dome, the Cult/Rush/Diving for Pearls, gungy Pills at Bulldog.... 1/C year created a plethora of pillsian comments—"I've got a conscience," "Love that smile," "It's okay to grovel," videotape promises, trips to Madhatters and Maggies, the quote board. Pills, you're truly a brother, compadre, and best friend. Wishing you the best in the Corps! Semper Fi! NPK, TDB



Matthew Adam Scher
Boynton Beach, Florida
Navy Pilot

Matt came to Canoe U. from the beaches of Long Island, supposedly the best in the world— Matt always had a good sense of humor. After a skate year in the Dirty Dozen, Matt joined the infamous ranks of the End of the Line under the fine leadership of Chops, Joe, and the Corps. Matt certainly deserves a great deal of credit for surviving a semester of youngster year with the odiferous Squib. He earned his nickname Smurf for his blue-lipped performance and imitation of Mt. Vesuvius after the honor dining-in— where is Mr. Plumber when your roommates need it? Academics never did get better after plebe year for Smurf— he personally met with the Supe and they decided that he would be a better economist than naval architect. By the way, when are you getting those gold jump wings? Remember to work on your golf swing, Robo-neck! Matt always stayed calm and never hesitated to tell someone to kiss his arm. Are there three-week long Jewish holidays in the Fleet? Are you fluent yet in Japanese, Matthewson? I enjoyed throwing wrenches in his daily schedule and waking him up at his desk. Although Smurf wanted ub, he will be learning to fly C-130s down in his new home in Florida. Matt was a good roommate and a good friend. I'll see you in P-cola if you ever make it down there. CJS



Christopher James Schneider
Wyckoff, New Jersey
Navy Pilot

Hailing from the Garden State, Chris drove right down the turnpike armed with a bad attitude and his cynical wit. Frosh year brought a drunken Spring Break in Bermuda and the first of a mysterious string of broken tennis racquets. After a summer in sunny G-Bay, P.N. found an asthmatic, little friend. YP cruise left Chris with his head hanging over the fantail and an intense desire to test out Jumpin's backseat flings. With the Ac year came firstie weekends and frequent visits to Fairfax, the Dome, and to Goucher (ha ha!!). After a broken alternator belt left him stranded in the cold, Schneids was inspired by the 'Fahrvergnugen'. We almost lost him to the sand and friendly natives in Venezuela, but Chris returned with a travel claim in pocket and the opportunity for two semesters of watch exemption. With a OOM to match his graduating class, Chris will surely do well in the ranks of aviators. Hope to see you in Florida. MAS

Susan Elaine Slaven
West Valley, Utah
General Unrestricted Line

Well, Cyprus High School seems like a long time ago, doesn't it Sue? It's funny how being a non-Mormon that lived in Utah eased the adjustment to being a woman at a "predominantly" male school, isn't it? Plebe Summer. . . John Guandolo. . . YIKES! but, time passed and soon enough you were off to another company, and with a new set of roommates, one from. . . Utah! Oh, the long nights, but you always endured the lights on. . . "Let's set our alarms for 3:30 and we'll get up." RIGHT—did we even do that once? "Hey, did you turn off my alarm?" Oh, we can't forget the trail of men. . . "Sue, it's me, Marcos. . ." WHAM-MO! Did you really punch him in the nose? And, our official representative from the Combat Pistol Club and the Physics Department. That's okay Sue, you get a lot of toads before the prince, and once you get him, hang on tight! CAS

Carrie Ann Soyland
Tooele, Utah
Civil Engineer Corps

Carrie came to the Academy from the deserted hills of Tooele, Utah and proceeded to have an extremely tough plebe year. After 3 months, there were still a few upperclass who had not spooned her! Ungie notwithstanding, Carrie breezed through Skate Eight and came to the End-of-the-Line with a good attitude and an overdeveloped affection for the naval aviation community. Youngster year we could either find Carrie maintaining her SCUBA school studliness running outers, geeking and sweating gallons over engineering academics or, of course, in the RACK. Let's not forget how she helped finance some AT&T executive's new Mercedes. Second class year saw the development of an unexpected flaming potential and a repudiation of the P-3 community. Forsaking Ma Bell for Mum's she set out on a course that would break many hearts and help undermine morale at West Point. I'm glad you've finally settled down, Carrie. Good luck in whatever you end up doing, and don't let Gaeta push you around. RWK

Michael Barry Tanner
Jefferson City, Missouri
Nuclear Power-Submarines

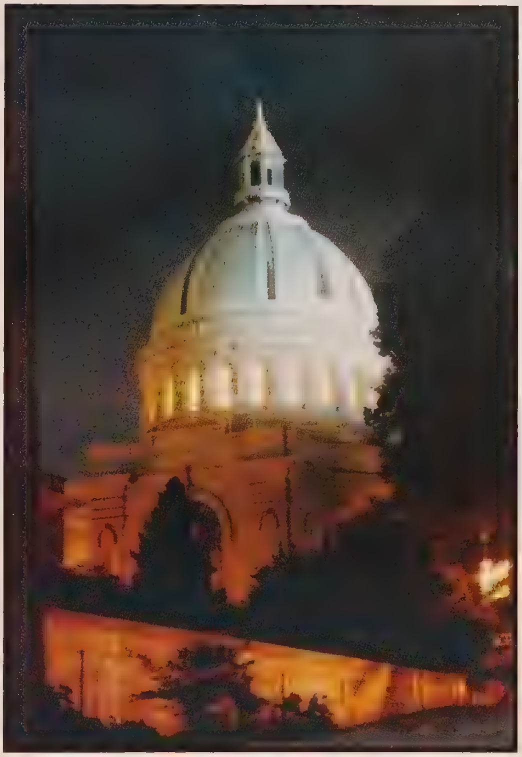
NOTABLE QUOTES FROM THE LAST FEW YEARS: "You have a stereo, huh? Need a roommate?" "I bought the record to listen to him, not to you!" "I can't believe I only got a 'C' in Magnetohydrothermodynamic Fluid Statics Theory II." "We're real sorry, Barry. Hey, Ron, are you getting a 'D' in screws, too?" "Where's Barry?" "Oh, he's up in Pam's room." (Very popular) "Guess what? I found a bar I can get into." "Well, I was born in Georgia, that should make me a Southerner." "Barry, you wanna go drink some beer. Sorry." "No, D___ it, we're not getting married." "Hey, I wonder if Ron's still on NATS?" "I want to go nuke. Power plant engineers make good money." "I don't want to listen to 'I Got The Horse Right Here', again!" It has been an adventure. Say 'HI' to the whales for me. EDF

Raymundo Villarreal
San Antonio, Texas
Surface Warfare

The Dancing Bear or just plain Bear, this godlike physical specimen made an everlasting impression during his years (the five year plan) at USNA. Plebe year brought the Mexican Flash, "GRUBBS!", "Bear, what are you doing?", egg rolls, Hoops with Heather... 3/c Year provided a new company and the Hurv!— "open da window", Friday nite beer golf, trips to Goucher, unterhundt and Schweiben Meter, "Bear, you can't sleep on my neighbor's car," "We were discussing East German politics while looking for her wallet," Bessy, Schaeffer's Pub, Wednesday's at Pete's Place during 2/c summer... That infamous second class year— "Grades, grades, grades, Bear will not commit." Then the Axe Boards gave Bear a six month liberty chit as a civilian. Remarkably, Bear returned to good ole' 6254 to find Hurv moved out Squeal the Grinch moved in. 1/c year brought 30 days restriction, the Renaissance Fair, a leather mug, and 30 more days of restriction. For 3 and 1/2 years Bear has been our closest friend and we wish Raymundo the best of luck as a future Naval Officer (scary as that title may sound!). NPK, PDB

James Andrew Wolfe
Huntington, West Virginia
Surface Warfare

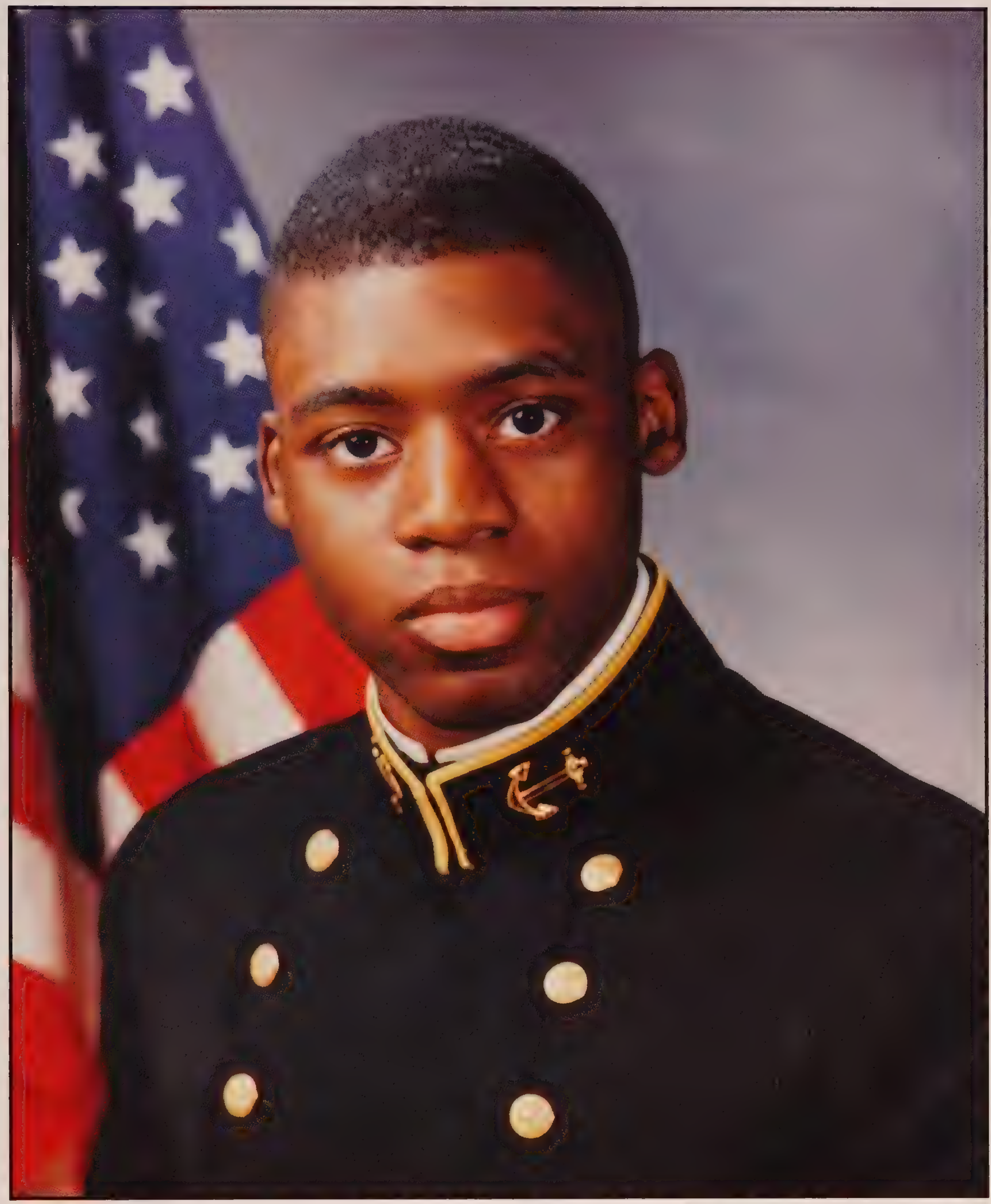
In 1987, West Virginia decided to send its finest to USNA. (If this is their finest, then we're in trouble!) His name is Jamie, Also commonly known as the GEEK and Malogian. He was sent to 32nd company plebe year where he met up with other academic and performance scholars like Ron, Burch, and Dan the Man. After his intense (Yeah Right!) plebe year, he was sent to the end of the line. It is here that I met the legend. I was introduced to Jamie by the Captain. This began our long friendship. 2/c year brought Squib, early morning wake-up calls, and the best smelling room in the company. Jamie also accompanied me to D.C. quite a few times. Red is Geek's color. For some reason Geek enjoyed sleeping on the floor. I must admit that he was always able to find the ugliest mask. "Don't you hate it when they don't look you in the eyes when you talk to them!" 1/c year brought me as a roommate, 6th wing, excursions to 7-11, non-interest loans, and Joe. We were then given an opportunity to visit 8th wing. We liked it so much we decided to stay. I can't forget to mention Jamie's one and only -- Amy. Amy watch out for those train tracks. The surface fleet doesn't know what it is getting. Jamie, good luck in whatever you do and Thanks. HRV



IN MEMORIAM

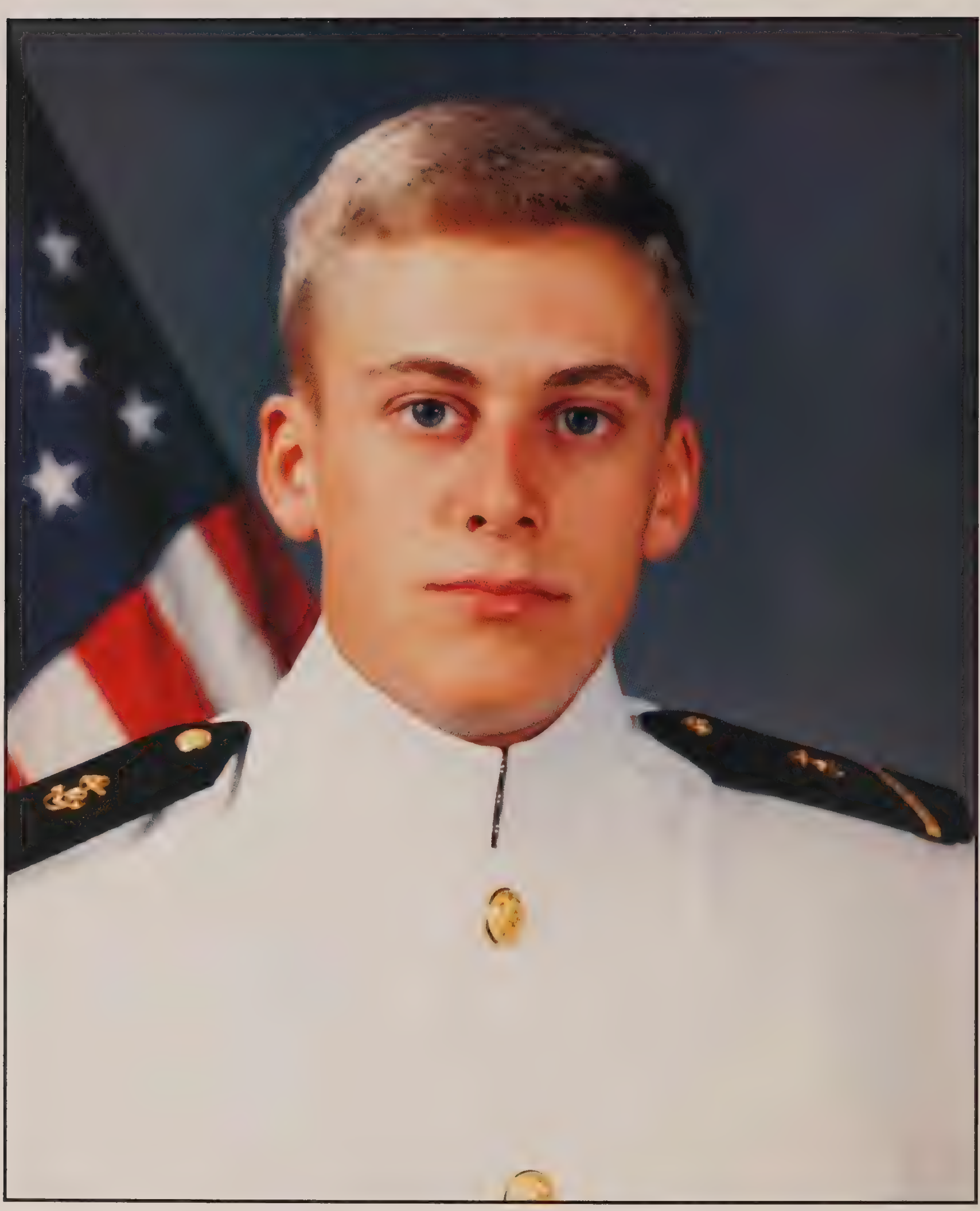
Over the past four years the class of 1991 has lost 5 of its shipmates. This loss has been felt deeply by all. These five are pictured on the following pages. Though they did not graduate with us their memory will live in our hearts and minds and we will miss them always.

IN MEMORY



ROBERT LEE BARR, JR.
CLASS OF 1991

IN MEMORY

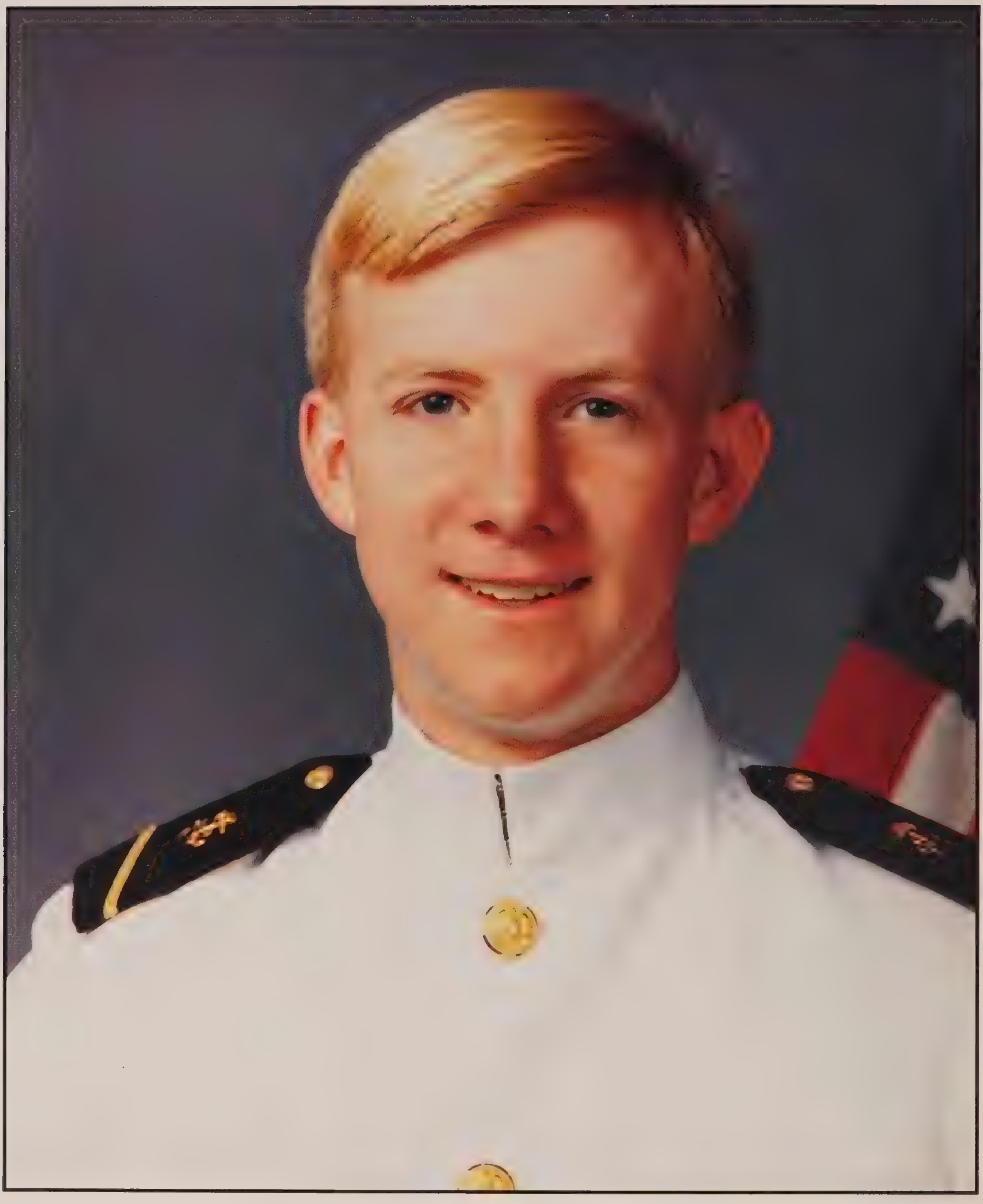


WILLIAM JAMES DONOVAN, JR.
CLASS OF 1991

IN MEMORY

DONALD LEE LANDRY
CLASS OF 1991

IN MEMORY



MICHAEL WALTER LOEFFLER
CLASS OF 1991

IN MEMORY

ANDREW GENE MYERS
CLASS OF 1991

Those We Left Behind

Adams, Brian Keith
Adams, Christopher James
Adamson, James Nicholas
Airhart, Chad Mitchell
Aldridge, Jesse Lee JR
Almstedt, Timothy Christian
Alonzo, Jamie John
Anaya, Antonio II
Anderson, James Eric
Ansbro, Kevin Harold
Aranyos, Sandra Teresa
Atienza, Christopher Scott
Austin, Stephen Fuller
Bachmeier, Michael Donald
Bangasser, Carl Thomas
Barber, Duncan Scott
Barbosa, Joseph
Barr, Robert Lee JR
Barry, William Frederick
Bass, Robert Leroy JR
Bates, John Paul
Bateshansky, David Scott
Bauer, Jason Robert
Beasley, Mary Louise
Becker, Steven Russell
Bennett, Roderick Marvin
Bernard, Gary Allan
Berry, Roger Matthew
Besson, Michael Wayne
Booth, Thomas Timothy JR
Bordone, Adrian
Borjon, Rudy III
Bowers, Matthew Neal
Breed, Alfred Woolsleyer
Breen, Michael Anthony
Brey, Joel Richard
Bridenstine, Robert Alvin
Brinker, Alexander Dale
Brinlee, James Daniel
Brinson, Ashton Chase
Brooks, Ronald Omero JR
Bruggeman, Roland Patrick
Bryson, Phillip Edward
Buck, Ronald Edward
Buwalda, Amy Lynn
Byers, Troy Nolan
Cahill, Edward Michael JR
Cambi, Peter Judd
Campbell, Jeffrey Alan
Camus, Eric Carlo
Carroll, Timothy Noone
Castiel, Jose Francisco
Castro, Allen
Cauilan, Robert Francis Darauay
Chambless, Mark Daniel
Childress, Christi Colleen
Christiano, Jason Michael
Clark, Matthew Taylor
Clawson, John Lemley
Cleveland, Michael Howard
Collette, Curtis Patrick
Colvin, Amy Ruth
Conger, Matthew Guy
Connolly, James John
Cooke, James Daniels
Cruz, Adan
Cubas, Martin JR
Davidson, Isaac Glynn
Davila, Benjamin Alan
Davis, Marc Jerald
Dawood, Ahmed Abdelsalam
Deering, Mark Christopher
Degroft Jason Arthur
Debaven, Geoffrey Chaplow
Desonia Albert Valenciano
Dickerson, Charles Edward
Dillon, Kathryn Anne
Digus, Alan Reid
Dix, Marilyn Elaine
Doan, Louis Walter
Dobbs, Gerald A.
Dodge, Nancy Louise
Dombrowski, Joseph Calvin
Donovan, William James JR
Douglass, Kip Stevon
Doyle, John Corbyn
Drake, Dolcie Shawn
Driscoll, Luke Gallagher
Dudley, John Robert
Dugan, Sean David
Duggan, Christopher Thomas
Dunham, Richard Allyn
Dunn, Joseph Patrick
Eagan, Michael William
Elliott, Kelly Jean
Ellsworth, Erik Arnold
Ernst, Timothy Joseph
Estrada, Armando JR
Evers, Thomas Christopher
Ewing, Paul Kenneth
Feichtel, John Anthony
Feld, Daniel Andrew
Fleming, Mark Sean
Fly, Donald Paul JR
Ford, Michael Jerome JR
Forman, Shawn Kerry
Fretz, Erik Marshall
Frisby, Christina Ann
Fuller, Keith Alphonzo
Gabbard, Anthony Wade
Gaeta, Robert Michael
Galipeau, John Sylvio
Galloway, Glen Douglas
Gard, Jamie Alan
Gardali, Robert Guido
Garfield, Glenn David
Geiger, Andrew Michael
Gerace, Donna Antoinette
Gerardo, John Arnold
Giangulio, Lawrence Lee
Gibson, Raymond Patrick
Gibson, Samuel Casity IV
Gladstone, Johnathan Michael
Glaesel, Jorge Joaquin
Goertzen, Bradley Allen
Gogis, Grant Allen
Gold, Jeffrey Frederick
Gomes, Kevin John
Gore, Eddie Dewayne
Graham, Djuan Ulrici
Guardiola, Carlos Ramon
Guidry, Brandon Lonne
Guthrie, Michael Aaron
Gutierrez, Anthony Faro
Guyer, Joseph Richard
Habel, Dawn Celeste
Habuda, James Bernard
Hallisey, Michael Robert
Ham, Robert Cleveland III
Hansen, Erica Jane
Hanson, Jill Marleen
Harders, Gregory Patrick
Harlow, Steven Glen
Harris, Jerry Clyde JR
Harris, Kevin Maurice
Haynes, Steven Ray
Heigel, Jonathan Eric
Heine, Kurt Matthew
Henry, Sharon Louise
Hesse, Joseph Mario
Hickman, James Newman III
Hill, Jerome Scott
Himmel, Christopher Derek
Hobbs, Stephen Allen
Hodne, Thomas Telmar JR
Holland, Scott David
Hosking, Jeffrey Shawn
Houston, Josua Dudley
Howry, Ernest Ardell
Huber, David Lyle
Humphrey, Scott Frederick
Hurd, Robert Scott
Hutchison, Charles William
Idol, Todd Kevin
Issa, Robert Charles
Jacobson, Ben Erik
Jacobson, Philip Patrick
James, Dallas Kaydean JR
Jaroszewski, Stanley Francis JR
Jensen, Joel Scott
Jimenez, Carlos JR
Johnson, Earnestine Mayell
Johnson, Jeffrey Joseph
Johnson, Russell Duane
Jones, James Glenn
Jones, Ricky Lee
Kaly, Perry William
Kamahi, Al Nicholas
Kawa, Anthony John
Keaney, James Hugh
Keating, James Philip
Kennedy, Craig Thomas
Kent, Daniel Waterbury
Kerstetter, Sheila Irene
Kilbridge, Patrick Jude
King, Kathryn Lynn
Kipfer, John Charles
Kirkpatrick, Daniel Arthur
Komer, Ann Maureen
Koser, Duane Eugene
Kotsos, Thomas Peter
Krajewski, Robert Daniel
Kreicbergs, James Alexander
Kvale, Kenneth Ray
Landry, Donald Lee
Langan, Michael George
Laudig, Elizabeth Ann
Lautzenheiser, Eric Wade
Lehmann, Jeremy Michael
Lenzendorf, Daron Lee
Lesser, David John
Lewis, Martin Devan
Lind, Eric Kristin
Lindley, Robert Quitman
Lindsay, Stephen William
Ling, Michael Ramsey
Livingston, Kenneth Jeffrey
Locklear, Mark Todd
Loeffler, Michael Walter
Long, Larry Frank JR
Lowery, Franklin Clayton JR
Maclaughlan, Marc Alan
Magrane, Kevin Richard
Malone, Steven Nelson
Maneth, Stuart Blaine
Manick, Michelle Louise
Mannigan, Michael Matthew
Marks, Kimberly Jean
Martinez, David Jonathan
Martinez, John Quinteros JR
Mas, Michael Benito
Masterson, Yuka Renee
Mateev, Stephanie Nicole
McAfee, Larry Darnell
McAleer, Patrick Joseph JR
McCarthy, Andrew Mathias
McCorkle, Brian Neal
McCurry, Terry Monroe JR
McDaniels, Sheila Yun Lien
McDonough, John Joseph
McDonough, Thomas Patrick
McDowell, Joseph John
McDyre, Cullen B.
McGowen, Thomas Sean
McKenzie, Paul Lee
Mihalik, Trevor Ian
Mileham, Jeffrey Robert
Miller, Todd Adam
Millinder, Eric William
Minor, Robert Lake
Mix, Merlen Andrew
Monck, James Alan II
Mooney, Joseph Patrick
Moriarty, Andrew Patrick
Morningstar, Darren Troy
Moutina
Myers, Andrew Gene
Nagatoshi, Katsuyoshi Michael
Naylor, D. Craig
Nelson, David Allen
Nerup, James Scott
Nguyen, Trung Tan
Nichols, Gregory Shannon
Nicholson, James Edwin
Nicholson, Marc Hamilton
Norris, Terrance Arthur
Nurse, Harry Lester
Ochoa, Christopher Eric
Otoole, Steven Kelley
Papavasiliou, John Alexios
Patterson, Michael Christopher
Pautz, Shawn Daniel
Pavlovich, Robert Joseph
Petitto, Samuel Francis
Piconi, Louis Anthony
Pokrzywinsky, Christopher Alexander
Powell, John Edward
Prince, Erik Dean
Proctor, Brian Charles
Pullen, Montgomery Leigh
Raffini, Leslie Jane
Rainwater, John Thomas
Ramon, Andrew Garcia
Reeser, Grady Brian
Rehmeyer, Jeffery Lynn
Reynolds, Mitchell Drayton
Richards, James Keith
Riley, Michael Shawn
Rixen, Eric Patrick
Rodriguez, Steven Christopher
Rogers, Jeffery Wade
Rooney, Brian James
Rosales, Rene Jose
Rubiano, Ricardo Ruben
Rump, Richard Bryant
Russel, Reb John
Sacks, Jonathan Ward
Salter, Sean Brian
Sandberg, Kevin Bailey
Satterthwaite, Theresa Michelle
Savell, Paul Jerald
Schroeder, Robert John
Schultz, Paul Larkin
Schumann, Jon Clifford
Sears, Todd Allen
Seblin, Jennifer Carolyn
Shelford, Thomas Joseph
Sherwood, Robert John
Sholar, Curt Russel
Shotwell, John Thomas
Sielaff, Daniel James
Sierota, David Mathew
Simmons, Torrence Prescott
Sims, Sean Keary
Smith, Michael Thomas
Smith, Morag Kristin
Smith, Scott David
Sparta, Kenneth Curtis
Spencer, Michael Anthony
Sray, Mark Robert
Stanford, Keith John Arden
Starr, Paul William
Stein, Kevin Leigh
Steppe, Raymond Zoseph
Stevens, Edward Allen
Stevens, Keith Curtis
Stratton, Walter Neil JR
Strong, Michael Gerard
Sullivan, Katherine Irene
Swetnam, Rex Edward
Takabayashi, Keith Keneipp
Telford, John Lyons
Thierauf, Phil Anthony
Thingvall, Jodi Kay
Thornburgh, Jonathan Ross
Tisdale, John Michael
Toney, Robert Calvin
Torres, Mark David
Tousignant, Timothy James
Townsend, Dennis Craig
Trevino, Omar Alejandro
Ulissey, Stacia Agnes
Uphoff, Jeffery Allen
Valley, Darby Frank Arthur
Vandenberg, Loretta Lee
Veronick, Chaz Michael
Viarengo, Lawrence Matthew
Villar, Michael Henry
Wakefield, Paul Frederick
Walling, William David
Walther, Todd Borden
Walunas, Thomas Edward
Warder, Greg Travis
Wardlow, Jon Paul
Watson, Douglas Aaron
Wayne, John Massey
Weidner, Richard L. III
Welham, Andrew Roberts
Wetterhahn, Thomas Michael
White, Terry Randall II
Whitehead, Christopher Wade
Whittington, Anthony Jay
Wilkinson, Cherie Lynn
Wilks, Keith
Williams, Andre M.
Williams, Keith Chaka
Williams, Neil
Willis, Murray Holland
Wilmes, Richard David
Wirkin, B. Jeremy
Wynn, Kennen Thomas
Yahya, Ahmed Diab
Yannacci, Dean Francis
Young, Marcus Harold
Yutzy, Julie Ann
Zimmerman, John Selwyn

ARMY
NAVY
BUD LIGHT
Phillies

40
30
50

JOSTENS